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THE WHITEBOY;

A STORY OF IRELAND,

IN 1822.

THE WHITEBOY;

A STORY OF IRELAND,

IN 1822.

BY

MRS. S. C. HALL.

"A Country ever hardly used!"

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE WHITEBOY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHAINED EAGLE.

THERE are hours during which we live years, if time be calculated by events—events that often make age a premature affliction, and not the natural issue of life. The gentleman whom, in compliance with his foster-brother's command, Murtogh had treated with so much care, had, in consequence of an accident—a fall from his horse, which compelled him to remain inactive and concealed—obtained abundant time to regret what he could not recall. He was one of many who are guided by impulse rather than reason—the impulse of a weak but generous nature—to force a people into struggles which happily they have had neither means nor strength to maintain. He had fancied, as highly imaginative persons are apt to do, that the standard of liberty, once raised, would be supported by all who

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suffered under, and hated, English rule; he believed both Orange and Green averse to Saxon sway, and that the Orange would only sustain the power of England as long as England kept in the position of its ally. Because he, in his own case, heeded the grievances of Ireland rather than the complaints of party, he hoped, he dreamed, that so also it would be with others; he was willing to lay down his life for a country or a cause, but not for a feud or a foray—a mad unsupported resolve to do or to undo. He had spent his earliest youth in a service into which he had been forced by circumstances; and having joined it but a few months before the termination of the Peninsular campaign, the inactivity that succeeded became irksome to him; and he did not deny to himself or to others, that meeting Ellen Macdonnel, when away from her country and full of enthusiasm she filled his heart with love and his ears with the poetry of Irish revolt, he dedicated himself to a contest which had not only no tangible object, but out of which it was utterly impossible that any good could arise. Time and practical observation had changed the wild girl into the reflective woman, but Louis, as he was named, had not witnessed this change; and the little he saw of Ellen, when he followed her to Spencer Court, did not permit him to judge of it. Lawrence was by far too deeply interested in keeping his sister's lover in the dark as to her real feelings, to permit him to believe that her patriotism, as he considered it, had cooled; but the influence which his relationship to the lady of his friend's attachment gave, had urged that friend to a course from which he

could not withdraw; and he had the anguish of knowing, that if discovered he would involve, in greater ruin than they had yet endured, his own noble family, which had suffered much in various ways. It had sounded gloriously—the emancipation of a brave people; the forcing England to abandon her claim to the Emerald of her crown, by a guerilla warfare; by the training of brave, bold men to the extirpation of a race of "tyrants;" the trumpet voice of victory or death!—the poetry of war, so bright and so brilliant!—the real appealing and appalling misery of a people crying from the depths of their despair; feelings such as these, together with promises—or, to speak more correctly, imaginary promises—of support, both at home and abroad, had led, not only Lawrence, but his better informed friend Louis, to believe that something like a consistent and well-supported national struggle might really be made.

Much as Louis loved the people, he was stricken with horror at the cold-blooded system of murder to which such men as Murtogh had become accustomed; and which, as in his case, they justified so calmly—resting the weight of the sin (if for a moment they so considered it) on others, satisfied that the perpetration of such atrocities was what their country demanded of them; and yet it was impossible not to admire the fidelity which bound them to each other in its chain of more than Spartan secrecy and endurance. One moment he shuddered at their crimes; the next, his heart glowed with admiration of their virtues; vices and virtues, which never so closely meet together in any other country of the world.

The government had suffered the disturbances to proceed without much effort to suppress them. Famine had rendered the people more than usually careless of consequences; and those who would have restrained them from personal violence, now discovered how difficult it was to confine them to one great idea, or to lead those who had nothing to sacrifice, and whose own wild wills goaded them on to their own destruction, and the destruction of others. At last, the higher members of the community, the magistrates and "the castle," conceived it necessary to do "something," and thus originated the meetings at Macroom, Kenmare, and various towns throughout the country; and the "something" done in 1822, was just the "something" done during the whole period of English rule over Ireland previous to that year; namely, placing the country under martial law, burning, and hanging, and shooting those whom fever and starvation had spared. And, doubtless, when the hunt was closed, and the "dogs of war" were whistled back; when the judges were wearied with passing sentence, and the ships heavy with convicts; when there were many widows and orphans in the disturbed districts—then "the troubles," as in former days, would be pompously announced as "over;" the country reported as "tranquillised;" no effort made to employ and pay those who were growing up to manhood with no other occupation than the memory of their sires' wrongs; no hope beyond hunger, revolt, and death.

Before he sought the wild shelter of Glen Flesk, Louis had fully comprehended not only the danger

which threatened him personally, but the overthrow of all his plans. If the sickness and the famine had not preceded his movement it might have had a different result; but some of the stoutest hands and bravest hearts had fallen in the pestilence, the spirit of the adjacent counties was crushed, and there he lay, unable to help himself or others. There was that about Murtogh which told Louis there was no true sympathy with him,—in every movement of Murtogh's wild eyes, in every tone of his voice, in all he did, he saw evidence of his obedience to Lawrence, but no regard for himself; while each effort he made to restrain until the proper time, or to concentrate strength, scattered idly throughout the country, was regarded as proof of coldness, if not treachery to "the cause."

It was not thunder that had roused the attention of the captain and the glensman in Glen Flesk, but a sharp volley of musketry. Louis had received warning as to his peril; but here he was, like a wounded eagle on a rock from which he had no power to fly. In a moment, he buttoned his coat, concealed some papers beneath a stone, secreted the pistols within his bosom, and stood forth, bending also to listen with an air of concentration and self-support, his features firmed by danger, his feebleness apparently gone, and his eyes brightened.

"Dey must be worse dan devils if dey can breast dis wind in de glen," whispered Murtogh; "and dere's not many horses."

"They cannot climb the mountain in this fog," said the captain, half drawing a pistol. "Surely, surely, Lawrence and Ellen are safe!"

"Dey are far enough off to be safe," was the answer, "and we are all safe while de fog lasts, I couldn't fine mee way here meeself in such a scrimmage; it's trusting to de fog de boys war to let 'em come so far."

"Is that the scream of an eagle, Murtogh; you know these mountain sounds better than I do?"

"No;" was the reply; and sympathy with his own kind, forced Murtogh to grasp the strong fern and crush it in his hands, "no; it is de cry of women—dere isn't a man in de glen, and 'cause dey can find noting else to do, dey're burning de cabins—look!" and truly a sort of glare, lurid and hot, ascended with the dense mist from the entrance to Glen Flesk; and then another shot followed.

"Let us down!" exclaimed the young man, in a state of frenzy. "I cannot remain here, it is impossible."

"Asy," said Murtogh, "first and foremost, ye'r not able to climb; would ye bid de fox lave his airth when de hounds are off de scent? Whisht!"

Again he listened, leaning over the precipice, one hand holding his thick and matted hair back from his ear, the other grasping his companion's ankle as with a manacle.

"Lawrence leaving me here to be baited and hunted," he muttered. "Oh, what a fool I have been!"

"Whisht, will ye," muttered Murtogh.

The rain still poured in torrents, thick and dense as ever, but the wind had abated, and the unfortunate young man thought he heard mutterings—voices—on

the mountain, that must proceed from persons nearer than the glen.

"Down," at length growled the savage, "down, here;" and almost without an effort, so strong was he, such power did he possess in his long bony arms, that he lifted the captain on a ledge just beneath where he himself had lain, as if he were an infant, arranging the long grass and the stricken boughs of the birch over him with a practised hand. "Now," he said, "whatever comes, lay still, and if I am caught and murdered before yer eyes, still lay still; but tell Masther Lawrence dat his foster-broder kep his word."

The sounds continued at intervals, but all so mingled with the rude bursting and whirling of the storm, that he could hardly trust the evidence of his senses. He fancied each sound near him was the step or the breath of his murderer; while he grasped his sword in vain, and felt the prayer he would have uttered gasping in his throat; he strained his eyes towards the spot where Murtogh had disappeared, but could discern nothing through the dense folds of mist which, arising from the glen, hung rather lower than midway, so as effectually to prevent his discerning any thing beyond the thick veil of obscurity.

After some time had elapsed, the silence became so painful, that the heavy flapping of a raven's wings was a relief; the bird, attracted probably by the scent, alighted on the blighted tree, and peered at him with a curious eye, as if to ascertain whether he was dead or alive. This familiarity of the "wise man's bird," as-

sured him of the fact, that he could be in no immediate danger; for if any human being were moving, the bird would not have been there. He was stiffened with cold, chilled to the very heart, the bruises of his arm and side now became exquisitely painful; he tried to move, and at his first effort the raven rose, and flapped heavily away, croaking more than once as it disappeared. With the rapidity so characteristic of mountain scenery, the mist rolled aside; and as he lay, he looked down into the glen; it was as if some sudden magic had spread the scenery of Glen Flesk beneath his ken; endowed with tenfold beauty, the river was rushing and foaming along its course, a sudden burst of sunshine illumining the landscape, and causing every tree to appear sheeted with diamonds. Wild, unearthly spirits seemed floating on the wreathed clouds that hung on every crag.

He could hardly believe in the evidence of his senses, for no living thing was moving in Glen Flesk; torrents were rushing down the hills, brawling and wrestling on their way; leaping in sport, fathom deep, from crag to crag in mimic cataracts, or twisting and twining like liquid silver through brown moss and the brightest greenery; but there were no soldiers. Further still, beyond where the river bends—yes, there certainly hovered above one particular spot where cottages had clustered beneath the last setting sun, a dense pall of smoke. No cloud of heaven was ever so dark, so woolly, so bituminous, as that; it dared not raise itself to those gentle vapours that hung around—above it; but, foul and earthy, it hovered close to earth—the

evidence of man's destruction. The stranger felt his eyes grow moist. When last he passed that cottage cluster, he had noted children playing in a deserted garden, where the grass was crushed into a play-ground; he had entered one cabin, where the mistress, while weeping that her husband and brother had been buried but a month before, offered him the rest and refreshment (such as it was) he so much needed.

He knew the history of every dweller in that little cluster; he knew them to be secret, yet simple; harmless—for the population, shorn of its strength, consisted almost solely of women and children! What a sad contrast was there in the natural and moral beauty of this scene! But more than all was he perplexed to know what had become of the military; had they ridden like wild huntsmen of German story through the glen on the whirlwind? or had they contented themselves with firing the cottages, and retreating?

Again the clouds closed beneath him, and all was bright above; as though the vapours in mercy shut out the wretchedness of earth from those angel spirits that mourn its fall. The silence continued unbroken, save by the voices which nature lends her streams and torrents. Painfully did the stranger creep from the rocky ledge where Murtogh had commanded him to remain; scarcely venturing to move, however, until the sun had changed his course, and every mist that had obstructed his view had passed away.

He longed earnestly for night, close-curtained and secure; but twilight and moonlight met together, and the noises of river and cataract rolled the more loudly

under the mysterious shadows. More than once he started,

> "When the bittern sounds his drum,
> Booming from the sedgy shallow,"

and the hoot of the owl, and the quivering shriek of the night hawk ascended at intervals; no singing birds were near his mountain retreat, but from a distant field came the creek of the Rail, faint—very faint, but still distinct; a sound harsh and unmusical, yet so connected with the homes and occupation of the husbandman, as to tell of human habitation rather than loneliness. Oh! how he, who in the morning had dreaded the sound of a footstep, longed to hear the human voice, longed to hear some word of others; and if a mocking sleep betrayed his senses, what visions rose of the past and future! It seemed the longest, saddest day and night of his whole life; events rose in chilling array before him; the mistakes of the past! the fears of the future! the more he thought over his position, the more certain became the knowledge that no matter how really hopeless and impracticable a plan might be, it would find supporters not only amongst the dreaming or self-interested portions of mankind, but amid the higher and better spirits of the world. At length he certainly heard some one ascending the mountain—path there was none; but there sounded a step, and then a pause to ascertain where the foot could be next placed with security; sometimes a stone was dislodged and rolled down the almost perpendicular steep, and a muttered word would follow; and at last he could distinguish the hard breathing which such efforts as ascend-

ing the face of a rock produces even in cragsmen; he drew his pistol and fixed his eyes upon the spot from whence the sound proceeded; at last a voice whispered: "Captain—Maestro—whisth—wh-h-st!—are ye in it at all, or is it dead ye are, honey dear, with the fright and the storm? Glory above! an uncultivated waste, and unprofitable—not one holy ruin in sight! might dig to the foundation of the world in such a place as this, and neither find cross or coin, relic or rosary."

"Oh, Master Mat!" exclaimed the captain, grasping the schoolmaster's hand eagerly, "is it you!—I am so glad to see you!"

"But you can't see me, captain Sir. How could you in this darkness, and all the mad elements that have been raging round us—man's elements, as I may say, in strife, and Nature's elements in strife also. Isn't it shocking cruel?" inquired Master Mat, in a piteous tone of voice.

"Sit down here by my side," said Louis, seizing his hand, and forcing him down despite himself. "Sit down here, I am very glad to see you; and tell me at once what has occurred."

"Thank you, good Sir," answered the simple teacher, "I'm very happy to find you, but you never seemed to care to see me before. Nor did I expect it; for the people all said, you were very cold, and had not much feeling for the poor, only striving to hold them back; which would be so best, certainly—so best, only they can't think so."

"What hours of misery I have passed," said the

young man, hardly heeding the opinion formed of himself, "dreading all things, and knowing nothing."

"Alas, alas!" cried the Domine, wringing his hands, "the hour's sorrow overwhelms the memory of the last! All is vexation and woe!"

There was a long silence, uninterrupted save by the schoolmaster's sighs and broken exclamations. Then Louis inquired if any evil had befallen Lawrence or Miss Ellen.

"Gone—gone—vanished! like the winter's snow or the flower of the rock cistus, that's a blossom and a heap of crumpled leaves within an hour. Gone, like a dream. My dear young lady! And her letter—'Keep it,' she said, 'for his own hand,' meaning the dean's. And I—oh! it was such bewilderment—the hundreds of people, and the *Caislean-i-Fhlionn*, where Flynn of the Golden Arm flung his treasures into the Sullane. I saw the coins glitter under the rolling waters, and it the turn of the moon—and the dean—but I sealed my lips. I was carried back to Spencer Court, and then she was gone; and only I wrote the dean's message, it would have been clean gone too. One said one thing, one another, but their speeches were all evil; and but for my vow never to curse, I could have cursed them all!"

"But where is she?" demanded the young man. "Where is Miss Macdonnel?"

"Oh, that I but knew! Mavourneen deelish! she was," he answered, weeping at the moment like a child at a new sorrow. "The way of it, by all I can hear,

was that the soldiers were sent into Glen Flesk after yer honour; and it was thought that Mr. Edward Spencer would have been able to turn their attention another way; but I think, as well as I can understand from one who says he knows (though many are not knowledgeable that think they are)—well, he says that all Mr. Spencer was able to do, was to keep the soldiers back, which he did for awhile: and sure you'd have been murdered entirely out and out, dear Sir, only for the contrivance of Master Lawrence. Oh, then, but he has a fine head, and would have made a great man at the books if he could but have been got to them, which he never could. Doubtless, Mr. Edward did his best; for the sake of the lady that Doyle let on, cares more for you than she does for her life, though she has no feeling for the cause—and no wonder?"

"But you tell me nothing clearly," said Louis, impatiently. "You tell me nothing clearly."

"I do not, dear, sure enough—I know that. God help and protect me! I know nothing clearly—and how can I tell it? I grow worse and worse; and the pain of it is, that though my head can't think, my heart *can* feel." And Louis' impatience was checked by the sympathy he felt for poor Matthew.

"Tell it me your own way; but if you can let me know where your old pupil, Miss Macdonnel, is—" he said, with affected calmness.

"Ah, I know you love her!" observed Matthew, in a half whisper. "I know you do—and I tell you how I know it: you think of her, instead of yourself. I was that way once, so I know the sign; and it's a painful

knowledge, to feel that you forget all things for one who never thinks of you; it's very hard to bear, hard to construe how we bear it. I think, between you and me, that it's Lawrence who has put her out of the way, maybe not against her own will!—I'm not sure, but I think so—and yet Lawrence has a fine head, and he's a generous boy, too, in a way; when the soldiers couldn't be kep' from passing through the glen, even by God's elements, nor by the diversion of burning the cabins, which doesn't take much time to be sure, though it's great destruction, Murtogh let himself be picked up, and *prodded*, and set, and at last pretended to confess that it was somewhere near the Madam Macarthy castle you were on the hide; and one told me, he did it wonderful, acting a fool like life! 'cause you see the master trusted him to mind you; and the soldiers set off that way, and then they did it sure enough."

"Did what?" inquired the captain.

"Sure, I thought I told you, dear! out of revenge like, because they found neither you nor any living thing they cared for, they set fire to the old Madam's castle."

"You cannot surely mean that Lawrence's old castle is burnt. When? How?" inquired Louis.

"'Deed do I; and if I could be glad of any thing, it would just be that there's a fine bright gentleman who is as long making out things as poor Matthew! 'Deed is it burnt; and one who knows, said the party, on their way, met Abel Richards, who joined them under the pretence of keeping them from violence; and yet, worked and hinted in such a way, that half in diversion, but surely to give him revenge, they fired the old walls;

and no one knows the treasure that was in them. I often told Mr. Lawrence this, and would have searched them; but you'd have thought, 'deed would you, that he'd have taken my life if I laid finger on a stone; and now, see what they're come to!"

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" groaned Louis. "But are you quite sure?"

"Too sure," persisted Matthew; "I crossed the stream and up the rocky pass towards old Madam Macarthy's castle, thinking she might be with her brother, and I walked up and up, wondering I did not see the castle. Oh, wisha! the fire had been there before me! the fine ancient old place to be destroyed for nothing; and but for the pillars of smoke that mounted to the heavens—poor half natural that I am!—I might have passed over the blackened stones without knowing where I was. Sorra a thing living about it; all fearing the soldiers, and hiding through the country; worse than foxes;—a lone pillar of smoke—no more than that—rising, rising up to the heavens, calling for judgment!"

"But Ellen—Miss Macdonnel!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice of suppressed agony, "could you learn nothing of her; you could not have inquired."

"God love you, Sir—not inquired! no mother ever loved a sickly child better than I loved her—not inquired! not seek after Miss Ellen! She wasn't in it, that I know, or I should not be standing to the fore now; I'd have been with her, or for her somewhere through the country," replied Master Mat; "I had that much from her own brother."

"Then you saw Lawrence?" interrupted the captain, in a changed tone.

"I did, and I don't know what's come over him. I thought the burning of the castle that owned his name a thousand years, any way, would have driven him as good as mad, for the stones had done no harm; but there was no wealth nigh the place, nothing but the name to mark it to glory, and it was a fine ould ancient glory! seated like a gray ould proud eagle alone in the mountains; he took such pride out of the thick walls, and the bits of remnants of family grandeur that were just the leavings of the past, and his step, poor boy, had the sound of a king's when he crossed the coort-yard, or measured with a glance of his proud eye, the thickness and height of the one square tower." And the schoolmaster paused, and passed and repassed his hand across his forehead, then in a feebler tone inquired, "Where was I, captain dear? Oh I thought the destroying of its nest would break the wild bird's heart. When Doyle of the cars told me where I would find him, I dreaded going near him, and nothing but the want I had to know all out about Miss Ellen, forced me; and the first word I said, intending to pacify him like, was, 'Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I am sorry for your trouble,' I never took off my hat to him before, seeing he had been my pupil, and but a boy; but then I did—because as he had no longer a castle, I thought I'd pay him the more respect.

"'Trouble!' he says, 'why, Domine, I never had so little; I'm a free man now. It's long since we had land, but we had our landmark—the walls bound me

to the land — them,' he went on, 'and my grandmother's grave—them two things. Trouble!—why, old Birch-wood, I'm like a lark,' and he looked at me, white as marble and steady in himself, and his eyes burning like two lamps in the head of a corpse, and let a laugh, between a screech and a shout, from lips that seemed turned into stone. There was a look about him as if the life-blood had hardened in his veins: and he caught a grip of my wrist that's left a mark on it for a many a day—and he fixed his eyes on me, and says, 'It was not to say *that* you came here.'

"'It was not,' I answered.

"'What brought you?' he says. 'Go on,' he says, 'and seek for gold—or love—or faith—or any thing as hard to find; and thank God you trust no one.'

"'No, Master Lawrence, the Lord forbid,' I says, 'I should do that last; I have a deal of trust in many; it's half of one's life to love and trust; only, if you'll just tell me where Miss Ellen is, as I have a message for her from Dean Graves.'

"And it was then, Sir, he kindled like a brand, and asked (may the Lord above forgive his wicked thoughts) if I wanted to sell him, and if I was linked with her for his destruction, and your destruction!"

"He's mad," muttered the captain.

"That's just it," answered Matthew. "I can't tell all he said; but it was without thought, poor fellow! and it gives me such a pain in the heart to think of it, that I'd rather not; but I was hurt—when I could get no satisfaction about Miss Ellen from him or the two strange men that were in his company (barring that she was

safe). Oh! I forgot to tell you I knew that better from Doyle of the cars, who told me his sister Biddy was 'tending her, though he couldn't tell where. I said, maybe more than I ought, considering his trouble, and the way he's hunted—a reward over the country for you both, on the strength of Aby Richard's word—and left him. But I hadn't gone two yards, when the same hand that marked me, seized mine in kindness.

"'Old master!' he said, 'you won't let black blood come between us; you won't, will you? this was the hardest lesson you ever set me. Hard words, Matthew,' he went on, 'to spell or read, and still harder to remember; but I am almost mad, Domine; I know you are to be trusted, though I cannot tell you for a few days (if my life should be so long) where Miss Macdonnel is;' he neither called her Ellen, nor sister; 'but I do trust you, and thus I prove it.' And he directed me to where your honour was, and how I was to find you; and tell you, that before daybreak you should have flight and light; them were his words."

"Flight and light," repeated Louis, "then there will be a meeting somewhere. Well I know the destruction of his fortress will make him rush into any scheme to avenge the cruel injury; and this was brought on by his desire to save me; his knowledge that, unless the soldiers were decoyed from this place, I should really be sacrificed. I cannot withdraw from him now, I cannot do now as I intended."

He gathered together and tore into the smallest fragments the papers he had spent the greater part of the previous days in writing, and piled them before him.

"There is a live coal in my pipe, Sir, that will set fire to them if you wish," said the treasure-seeker, "and a handful of damp grass will hinder a flame."

"True," said Louis, "that was a wise thought."

"And so it was, for me," replied Master Matthew, "a wise thought; and another, Sir, maybe is, that we can only undo what we do by the destruction of what cost so much trouble at first, this should make us careful; you, captain, can't take out the words you have written on that innocent paper, but by burning them; and often what is poured upon the heart is only crushed out by the coffin!"

CHAPTER II.

THE MIDNIGHT GATHERING.

THOSE who are acquainted with the locality of Glen Flesk know that the country which divides it from the dark pass of Keim-an-Eigh and the Holy Lake and Island of Gougane Barra is among the wildest and most magnificent to be found in Ireland—consisting of lake, morass, and mountain upon mountain of every variety of size and form. In summer, the blossoms of the wild rush make the miles after miles of bog appear as if covered with the purest snow; waving and undulating beneath every passing breeze, and contrasting with the patches of cultivation, and the rich deep brown of the peat which sends them forth in such extraordinary abundance. The mountains assault the clouds with their fierce and ragged peaks, or stand forth in bold magnificence against the clear blue sky. Many a dimpling rivulet, that creeps silently through the sedgy grass of the humble valleys, has dashed down the ravines of the Croghan, or the frowning wrinkles of the fierce Derrynasaggart, a wild, sparkling, brilliant, mi-

mic cataract, playing with the sunbeams, and laughing and leaping on its way. Oh, the brightness and purity of these gushing streams! softening the sternness, the ruggedness of nature in its wildest moods; companioning the solitudes; singing, where else there had been no music; refreshing and invigorating where, but for their influence, all would have been cold, and gray, and withered! There is freedom as well as freshness in the mountain river: whether it expands into the broad Shannon or the flowery-banked Lee, or wanders—no wider than a maiden's hand—amid rushes and wild thyme, in which the woodlark bathes, and the throstle stoops to drink, beneath the overshadowing of the pink and purple fox-glove, or under the blossom of the golden iris! We might throw down our glove in fearless challenge to the world, to show objects more lovely, or more sublime, than the bird can see while winging its way, straight as the flight of a silver arrow, from Gougane Barra to Glen Flesk.

But we have little now to do with the lovely or the sublime of inanimate nature; the events of the year 1822, particularly in the highlands of Cork and Kerry, permitted brief time for contemplation.

A few days and nights had passed since the schoolmaster and the high-born "friend of Irish liberty" had talked together in the heights of Glen Flesk, beneath the moonlight sky—the one incoherent and dreamy, but with a hopeful and gentle mind, his heart welling up kindly thoughts and tender feelings for every thing that breathed the breath of life; the other, with a crushed spirit, weary and worn, suffering even more

from mental than bodily pain, disappointed with the past, apprehensive as to the future; his position and prospects in the world destroyed by his own act, and his cause unsuccessful! The most cheerful scenes, things that smile in sunshine, look bleak and cold beneath the moon; and while, for lack of thoughts that could be put into words, the schoolmaster disturbed many a turf, and peered under many a rock, his companion was stretched on the gray stone, his eyes fixed upon the heavens, or occasionally scanning the depths of the valley's shadows. But before morning Labbig Owen's bed was tenantless, and the raven returned to the blighted tree without fear of being disturbed.

A few days and nights had, as we have said, passed since then. Mr. Spencer was at Spencer Court, and Dean Graves had visited him more than once. The most minute inquiries had failed to elicit any information as to Ellen Macdonnel's place of concealment; and he who had never suffered the existence of his cousin to disturb his mind, could now hardly think of any thing but of her, whom he had never seen. She seemed to have become as great a source of anxiety to Lady Mary O'Brien, as to either Mr. Spencer or the dean; and the latter, much to his astonishment, received two inquiries from her ladyship in one day; the last containing an urgent entreaty, that the moment she was found, she (Lady Mary) might be informed thereof without loss of time, although it was evident—she feared, or hoped, it was impossible to determine which—that Miss Macdonnel had left the country.

Mrs. Myler—the precise, cool, calculating Mrs. Myler

—was really more distressed on Ellen's account than she had been from the loss of her master and mistress.

It was piteous to see Master Mat, and to hear the wail of his reiterated inquiries: "Any news of Miss Ellen, dear? any news of Miss Ellen?"

The military had swept the country like a hurricane, and you might have ridden in the daytime from Cork to Bantry without seeing a man by the roadside or in the fields; the gaols were as full of the living as the church-yards of the dead; and yet proclamation followed proclamation offering rewards for "suspected persons," and every dozen hours a detachment of troops rode over hill and valley—in nine cases out of ten, misled by false informations—seeking those they desired to capture, where they were not to be found. The weather seemed to have been unsettled by the storm that arrested the progress of the soldiers at the entrance to Glen Flesk; and as the night approached, heavy masses of cloud gathered above the mountains that form such a magnificent amphitheatre around the vale of Gougane Barra; the high wind prevented these from remaining stationary as they accumulated; they heaved backwards and forwards around the rocks and peaks of the mountains, sometimes dispersing altogether and scudding away before the blast, at others, rolling into a pyramid or folding one over the other in various tints and forms. You endure a sensation of captivity as you stand in these hollows, surrounded by these highlands, which weighs upon the heart and imprisons the free will; on whichever side you look, escape seems impossible; you feel to want the wings, not of a dove,

but of the eagle, to surmount the adamantine rocks which tower over you—rising as if unto the heavens.

In the deepest part of the deep bosom of this fair valley is a lake, renowned throughout Ireland for its healing powers, and midway in the lake is the Holy Island, whereon was built, in what we are prone to call the "Dark ages," the famous hermitage of St. Fin Bar, who is said to have lived there previous to his founding the cathedral of Cork; this solemn and secluded spot is classed amongst the "holiest" places in Ireland, and has long been a favourite resort of devotees, in the confidant expectation that the consecrated waters have power to heal all species of disease and even to avert death, making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk. Here, at stated times, the people assemble in immense crowds, bringing their sick children and ailing animals to bathe; and upon the neighbouring bushes and the wooden crosses, which mark the humble graves, they hang fragments of clothes, or halters, or spancels, in proof that to the various animals, biped and quadruped, the lake has performed the anticipated miracle of making them whole. You may also pick up pieces of round stick notched and nicked; proving the number of prayers that had been said; tallies of a foolish superstition which of late is, happily, passing away, and will be ere long a mere memory of the past.

The island is united to the main land by a sort of artificial causeway, and is nearly covered by the ruins of a chapel with its appurtenant buildings, and a large court or cloister, containing eight arched cells; it is be-

lieved there are as many cells beneath the turf as above it, that were used of old either as places of punishment or of penance. There are a number of noble ash trees, the relics of a forest, that once arrayed the hills wherever a tree could insert its roots; but the forests were so many covers for "disaffected men," and were reduced piece by piece until totally destroyed. It is impossible to conceive any thing more sad or solitary than the valley, lake, and ruins:

> "The mountain stream:
> Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
> Arose on either hand:
> Heaps
> Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high."

The night was gathering in; and upon a fallen tree beside the holy well, where relics trembled from every bush and break, two men, armed with rifle and pistols, the latter concealed beneath their long coats, were seated, conversing in low, earnest voices. A detachment of the military had scoured the neighbourhood in the morning—unsuccessfully as usual; they had searched the cells, and disturbed the waters of the Holy Lake under the impression that arms had been thrown in there; but they had found nothing. And now, these two men conversed without casting one anxious glance towards the heights, from whence they could have been shot with the greatest ease by an indifferent marksman; they were quite safe, however; for every bush, crag, and fissure, sheltered a living guard, who would have sacrificed his life sooner than have suffered a hair of their heads to be disturbed by the breeze of a bullet.

For some time, they heeded neither the careering clouds, nor the gusts of wind that whistled round their heads; they heeded nothing of the external world, though their words had to do with storms and tempests —the storms and tempests of passion and revolt.

One of these was Lawrence Macarthy, the other, the "Captain" of Glen Flesk, whom Lawrence addressed by the name of Louis. After conversing together for some time, they arose, and seated themselves so that the ruins of the church sheltered them from the sudden rush of wind, that made strange, unearthly music, as it gushed down the mountains; a mighty, but invisible power—now whistling shrilly through the cells, then bending the trees, or rustling like perturbed spirits amid the broken walls; howling above the graves, and flinging itself upon the waters, that uprose against its efforts to insult them; now rolling a skull into the lake, then tossing the light tallies of many pious pilgrims in rude sport upon the grass, as if they had been so many straws!

It was a fitful, and yet a terrible wind, holding nothing in reverence, triumphing over a prostrate cross, and mocking the crumbling ruins which seemed to shudder at its approach. Still, these men heeded it but little; it was not as strong as the beating of their hearts, nor as agitating as the tumult within their bosoms; it throbbed not as wildly as their heated brain. The lull would soon come; and the valley, and island, and lake, sleep as gently in the moonlight, as if no storm had ever disturbed their repose; but where—where should *they* find rest or safety?

"I see, Louis—I see, your trust in us is gone," said Lawrence.

Louis made no reply.

"It is not thus that others have served us," persisted Macarthy. "How often have we talked of those who considered death glorious in such a cause; and how often have you said, that the hope of such a death would reconcile you to all the trials of life."

"The hope of a patriot's death might reconcile one to any personal evil," replied Louis, "but who would covet the continuance of a life that was to terminate with the reputation of the marauder or the assassin stamped indelibly upon it? I would go to the scaffold in the cause of my country; but I confess I shrink from being hanged like a dog for plunder.

"We have never been branded with that yet," answered Lawrence, "never in any instance has one of the thousands sworn to our cause throughout Ireland—though tens of thousands of them are starving—been guilty of robbery. When compelled to enforce our laws, by the obstinacy of those who take our lives by taking 'the means whereby we live,' we never touch the gold for which they peril both soul and body. Our's," he continued, bitterly, "our's is no common war: every species of justice has been denied us. Our's is not so much a war against England, as against those bastards of the soil, who deny us *the bit of land*—the BIT OF LAND, to be our own, without dread of slaving for another—THE BIT OF LAND, which the poor man can cultivate when maybe he has worked his twelve hours for his landlord, for that his wife and children

can manage while he is absent. We want to be our own, a portion of the soil that was ALL our fathers; not as a gift, but as the reward of labour—the crown of industry; and by all the winds of heaven we'll have it, or the lives of those who keep their feet on our necks, and yet tell us we are free. What is life to me, Louis? I ask you why I should care for life? What is it to me—what charm has it for me, or such as I am, that I should hesitate to send this to the heart of those who now set a price upon that life at the base instigation of Abel Richards?"

"It is of no use going over the ground again and again," replied Louis; "no use repeating that freedom is too high and too holy a thing to be attained by base, unworthy means; that one bold, brave struggle, boldly made, and sealed, it might be, with our blood, would command the sympathy and respect of the whole world, and that from that would spring the aid we now seek for in vain. But all shrink from the assassin. It is idle, Lawrence, to look at me thus. Every one who stabs in the dark, or fires from his concealment upon the unwary, IS AN ASSASSIN. No matter what his cause may be, he IS the thing I have named! I did my best to prepare you for a bold struggle, man to man; to the last gasp of my existence, I would fight for that; I would aid a guerilla warfare—it is the refuge of a mountain people for their defence; but the stab in the dark! the man shot into the very arms of his children, hundreds of miles away from the scene of action, for disobeying laws as arbitrary as those you complain of, to which he never gave his sanction, and

which he was never bound to obey, is a thing that cries for vengeance and brings a curse instead of a blessing on our cause! We shall never prosper as a people while we favour and conceal the assassin."

"It is well—it is well," muttered Macarthy; "you have read with Ellen in the same book."

"That is what I most wished to speak with you about," replied Louis, rapidly. "From what the schoolmaster told me, I have no doubt you know where your sister is; but why—why in her state of health, why under any circumstances, is she concealed from her friends? Why am I not worthy of the knowledge of her present dwelling?"

"I do not want her to be concealed from her friends, I only want her to be hidden from our enemies—from *my* enemies, I suppose I should say," he added, after a pause, "for it need be only the poor, hunted, burnt-out Lawrence Macarthy who has enemies."

"No," was the reply, though in a crushed and broken-hearted tone, "no, my hand is on the plough as well as yours, and though I blame, I do not turn back; we were trained in different schools, yet the end we would attain is the same; if I should escape I will yet return when the contest becomes that for which, as I have said, a man is not ashamed to die in the field or on the scaffold—bold-faced rebellion against tyrants and violated treaties; yes, hand to hand, foot to foot, in plain, valley, or highland; but no assassination; no secret murders rising to curse our cause; it is so against nature, so totally unproductive of good—for even if one is slain, five or six worse than he take his place."

"This is no time to talk of it," replied Lawrence, eager to turn his companion's attention to something else, "we are in a strait; hunted on the one hand, and betrayed, or what is as bad, not assisted, on the other; you, though not an alien, cannot enter into my feelings, cannot understand those with which I saw the flames triumphing over the ruins of my ancestors' stronghold, which so long laughed to scorn the assaults of our natural enemies; but it drives me mad to think of it; in less than an hour the wisest and strongest will meet us here, and we must then decide either for one great effort, or a lull of some months' duration."

"And Ellen—your sister; I must know, Lawrence, where she is, and why, after your assurance that she regarded me with no common feelings, you have kept us asunder?"

Lawrence turned away; a deep flush, the flush of shame at his own falsehood, overspread his face, and for a moment he forgot that it could not be seen; full well he knew that to bind Louis more firmly to their cause, he had led him to believe that his passion for Ellen was returned.

"Women have strange fancies," he replied, "you are acquainted with the unfortunate scene at Spencer Court; but you do not know that all my arguments have failed to convince her that it would be her duty to deny having seen me; this, and this only would be the way to meet the charge which Abel Richards has brought against me, and which has caused me to be honoured with an especial reward for my apprehension."

"But what has this to do with her disappearance?" said Louis.

"Are you so dull," answered Lawrence, "that you fail to perceive the necessity for her abode being concealed; if she, when discovered and questioned would, from a puling love of what she calls TRUTH, confess to my entrance and spoken words?"

"But surely you do not suspect that I would betray her concealment to those who now seek her so anxiously?" inquired Louis.

"No, certainly," was the reply.

Then, Lawrence, you must tell me; I have a right to know; I feel this right; there are events and passages which if not explained, would render death (if it overtook me) as unbearable as life is now. I cannot conceive Ellen guilty of duplicity; and yet, why after what you told me, should she not only avoid an interview, but return my letters? This must and *shall* be explained."

"Why so it shall, Sir," said Lawrence, turning abruptly round, for he had been scanning the hills first in one direction, then in another. "So it shall be," he continued, in an agitated voice, "but is this a time to think of 'passages and events' connected with a love tale and a pale girl? is this a time, when our wretched country is in such a state, that the weight of a single hair would turn the scale, and sink us miles deeper in misery and despondency than we have yet been; is this a time to plague *me* with questions about a sister, if she deserve the name; the child of a renegade mother, who had strength for neither love nor hate."

"She was your mother also!" suggested Louis.

"She was," replied the Whiteboy, impatiently, "she was, and too well I know it; her pale Saxon blood has quivered in my veins, and cried mercy to my heart, when else I should have been an unalloyed Macarthy! But see, they are coming; now, Louis, whatever you may feel or think, show no mistrust of the future; we may urge them to lay by, to 'wait' for a little; but still hold out hope—CERTAINTY of future success."

Louis, who had risen, drew back a step;

"I only ask you to keep up the seeming—"

"But why," interrupted Louis, "should I seem what I am not? why draw them still deeper into danger, from which, for many we shall meet to-night, there is still a way of escape?"

"*Escape* to what?" inquired Macarthy, bitterly, "a merciful *escape* for a man to think of, to a family gaunt from starvation, turned from their bit of land to die by the roadside—to the gaol, prepared by a merciless agent, or as merciful tithe-proctor—to the gentleness of martial law: and you call that *escape*, for men made and fashioned like ourselves! Byrne of Inchageela told me they had one plan of which we should hear to-night, that would strike terror into our rulers; let us hear him, let us hear any thing."

"Granted; but let us not stir up for the mere love of tumult, men, and such men, beyond the power of control; if we do, their blood, and the blood they spill, will cry against us hereafter!"

"And let it," exclaimed the reckless Lawrence, leaping forward to meet a group of strangers, who were advancing towards them, and upon whose tall muscular

figures (not looking as large as they really were, from their noble proportions) a brief glimpse of moonlight was shining.

Louis paused a moment, and then, always infirm of purpose, with a deep sigh followed young Macarthy.

The organisation of these midnight meetings had been marvellously skilful. Some few weeks previously, Louis had prided himself upon the completeness of a system which, though not originating with him, his ability and forethought had much improved. At the various passes leading down the mountain to the holy lake, sentinels were stationed, who gave and received the pass-words; and lest, notwithstanding these precautions, a wolf might by possibility enter into the fold, a strong body of men were assembled at the entrance of the causeway, to interchange with extraordinary rapidity the various signs both by lip and finger which made them known to each other. All the sentinels were placed, and this guard was set in far less time than we have taken to describe the scene; how they came, or where they came from, would have perplexed any looker on to tell; they seemed to spring forth from the rocks and valleys, or suddenly out of the bare earth itself; looking up at the mountains, a keen eye could, after a time, detect men moving downwards—not habited in the white shirt which they wore when the country was not so much on the *qui vive* as it then was, but in the gray frieze, concealing every light tint of colour; while some few had their faces blackened, and could be recognised by their most intimate friends only by their tone of voice.

It was impossible to conceive any thing more wild and unearthly than the scene; the stupendous mountains girding the lake and the holy island, the lighter clouds scudding before the winds, while the more dense vapours disputed with the ministers of air, and heaved and lowered rather than dispersed; the moonlight marking, as if by magic, a path-way of liquid silver on the lake, while the remainder continued dark and billowy; the "lone" island, interspersed with trees and ruins, so sacred and solitary in itself, yet made the trysting place of the delegates of a people—unconquered yet enslaved; a brave, unsettled people, tempest-tost and torn, catching at straws, comprehending no one great principle, and yet alive to every small thought, and, in eagerness for the petty, losing sight of the great; the most fierce and violent of the Celtic population, having nothing in common with their Saxon brethren, but the air breathed by their ancestors and themselves; determined in nothing so much as their hatred of each other, a hatred, sometimes lulled by circumstances, but never, never extinguished. They came, summoned by an invisible power, a power entering into every house, no matter what its position or politics might be, a power seeing all things though understanding nothing; converting the country into one huge whispering gallery, compared to which the continental system of *espionnage* is a piece of feeble mechanism. They came, on that night, foot-sore and weary, though firm and true to their unlawful purpose—far and fasting—they came from Dunkerron and Iveragh, from Muskerry, from West Carberry, and from the golden vale of fertile Limerick, and the

glowing glens of Tipperary; giants from Slivenamuck, and active, restless, black-eyed mountaineers from the fastnesses of Kerry. They came to hear, report, and act; they came not as Irishmen are supposed to do, with riot and with brawl, but silently and firmly—their wives and mothers, their sisters and their children, all helpless and ignorant as the world would doom them to be, nerving their hearts and arms, and bidding them to be firm and fearless; strengthening them with prayers, although the idea of their country's liberty extended not beyond the regaining of the "bit of land," or the firing the houses of those who neglected the warnings of deep dug pits at their doors, or the coffins in white chalk upon their windows. They came, on and on, covering the ancient graves as with a resurrection, and leaning on the tops of their staves beneath the ivyed walls of their ruined temples. They were men and they came upon men's business; there was neither woman nor child amongst their numbers; there was no sound of horn, or shout, or waving flag, or music or cry; and but for the tramp of heavy feet, the whispers of the crowd would scarcely have disturbed the wild duck from its nest.

They were come! all were assembled though not all seen; it was more like the gathering of a spirit world; and those who were partially shadowed by the waving branches of the trees, now in light, now in darkness, seemed flitting between earth and heaven. It would have been well for many that night, had they exchanged life for a quiet death among those peaceful graves.

Lawrence Macarthy, elevated upon a ruined wall, commenced calling over a rude sort of muster-roll of the leaders he expected to be present; while Murtogh held aloft, to enable him to read, a huge torch of bogwood that cast a lurid and unequal glare upon the assembly, lighting up half a score of faces in the foreground, while the countenances of others were lost in darkness.

CHAPTER III.

THE PERIL AT GOUGANE BARRA.

THE names by which the leaders of Whiteboyism, in the different districts, were generally distinguished, might have excited smiles on any other occasion; and as it was, the natural gaiety of the Irishman could not resist, for any length of time, some jesting, however faint and whispered. One was called "Moonshine," and answered "Here!" in a deep, sonorous voice; another was distinguished as "The Sword of Dunboy;" another as the "Pike of Carberry;" another as "Captain Starlight." One fellow, who looked as if he could breast a hurricane, and turn its course, when called by his own name, "Byrne of Inchageela," stood forward a tower of human strength, and tossed his arms in reply; while, forgetting the supposed necessity for silence, a deep, stifled, but audible shout saluted him on all sides. Another, termed "The Limerick Rake," gave a whoop and a spin of his shillala as he vaulted forward over the graves; while "The White Foot of Tipperary" strode like a Colossus across a ruined

arch, his tall commanding figure, and square shoulders, standing out against the gray sky—and he, too, received the low and earnest commendation his countrymen are ever ready to bestow upon personal strength in man, and personal beauty in women. Many were summoned in Irish — wild mountaineers from the gloomy fastnesses of Kerry and the glens and rocks which gird the glorious bay of Bantry; little, active, muscular fellows, some of them, with the flat bronzed faces of Cork; others, whose physiognomy showed their Spanish origin, in gray coats and almost conical hats. One in particular, a species of nondescript, who looked half man half demon, was saluted as the "Leprehawn," with mingled but murmured laughter and congratulation. Stretching forth his long spectral arms, he tossed his hat into the air, while his hair streamed wildly about his shoulders, and slapped his breast, as if claiming the attribute of physical strength as well as of dexterity.

But no one was more heartily, though silently greeted—no one received with more distinction by Lawrence Macarthy himself, who paused to bid him welcome, and say, "Ever ready and willing for any thing for the good of the sod"—than our old acquaintance who had danced the Irish jig on the road to Blarney. Then, he was the cringing, cowering, half-peasant, half-citizen; his body bent, his eyes humbled towards the earth, his lips compressed, his tongue oiled, his ears open; ready to smile and bow, to agree to all things, and do as little as possible; looking stolid and stupid while listening, and yet comparing and

gathering up information—though each item, taken alone, was as insignificant as a grain of sea-sand. Few could have recognised "Doyle of the cars," as he stood, with bold, fair brow, round which his hair curled crispingly, his head thrown back, his foot advanced, and planted with the air of a man who says, "I earned that compliment, and I will deserve it more."

It was a singular, and when the distances the men had traversed were considered, a remarkable, fact, that only two of the many whose names were called gave no reply: when Lawrence demanded, "The Rock of Skibbereen," there was no answer; the call was repeated, and one of the watchers at the causeway replied, "Wait a while, Sir." But Lawrence was not one to wait, and in an impatient voice called again for the "Rock of Skibbereen."

"Here, Sir," replied the young voice of a boy; and the gray-coated sentry led forward a lad, who looked worn and pale. "Here, Sir!" said the boy, again, "not me, Sir, but my father I'm come for."

"And where is he—and what does he mean, by sending a child, when we want a man?" exclaimed Macarthy.

"Plaze yer honour, he didn't send me," was the reply.

"Then how came you here?"

"My mother, Sir; I'm the eldest and only boy, Sir, all she has in the world wide," was the answer.

"What is that to me?" said Lawrence, while the men gathered round and gazed upon the lad, who,

though pale and quivering, looked stoutly and with unquailing eye into the face of their chief.

"I don't know, Sir, but my father was fond of ye, and with his last breath he taught me the passes, and he died in his bed, glory be to God! of an impression on his heart that crushed the life out of him, and had a fine berrin' ere yesterday, and two priests and a friar at it! and if my mother had been able, Sir, she'd have come with me herself, but the strength has left her, and she has no power in her limbs. Only, if ye'd be plazed to take me, Sir, I'd grow big and strong in the cause, and, maybe, be a good man yet, as yer honour knows my father was before me; a young heart can be as true, Sir, as an ould one. My mother was an O'Sullivan, as well as my father," continued the youth, drawing himself as proudly up in his rags as if they had been velvet robes. "It'll put new life into my mother, Sir, if ye'll be plazed to keep me on instead of my father."

"I'll go bail for him," said one. "And I." "And I," "and all of us," repeated a score of voices, moved by the boy's earnestness and devotion. "He's the right sort." "A fine ould ancient family, though now their place in the grave-yard is all the land they can call their own," said another. "As great a name as yer own, Macarthy," added the next speaker from the crowd. "His grandmother was a M'Geohegan," exclaimed an old man, "a great M'Geohegan, whose grandfather kept the Castle of Dunboy against the heretic Elizabeth, and stood by the powder barrel, with a live coal in his hand to blow up the garrison if there was any fear of treachery or surrender."

"And I'd do the same, plaze yer honour," said the little fellow, looking brightly up, "and herself into the bargain."

"Who?" inquired Doyle of the cars, laying his hand on the boy's head.

"Elizabeth herself—bad luck to her!" was the ready reply, and delivered with an earnestness that left no doubt of its sincerity.

"And would you be true?" asked Macarthy.

"Ov coorse he'll be true," said Doyle, "what else is left to him an' his to be? Hadn't his father a purty little farm, and wasn't he able to pay his rent and live out ov it, and have his Sunday coat and his Sunday hat, and his bit o' pork of his own killing in the little tub, for friend or holiday? And didn't Abel Richards —(it would be impossible to convey an idea of the yell of execration that followed this hated name),—didn't he lend him ten pounds to restock his bit of land; and when the poor man would offer to return it, he'd 'good fellow' him, and bid him keep it till he'd ax it?—the black hypocrite! And when did he ax it? When this boy's mother was down in the fever, and his little girleen dead, and himself staggering with weakness from the same cause; and they were forced to sell the horse and the pig to pay him, and he bought them both himself; and they were back for the first time in the rent; and one trouble was lashed by black Aby into another; no poor man ever had enough of misfortune to content Abel Richards as long as he had a foot of land; until he saw him turned out of house and home he wasn't content; then, indeed,

he gave them advice and a small tract" (another yell stronger than the first followed this).

"Never mind, boys," said Lawrence, while he drew the child to his side, and wiped away the scalding tears that bathed his face, "never mind; Abel—and such as Abel have furnished us with *men;* and you will be true, my little man?"

"God above knows I will!" rejoined the boy. "I'll be fourteen next Martinmass, only I'm kept little with the hardship; but my heart's big enough—just let me know that I'm in my father's place and I'll soon strengthen into a man!" There was an hurra at this, and it was decided that the young Whiteboy should be sworn in when the meeting was over.

The child was caressed with the tenderness of woman by strong, hard-featured men. One good-natured fellow took off his waistcoat and wrapt it carefully round him to keep out the cold, and another plucking the whisp of straw from under his rough saddle, stuffed his own brogues with it, and fastened them by this means on the little shoeless orphan.

"Sit here, jewel, and listen to me," said another; "I always gathers my own to hear the only knowledge I have to give them, God help me! the knowledge of what their parents suffered ever since the strangers came to it. Black Aby may be the worst in these parts, but he's not the only one; as I say to my cousin who has so little heart with us because he has the good luck to live under the Master of Macroom, that never turned a poor man out because of the rent;—maybe, I say to him, it's well to have a tyrant at every ten

mile, or else if they war only half kind, let alone whole good, like the Master of Macroom, and the dean (though he hasn't much in his power), or the Spencer Court ould gentleman (who's in his grave) and a few more, why we'd sit down content enough with the slavery."

"Never!" exclaimed Macarthy, "it is only slaves who say so."

"But it's being robbed and trampled on that makes us slaves, Sir," answered the man, "we're not born so, thank God! I remember when I could hold my head as high as any poor man in the country, and the ould landlord always promised me a renewal of my lease at the ould rent; but he died, and the green sod closed over his promise; and the young man never heeded such a place except when he wanted his rent, and raised us all to what I could not pay no more than others; and then I was distrained on—it's the old story over again—only a decent, sober man, as I was then, feels it most—there's no use talking! I had seven children and a dying wife when I was turned on the stones of the high road; and I went on my knees to ask the agent for one meal of the pratees I had sown and grown myself—one meal, for that one day, to save them from the hunger till I could get my wife into some poor neighbour's house—and he refused me; he refused me —with my children crying round me! twenty-four hours after that I became—what I am now." He stretched forth his long arms to heaven, held them in that position for a moment or two, then took his seat again on the tomb beside the orphan boy.

Another name was called; it was followed by intelligence that the "Roving Blade," had been seized by soldiers the previous evening, for being abroad after the hour prescribed by martial law.

After this ceremony was concluded, the delegates from different parts of the country gathered round Lawrence and Louis; then was brought to light by rapid questions and answers, the information obtained by the singular system of *espionnage*, in which women were employed as well as men; for, though the latter were seldom trusted with secrets, they were rendered the means of becoming acquainted with the secrets of those whose protection and wages they received. Each house, in each division, was noted down; the height, size, number of doors, windows, servants (if all the latter were "sworn in"); the religious and political tendencies of the inhabitants; their carelessly spoken words; the number and quality of their fire-arms, and where they were concealed; their personal appearance; the very position of the seats they occupied in their own houses; whether they lived on their own property, or rented land of others. A kindly word of gratitude was given, if they were believed to be "good to the poor;" but all that seemed to demand inquiry was, whether they had, or had not, offended against Whiteboy laws, or evinced a disposition to do so: this appeared to be all the Whiteboys cared for. Every movement in the country was thoroughly known to the band, and at that time no telegraph was more rapid than their method of communicating one with another the secrets of every Protestant and every gentleman's family

throughout the country. Munster and Leinster were in their keeping. Information, in fact, upon every point, was obtained and transmitted—upon every point, except that which would have been the principal, with ordinary bandits; they knew and cared nothing for the plate, money, or jewels, of which their superiors might be possessed; they never thought of plunder, they thought only of working out their purpose!

As the night advanced, much conversation took place, particularly among the "elders," concerning their future plans; but as yet nothing had been developed to lead Lawrence to suspect, that the simultaneous rising he had hoped for was likely to take place. His immediate neighbours, though they deferred to him, were crushed in heart and spirit by the activity and power of the military; and Lawrence, despite himself, felt convinced that few of his band had the remotest idea of the broad principles of a revolution; this conviction cramped his energy; and even he hinted at the necessity of "waiting"—lying by—until the summer was over, and tarrying for the dark winter nights; while his auditors could not understand why—particularly those of far-off counties, who were indisposed to treat his opinions with the respect he experienced from the Whiteboys of the county of Cork, who were bound to him more than ever, now that he had been rendered homeless by his adherence to their cause. Every stone in Castle Macarthy had been as honoured and valued in the eyes and to the hearts of the peasantry of the immediate neighbourhood, as if they had been so many jewels of a crown. The men looked towards where

Louis stood, the victim of contending feelings and emotions—eager for a confirmation of the hopes he had expressed to them at Kilcrea—when, after Macarthy had excited and inflamed their spirits by the power of his eloquence, he had strengthened them by the assurance of assistance of troops and means which he foolishly believed would come from a foreign country. Lawrence's sanguine temperament frequently led him to mislead himself and others; nor did he scruple to assert as truth what he wished to be true; and when he had called upon Louis to support his statements, at some of their smaller midnight meetings, and the "captain" had drawn back, the usual precipitancy of the Irish character made the "Whiteboys" construe caution into coldness; and now Louis felt that every eye was turned upon him, with a far different expression from that with which they had beamed at Kilcrea, where every hand was extended towards him, and every voice grew loud in his praise. They had expected him to do more than human being could accomplish; it was whispered, that he had counselled restraint; that he was untrue to their cause; that but for him Abel Richards would not have escaped; there were, in short, abundant misrepresentations afloat among them, and Louis soon felt his position to be one of great difficulty, if not of actual danger. He was preparing to address them, but there were murmurs deep and loud, a heaving and swelling discontent, a growling of human thunder, and a glare of angry eyes bent upon the pale, dignified, though slight young man, who, perfectly self-possessed, preserved the position he had chosen, elevated above

the crowd, which gathered closer and closer about him. They glared upon him, and then they looked in the white light of the moon upon each other. All their respect for Lawrence Macarthy, all their trust in him, was needed to restrain "the boys of Carberry" from venting their disappointment in bitter reproaches against his friend, they were eager to ascribe to any thing rather than to Saxon strength, the sudden and wide outspread of Saxon power, attended by its fiery beacons through the land.

Had they sinned their souls, and were they then to be told they must "wait?" Had they been working at the midnight forge, hid away in the earths and cleft rocks of their native mountains; or sending forth its rapid and mysterious fire-flakes over the lonely morass, which could only be trodden in safety by those who were familiar with its passes from childhood—to be told now, that they must "wait," as they had waited for centuries? Had they concealed their rude instruments of "liberty" in caves and burrows, visiting them by stealth to be assured of their safety; and were they to learn that they were fated to moulder and rust? Was Lawrence Macarthy himself to remain insulted and unavenged, while the smoke of the stronghold of his ancestors still swept its dark pennon athwart the sky?

Notwithstanding all they had heard, thought, felt, and endured, they unaccountably and suddenly, as the feeling comes upon a multitude, felt as omnipotent the power which belongs to it, when no opposing force is within sight. The greater number were inflamed by the "spirit of mountain dew," that had been pressed

upon them by the glensmen—their solace at all times in the days of which we write. Many who came from a distance, incapable, as unwilling, to reason, triumphed in the consciousness of having destroyed some obnoxious person, who had outraged their laws, and neglected their warning. Their feelings and passions were brawling and rioting within them; they had no defined idea of a struggle for their country—it was but a piecemeal effort to keep their bit of land. The military might for a time overrun the country, and burn and destroy; they had often done so before; their spirit rebounded, they did not understand what they were to "wait" for, when they had the power of shooting an enemy and burning a house. Such was the versatility of their natures, that, in their violence, they became as elated as they had been but a moment before depressed. Strong hearts met strong hearts in Gougane Barra, and what was to hinder them from doing what they had before done; they could not be worse off than they were; were they not sworn to certain laws; and what new cause had sprung up for telling them to "wait?" Louis was not one of *them;* they had never known who he was; they could imagine no man even a well-wisher who did not whirl on with them through all things. Without a word being spoken, they decided that the reports *were true.* And Louis was what an Irishman hates worse than enemy—a cold friend; perhaps he was not even that; they refused to hear him, and called for Macarthy; some even yelled when Louis would have spoken.

"Have I deserved this?" he said to Macarthy, who

now mounted the tomb on which Louis had previously stood alone; "have I," he continued, passionately, "have I, sacrificing all, as I have done, and anticipating the moment I may be called on for the last sacrifice a man can make—have I deserved this?"

"No," was the prompt reply, and he twined his arm within the arm of Louis with an air of brotherly affection; he could feel the young man's heart springing against its imprisoning side, while his cheek grew crimson with agitation; "No"—

"I want no man to defend me," interrupted Louis, loudly, and unable to control himself, "I want no man to defend me; I have done nothing to need defence; I abandoned all to organize the revolt of a brave and injured people; I trusted to the promises of others to assist in this, because I knew how little could be done without that aid, and I, as well as others have been disappointed and deceived."

"We have ourselves to the fore, ready and willing," said the "Limerick rake" stepping forward.

"And a great thing it is to have; but not enough," answered Louis, boldly, while Lawrence trembled for him, "not enough to rid the land of the proud invader, and eject a mass of the population, unhappily your bitter enemies, from their holdings."

"Let each of us pick his man, and we'd soon be rid of them," said the "Whitefoot of Tipperary."

"By murder, not by war!" replied Louis, firmly.

There was a hush; and Lawrence in an agony too deep for loud words, muttered; "You will destroy

yourself and me. Have you still to learn that they will fight—die—silently and bravely—but will not reason—cannot be thwarted?"

"Murder," repeated the viperous-looking "Leprehawn," as he stretched out his long leathery arms and clutched and opened his bony fingers, as though it would have given him pleasure to tear Louis into pieces. "Murder, that's a mighty hard word intirely, boys dear, and one that was never evened to us before—'murder' is it, enagh—don't we *pisen rats*, and varmint, and lay traps for foxes, and ferret rabbits—by law too—law—law!—do ye hear me, boys? and aint we to try to get rid of worse varmint without being called murderers—Oh! Yah, mellay!—did I tramp fresh and fasting mee ten good miles to be tould that it's murder to kill an orangeman? Oh, boys dear, do ye hear me now? and that by a friend of the Macarthy; but he's not the right sort of a Macarthy," continued the long-armed drunkard, who could hardly stand, but was tossing to and fro; "he's not the right, true Macarthy; he came—you understand me—into the world—not wanted; his mother was—" what, was not permitted him to say, for Lawrence's hands were on his throat, and then he threw him from him as a dog flings away some disgusting thing which he loathes almost too much to destroy.

This turned the attention of the people, who felt indignant as Lawrence himself could feel, and if Murtogh had not been restrained, there is little doubt he would have given full loose to his natural propensity, and the Leprehawn would have been heard no more.

After the lapse of a few minutes, during which Louis had never moved, but stood with folded arms and firm unbending brow, Lawrence was again by his side; his temper relieved by the act of violence he had committed; ready to flatter and to soothe, to win and wile away the hearts which responded to the music of his voice. He was the agitator of the present without attempting to be the legislator of the future. His love for the faith of his fathers was an intense reality; and no man will ever get right into the Irish peasant's heart, with whom this is not the case; his handsome person—the winning sweetness of his smile—the subtlety of his wit, which, however rough, was still a diamond—his bursts of hope—his enthusiasm—his very want of the forethought which constitutes a successful revolutionist—his intense hatred, now more than ever deepened into malignity against Abel Richards, whose name was the signal for a yell of execration that howled amid the mountains long after the voices which raised it had ceased to sound—feeling as *they* felt, sharing their afflictions and their injuries, he rapidly brought the meeting round again as though it had never wavered from its faith in him;—and yet he had really said nothing to the purpose, had opened no new vista which even at a vast distance would have yielded the people at least a prospect; they were many of them houseless, homeless, proscribed, escaped from fever and famine to be hunted through their own land by fire and sword.

A shout as of triumph floated above the mountains

by which they were surrounded. Lawrence grasped his companion's hand, and whispered, "Men who can so shout for freedom can surely regain Ireland for the Irish," and without waiting for reply, he invited "Byrne of Inchageela" to state what it was he had to propose to the meeting.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTRUDER AT MIDNIGHT.

THERE was a breathless silence while the huge "Munster man" heaved himself forward; and though he stood upon no elevation, he was taller than Lawrence, who kept his position on the tomb; his enormous proportions made the more slender figures of the two leaders appear like those of boys.

Byrne took off, first his hat, then his wig, which he must have worn because his father did so before him, for his hair was abundant, though somewhat frosted by time; he then looked round with a sheepish look, throwing a sidling glance over the crowd, which now appeared distinctly; for several, following Murtogh's example, had kindled torches of bogwood, that, as the wind lulled, burnt steadily enough. He spoke in English, and "Doyle of the Cars" translated his words into Irish for the benefit of those who did not, as Master Mat would have said, understand "the *Vulgate*." He spoke slowly, as if resolved to curb his natural impetuosity.

"Boys," he said, "boys! I am no great hand at speech-making, though I believe it's pretty well known that I'm a good hand at the fist. Boys, what I have done is well understood by yez all. The blue wathers of my own lake could have informed (only they'd scorn it), ten years agone, where the process-server slept—who darkened my door a living man, and left it a dead one. He had his pistols and his *cutlash*, and above all, he was armed with the law at his back. I—I had THIS," and he held forth his clenched hand, that could have felled a Goliah; "these bones aginst his pistols, his cutlash, and his law. I never saw tithe-gatherer, taxman, or soldier, that would force me to turn my back."

"We believe all that," interrupted Lawrence, knowing, that if he got upon his feats of strength, there would be no termination to his harangue; "we know that, good Byrne; but the night is passing, and our friends have far to go."

"Young blood wants patience," answered the man. "Hours will pass, and friends will wait. But there's enough said; all know me, and all know Saint Columbkill's and Pasthorinis' phrophecies, which are working round, glory be to the Lord! plain as the sun at noon-day. There's only a little management needful, to trap every one of our persecutors and their myrmidons. Why, look boys, it's asy, and natural, and it shows how a small light may kindle a great fire. Look now, all the men in Munster and Leinster couldn't have saved our *strange* captain's life last week, an' he lying wounded in Labbig Owen's bed over there

in Glen Flesk, but for the wisdom of Macarthy, and the 'cuteness of Murtogh, the Macarthy's foster-brother. Murtogh's a jewel, so he is!" said Byrne, pressing his hand down upon Murtogh's head with the fondness of a father for a child, though Murtogh staggered beneath the affectionate pressure. "Murtogh's a jewel! There was more than ye know of, wishful that the captain should be left to lie asy; and one who, maybe, afther all, will turn out nothing but a bird of two weathers, would have given his breath to save him. But nothing could turn the devil's pack from the devil's hunt; and what did Murtogh, wild as he looks—faix it's proud I'd be of ye, if ye war my boy, Murtogh dear—but I've no boy now."

"No, poor man, God help you, you have not," exclaimed a sympathising voice, for the strong man remembered when he had two sons, who had been "sacrificed" to the offended laws of their country.

"Oh, to see the nature of him, and he such a giant!" exclaimed another.

"Mr. Byrne, Sir," said a third, "keep a good heart; for *every drop of blood* that was in their bodies we'll have a life yet."

"Thank yez all for yer mercy, God bless yez, ye'r the right sort any way," he replied, "only the wakeness comes over me mighty strong, so it does, when I think of them; sometimes, I see 'em as plain as light—the rosy twins, sleeping on the white bosom of the mother who died, as ye all know, under the—" his emotions prevented his utterance, his huge features became convulsed, he struggled to speak; one of his

friends handed him a noggin of whiskey, he drank it off, and then, apparently relieved, returned to the subject which the remembrance of his own sorrow had drawn him from. "Well, my friends (for friends yez are to every heart in trouble), well, what did he do, but he took the 'Natural' on himself, the 'cutest lad in all Cork took the 'Natural' on himself, and tumbled on before them just as a partridge or a lark (poor innocent birdeen) would do before a hound, just to 'tice it from its nest. Well, boys, he was the finest fool ye ever saw, and bore all the little innocent divarshin, such as prodding him with bagnetts and the like to make him jump and twist faces for their divarshin—most wonderful!"

"They'd have spitted me in earnest to make me spin like a cockchaffer once," put in Murtogh, "but for Mr. Spencer, God reward him, who has a heart to the poor, though he didn't know me from Adam."

"Well, the storm forced them to stop, and having written in their copies (they're larned men), that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' to keep their hand in, they set fire to two or three cabins, and Murtogh, one way or other, by seeming to encourage their going on in the glen, and letting on to have great fear if they turned the gray path (the mountain road where the Banshee of the Macarthys do be wandering alone), made them think that the scent they were on was wrong; he knew more than he'd let on, so they threatened to shoot him, and got him on his knees, and at last, dear, he confessed, that he'd guided a stranger (giving all the marks that the major's own man had tould him was on the descrip-

tions—he's been one of us these three years and more), and, my darling, he tould how he'd took him as far as the corpse road, and left him there in the ould mill."

"And sure," added Murtogh, "it was de devil's bad luck both of us had to send dem dat road at all, at all; for when dey found noting in de mill, and see de square tower of de Macarthy a little way on, dey turned savage, and because (de Lord above knows it was in airnest I was den) I swore to dem he never sheltered dere good nor bad, and dat dere was noting in it but Molche Kavenagh and de bare walls, dey would not blive me, but purtended to tink we were still desaving dem—de tyrants of de world! to destroy de fine ould place. Master Lawrence says he knew how it 'ud be from de first, but de Lord above knows I'd no notion dey'd have done dat; and when it was done, de night was come, and dey'd noting for it but to get back as fast as dey could to Macroom."

"A friend is better than a castle, new or old, any day," said Lawrence, "and if a hair of the head that has thought and risked so much for us, were but injured, nothing could efface the scandal that would have fallen on us. I should not now have had my friend by my side if the scoundrels had taken their course through the glen." Macarthy said this, in his usual, bold, frank tone; but Louis' eyes were suffused with tears; he rejoiced that the dim light prevented his emotion from being seen, and he whispered something of passionate gratitude and earnest regret.

Byrne recommenced his explanation which the few words of Lawrence had interrupted. "Now, boys,

attend to me, draw round—that's it. We all know the character that the lakes of Inchageela and these mountains have got; well, dears! you know the pass of Keim-an-cigh; you know how the rocks stand up each side of the mountains, and how the stones grew big as they grew old; you know its twists and turns, and how the ancient holly and yew trees stand about, and the ivy makes hiding-places; you know, that when you get in you don't see ten yards afore ye the way to get out. Now boys, this is it; the morning afther next, I've reason to know, the cut-throat soldiers mean to scour the country, and here's a list of the gentlemen (and Black Aby among them) that's to meet 'em at the end of the pass;" there was a rush forward, every face was turned towards Byrne; countenances deeply marked by strong and vehement passions, throbbing with anxiety were all upturned towards him. "I'll read my list in a minute, boys, as soon as ye'll hand me over one of them bog lights, for the sight isn't what it was in my ould eyes; but before I begin that, or go any further, so as to spread my plan before yez—how we'll belay them—tempt them—and set 'em and finish 'em, nor let one escape—give the ravens their prey, and thicken the mountain streams with the blood of our tyrants—I'd be just glad to know on yer faith an' yer hope of salvation, if ye'r all book-sworn, in the face of God, man, and yer country? the true—free oath, which if every man present doesn't subscribe to, we know how to make him. I ask ye again as yez shall answer before the Almighty at the last day, are yez all sworn, boys?"

But though Byrne spoke at the top of his voice he was answered by one less powerful, but more clear, and more distinct than his own—"No!"

It would be impossible to describe the sudden rush towards the spot, somewhat distant from that which the presence of Lawrence and Louis had made the centre of the crowd. The terrible sensation which agitated every one present—all seized with a desire as sudden as it was vehement to annihilate whoever had intruded into their circle and secrets—was about to act, when Lawrence sprang from his elevated position, and paused for a moment, uncertain what to do. It was singular that though pressed closely in on every side, the stranger remained untouched; not a hand had yet rested on him on whom they glared so fiercely. Some whirled their shillalas, and not a few stooped for stones, but they did not so much as disturb the drapery of his cloak, and the placid look with which he regarded them, neither smiling nor frowning, proved either the most extraordinary self-possession, or a total ignorance of the danger in which he was placed. There was a native dignity, a moral purpose and power about the intruder which kept the men at bay; they drew closer and closer, still fierce and glaring, but offered him no violence. Doyle of the Cars being something below the middle size pushed one way and then another before he could see the stranger, and when he did, he clasped his hands and exclaimed:

"Ough, murder and glory! 'tis his fetch that's in it—och, murder, dead and alive, what ails my eyes!"

Lawrence by this time stood before him—face to

face. With the feeling natural to gentlemen—the one by education, the other by nature—they moved their hats.

"It is very singular, very unaccountable, Sir," said Lawrence, "forcing yourself into a—a—a—private meeting as a spy."

"Oh, no masther, not that," interrupted Doyle, "Mister Lawrence, Sir, he's not that; ye don't know him, he's one of ourselves for all his words; I'll let ye take my life on my knees if he isn't. Grass greens, Sir, and the cloth cloak! Och, then every hour's bad luck to the night, that ye can't see the colour of it, that would spake for itself."

This rhapsody was lost on Lawrence, who fronted the stranger, while he seemed astonished at his reception. "Who are you, Sir?" demanded Macarthy.

"I question your right to inquire," was the cool reply, "but though I came here secretly, I had no intention to learn what you did not wish to communicate, and resolved to make myself known before the meeting dispersed. I am Mr. Spencer of Spencer Court, a stranger in person, but not in heart; I need not have spoken when I did, if I had wished to deceive you."

There was something so natural and straightforward in this, that the people looked at each other, conscious that the new master of Spencer Court could know nothing of the danger he encountered, and perplexed in different degrees according to their feelings and capacities, as to what his motive could be; the rumours afloat were such as induced them to consider him their friend; and the secret information received from the

servants he had engaged at Cork, had been equally satisfactory. Still he had outraged their law; unknown, unsworn, he had stolen in among them. He might go forth and destroy even the forlorn hope that remained—exhibit their danger to the gentry doomed to perish in the pass of Keim-an-eigh.

"I came here for a double purpose," resumed Edward Spencer.

"I said he came to join us!" exclaimed Doyle, springing high into the air. "I knew it. Wasn't he hand and glove with Father Jasper? didn't he send twinty guineas for the building of the new chapel? Didn't he want to turn the banks of the Lee, God bless it! into cottage gardens? Success! we're in for it now, boys. Didn't he give mee sister Biddy a bit of yallah goold on board the ship, for setting her curse on Black Aby? There's glory for ould Ireland!"

This was a species of "aside," delivered first to one, then to another, who heard and did not hear, for the most deep attention followed the words of Edward Spencer, who continued. "A double purpose—to reason with you on the ruin that awaits your pursuance of this unlawful system; and to deliver a letter to a person, a gentleman of the name of Louis, who, unfortunately, I believe, is this night among you."

The Irish are an unaccountable people: if unhappily prone to consider "the wild justice of revenge," the only justice they can enjoy, they are as much given to a wild generosity, which bursts forth even in their darkest times. There was that which went at once to the hearts of many, in a gentleman, a man of im-

portance and standing in the country, coming among them, declaring himself as not of their opinions, and setting himself to oppose them, unarmed, and yet evincing no symptom of terror or even of anxiety.

"By what means did you get here, Sir?" inquired Lawrence.

"By means of your pass-words—pronounced," he added, "as well as I could manage them."

"And who instructed you in these?"

"*That* I shall certainly not tell you."

"There's an informer somewhere!" growled Byrne.

"Are you armed, Sir?" persisted Lawrence, evidently much astonished.

Edward unclaspt his cloak, which fell from his shoulders, as if to prove the truth of his words.

"No; why should I come armed? I came to Ireland determined to love, not fear you; to come armed, would argue not only a mistrust that you do not deserve, but exceeding folly. What could the arms of one man do against a multitude? I came as a friend, to advise and to see, if I can, the person to whom this letter is addressed."

"Louis!" said Lawrence, "Louis!" But "the captain" had disappeared; Lawrence desired several to seek him, but he could not be found. "If you intrust the letter to me I will certainly give it to him," said Macarthy.

Edward replied that was impossible. But Byrne started forward, and with the bitterest and most fearful curse which the Irish language is capable of forging in its might of expression, he inquired what they

meant? "Take the letter from him, boys. How do we know that he is Mr. Spencer? How do we know who or what may be behind him?" he spoke in Irish, tossing his arms about, and looking amid the flame and smoke and flickering of the torches, kindled to gaze upon the stranger, more like the demon of wild mystery than a living man. "I tell you we have been betrayed by strange foxes. Are you all mad to stand looking at a Saxon as if he were a saint? let him hang upon a tree, the first of those whose blood must spill before the moon changes. Are ye mad, boys? Hasn't he heard my words, and would you let him go to tell them over the hills and ring a warning? Macarthy, remember your burnt ruins; remember what your father suffered through the Saxons of Spencer Court; remember the two funerals; remember the dying words of Madam Macarthy."

Again the bad passions of the people were in the ascendant—again they changed, and as the first generous impulse of his better nature shrunk away from Lawrence Macarthy's heart, he forgot himself and looked with a dark suspicion upon the young Englishman, whose deep-seated and fervent romance had urged him to an act of well intentioned bravery.

Edward heard for the first time the "barbarous language"—as it is falsely and insultingly called, by those who do not understand its pathos or its power—spoken boldly by a Celt, unrestrained and full of energy; but he had no idea of its import, for Byrne's head was turned away, until his eye, quick at reading the human countenance, caught the changed expression of every

face around him. Distrust had taken the place of curiosity and interest. Against Byrne's appeal, Doyle protested vehemently; he repeated what he had said in English, in his native tongue with more than his native eloquence; enlarging upon every thing he had before stated, and affirming in the very teeth of Mr. Spencer's own denial that he *was one of them;* and, now, many whose prejudices had gone with Byrne, had their hearts recalled by Doyle, and muttered expressions of admiration were mingled with one or two good wishes; while Lawrence, hating the race, could hardly understand the feeling of respect with which he gazed upon the man. They were all tempest-tossed; the only person really unmoved amongst them being him whose life hung upon a hair—upon less—the wavering will of the very wildest impulses.

"Considering," said Mr. Spencer, addressing Lawrence, "what I seem to have perilled by coming among you, if I read these angry countenances aright, I hope you will at least hear what I came to say."

"There is nothing you, or one of your name, could say, Sir," replied Lawrence, fully awake to, and carried on by the popular feeling, "would affect me, or any here. We know the bent of English words, and the value of English promises. Without being one *of* us, you, become possessed of our signs, have stolen in among us, and learned our secrets. I am certain I speak the feeling of every man within the circuit of the Holy Island, when I offer you the alternative of—taking our oath, or—" Lawrence paused; daring as he was, he lacked

the courage to speak the alternative on which he had at the moment determined.

"Or what, Sir?" inquired Edward, and his cheek perhaps changed colour. "Will you be so good as to name the condition you annex to this most extraordinary proposal to one who came among Irishmen trusting to their generosity, and proving that trust *as I have* proved it?"

"The condition my friend proposed," said Louis, who reappeared as suddenly as he had vanished, and now stood beside Macarthy with an air and carriage as quiet and collected as if he too were a Saxon, "is this —that if you do not immediately accept our oath, you must submit to be taken from hence blindfold, to where you will be kept in perfect safety, until it accords with *our* safety to set you at liberty. It is a measure we sincerely regret; but considering what you have heard, you yourself must see we have no alternative."

At the first sound of his voice, Edward started; but not only was Louis shrouded in the large coarse freize coat of the peasantry, but his face was covered with black crape.

"You were quite right," continued the captain, "in trusting to hearts that beat with every generous sentiment towards the generous. We shall at once convince you that, however we may disagree, we treat honourable men with honour. It is impossible to misunderstand your motive in coming among us as you have done; but let me hope that, sympathizing as we know you do, with the wrongs and sorrows of (I use your own words) 'the country of your adoption,' you

will not hesitate to enroll yourself among those who struggle for her liberty; who live in the hope that they may yet see her great and free!"

"It is quite needless, Sir, to propose any such alternative to me," was the proud reply. "If you had given me a choice between the enrolling myself as a member of an illegal body and death, of course I should have chosen the latter. I came here—"

"We know that, Sir," said Louis; "you certainly did come here, and doubtless, at this moment, you, and all within the circuit of this holy lake, think you were exceedingly foolish to have done so." This little sally, pronounced in a manner totally different from the captain's usual tone, coupled with his former words, not only re-established him in the people's favour, but got them on his side.

"The gentleman meant no harm"—"He's a stranger in earnest"—"His uncle took the sharpness off poverty for ten miles round Spencer Court"—"Those who came to him fasting, left him full"—"May be, he'll bring luck to the country yet." These and such like sentences were whispered about; and while Byrne, still keeping to his native tongue, said, he didn't care what came of the pale-faced Saxon, if he was put safe away until the net was spread and the game finished, Doyle fell at Edward's feet, twisted his arms around his knees, and entreated him in the most moving terms to join them.

"I'm the only boy in it his honour knows," said the poor fellow, "and when he gets out and meets me in the streets of Cork, what 'ud hinder him to turn me

over, as asy as the leaf of a book, to the law; but I know his principles, and sure something not right crossed him an' he on the road here, for I'd give forty oaths he came to join us, and if you'll only let me stop with him till morning, I'll go bail he'll come round; it's nothing but the walking over crossed hazel or the like that's bothered him entirely; arah! what would bring an unarmed man into the thick of us, only to join? Ye don't understand gentlemen as I do, that have the driving of 'em from one year's end to another; just let me have the talking to him."

Louis claimed his letter, which Edward would not give until he saw a mark on his left wrist. He addressed a few words to him and Macarthy, which knelled in their ears in after hours.

"I cannot and will not leave this spot," he said, "without calling upon you, whose real names and positions are unknown to me, but whom I have learned in this brief time to consider gifted with power, and educated far better than those by whom you are surrounded, to pause before you plunge this multitude into deeper crime—crime fruitless only in the sin and additional misery it brings upon those who trust you, as their leaders. This is not the way to improve their condition, to overcome oppression, to bring conviction that they deserve liberty: the blood they shed will be your bitterest punishment."

Lawrence was listening with forced coolness, but Louis made a signal to Murtogh, who, with another glensman, one on each side, seized Mr. Spencer's arms,

while a third bandaged his eyes. He protested against this violence; but no reply was offered; though as he proceeded through the crowd many a murmured blessing reached his ear mingled with the heavy breathings of the multitude. "He's a brave gentleman, God bless him!" "Don't be afeard, Sir, God mark ye to grace, if it's no sin to say it." Despite the darkness he soon perceived he had quitted the island without even the companionship of his friend Doyle.

The oath, so secret and so fearful, to spare no kin—to take no plunder—to obey when called on—to ask no questions—to yield the living body, and the workings of the immortal mind entirely to the guidance of others—was generally administered, not at those great meetings, but by numbers of armed men, who visited the cottages and farmhouses in the various counties at midnight: men who, if the inhabitants were unwilling to join them, forced them to do so by threats of death and burning. But this was a great occasion; they knew that if they failed in the blockade of the pass of Keim-an-eigh, they were all dead men! if they succeeded, not only, they thought, should they get rid of the most obnoxious men of the county, but strike a panic through the country, that would make the walls of Dublin castle tremble!

The orphan boy was received among them, and plucking the wooden crosses from the graves on which they knelt, with that mingling of religious enthusiasm that blends itself with an Irish peasant's every thought and action—amid the flickering of half-extinguished

torches, and beneath the shadow of gray trees, and still more venerable cloisters—they swore again what they had sworn before—to be true and secret, firm and united, in their next great effort. And the gray light of morning, as it triumphed over the mountains, met many returning from their last meeting at Gougane Barra!

CHAPTER V.

THE MOUNTAIN PRISON.

Edward Spencer did not know enough of Irish miles to calculate distances, but he knew he had walked a long way before he was requested to mount a pony, upon which he ascended to a considerable height, and then he was told he must walk again, as the "baste" could go no further. The men conversed together in Irish; but occasionally they spoke to Mr. Spencer, endeavouring, with national tact, to convince him, that being prevented seeing his way, was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to him.

"Well, Jem, I'd thank God I couldn't see my way such a night as this! and nothing but rock on the one side, and the rowling water on the other. Well, the baste is a jewel! How beautiful he stept that. Bedad, Sir, if ye had been left the sight of yer eyes, ye'd have broke yer neck long ago; for, like all strangers, you'd have been guiding the baste, instead of letting it guide you."

Edward endeavoured to draw them into conversation

about the meeting at Gougane Barra, but in vain; nor could all his ingenuity enable him to discover the names of their leaders. "They call them both captains; one 'the long captain,' and the other 'the strong captain;' one 'the fair captain,' the other 'the dark captain.'"

"Had they no other names?"

"Maybe they had, maybe they hadn't."

"One was called Louis," Mr. Spencer said.

"Oh, maybe so. They had, he knew, sometimes three different names on a Christian, and surely they were too much for any man."

Mr. Spencer was no adept at cross questioning; and had, moreover, a sort of moral scruple about making people tell falsehoods when he found them bent on not telling the truth. This, more than aught else, checked the conversation; but had he continued his inquiries, his guides would have found no difficulty in replying. The keen mountain air, as the morning broke, made him feel hungry; in answer to a question as to where they were to breakfast, they replied by pressing on him a glass of whiskey, and were much astonished at his refusing it.

After a wearisome ascent, during which he was most carefully guided—lifted over stones and rivulets, and cared for as tenderly by the mountaineers, as if he had been a child—they came to a sudden pause. There was an increased jabbering of Irish; a whispering, and calling, and hallooing, followed by a loud knocking at a gate or door, apparently with a stone; then more talk, and then he was led with considerable

caution and warning over a bridge, evidently much out of repair. He heard the dash and the foam of the torrent beneath; and more than once a stone rolled off, and fell into the water with a sound like the report of a pistol. At last the change of atmosphere informed him that he stood beneath a roof—warm peat smoke wreathing round him. Here there was another pause, another consultation, and the soft tones of more than one woman's voice mingled with the harsher tongues of the men; he hoped every moment that his eyes would have been unbandaged, but they were not. There was a noise on some stairs, and much movement over his head, and whisperings both in Irish and English; and once or twice a low tittering laugh, which somehow made the sensitive Englishman think they were laughing at him. It was the light breezy laugh of a young woman, and *that* made it worse. After a little more delay, he was guided up a spiral stone staircase, feeling the rugged and broken walls as he went; then he entered a chamber so low that he could not stand upright; and the next moment his eyes were uncovered. There was not light enough to dazzle him, certainly; and what there was streamed through a slit-like window, which he afterwards found commanded a view of a sort of lawn—once, perhaps, a court-yard—and the ruins of a terrace-walk, where fallen stones, weeds, and flowers mingled together. This walk terminated at the commencement of a morass, deepened into pools of water, out of which sprung up huge bullrushes and wild rampant marsh flowers; and beyond, a lake lay like a sluggard, round the base of an abrupt mountain,

upon whose bare and rugged side not a single blade of grass was visible—nothing but lumps of stern, gray granite to vary its monotony. He could not see the bridge he had passed, nor any thing that was not the very reality, or type, of desolation. The room had a circular cell-like roof, which, like the floor and walls, was of rudely hewn stone. There was a wide fire-place, where the ashes of a turf fire still smouldered, a table, a stool, and chair; and a quantity of clean straw was heaped in a corner, over which some lengths of dark-gray frieze, such as women's cloaks are made of, were spread. It was evident that the room had been recently occupied, from the crumbs that were scattered on the floor and on the table.

"Yer honour will be as gay as a lark here, when once ye get used to it," said a long-armed, long-necked, red-headed, flat-faced brogueaneer, who seemed determined to act both senechal and gaoler. "There's a mighty fine view intirely when the day do be clear enough for yer honour to see it. Fine shooting over that mountain, Sir, when a body has a gun, and there's any birds on it. And faith, as to the lake, sorra a finer handful of wather in all Ireland for fish of all kinds, until lately, Sir, not more nor a hundred years ago, when they all died."

"And are there no fish in it now?"

"No, Sir, not to say what a Christian would ate, nothing but *sarpints*, Sir—that war."

"What do you mean by 'that were?'"

"Oh, murder! shure I thought yer honour was a grate hand intirely at the English; but do ye know,

Sir," and he placed his shoulder against the fire-place, and crossed one foot over the other with the determined 'lounge' of a prodigious talker, "that my father, who was shipwracked in a place, they call it by the name of Anglesay, tould us, that but for their pride, the English would be forced to come to us to larn English; every word they bring so stiff and so slow out of their head, not one bit glib on the tongue—and no grammar!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Spencer, sinking into the chair, which creaked beneath his weight; he was too fatigued and too much occupied with thoughts of the past night to feel much amused at the fellow's oddity and impudence.

"Faix, ay; my mother was a schoolmaster's daughter that had Latin, so my father ought to know. There's nothing but grate walloping eels in the poor lake now; God help us! there's none of us know what's before us! to see beautiful water like that, tossificated with them nasty sarpints."

"Serpents," repeated Edward, "surely there are no serpents in Ireland."

"Whisht, Sir! they don't like to be called that, Sir, because Saint Pathrick, glory to him! changed every one of them into eels; that's it, and took their bits of stings out of their mouths; but I can't abide 'em, that's all that's in it, nor never could."

"Can I get any breakfast here?" inquired Edward.

"See that now, Sir! they're getting it, yer honour; if you'd only taken yer morning like the rest of us, you wouldn't feel the want of ating at all, at all; it's won-

derful how a glass of whiskey puts the hunger off a man."

"The very reason you should not take it," said Mr. Spencer, gravely.

"Maybe we wouldn't, Sir, if we'd any thing else to take; but we get that for nothing, or the next thing to it."

"I should say, that nearly every man last night had taken his 'morning,' and his 'evening' too," observed Edward.

"I wouldn't wonder, Sir, if they had."

"But surely men in that state are not fit to judge for themselves."

"Faix, yer honour may say that; devil a bit of judgment we want; only the spirit, Sir, that's it."

"You do not seem to want that in any sense of the term."

"Why then long life to yer honour for yer good word."

"But I should like to see your reason called as much into action as your spirit," said Edward, who faint and weary as he was, had the interest of the people too much at heart to let the slightest opportunity of awakening their reason pass without his word of advice or observation. "I should like to see your reason called into action as much as your spirit, and your conscience left to itself."

"A—bub—bub—boo! yer honour, *that* would never do, what would Father Flood say to that! Sure the gratest comfort we have in life is, that the priest (God bless him) takes care of that for us; faith, I'd be long sorry to have my conscience bothering the life out of

me at every hand's turn, and not knowing what to do to keep it asy."

"Well, but—" said Edward, anxious to obtain as clear an insight as possible into Irish opinions on this head, but the seneschal was not to be caught.

"I ax yer honour's pardon, but maybe I might as well go and see what the ould woman's doing to brake yer honour's fast! there's not much in this wild place to be had for love, and nothing for money;" and so saying, his gaoler departed, and as he closed the door after him, Mr. Spencer perceived that a rude hasp dangled from it, which he afterwards heard him fasten outside.

The room was not more than ten feet by six, rugged and comfortless; he felt so exceedingly weary, that after endeavouring to pace up and down once or twice, which he was obliged to do with his head bent upon his chest, he laid down on the heap of straw, and delivered himself up to a train of moody reflections. Fear for his personal safety had never disturbed his mind but once, and with the feeling of a generous nature he reproached himself for it; he was not in the least degree aware of the danger he had run; trusting as he did so entirely in the faith and strength of Irish generosity, he could have slept as calmly in the unnameable stronghold, amid the mountains where he now was, almost as calmly as in his own comfortable mansion in Berkshire, but for the sad beatings of his heart from a far different cause.

His chivalrous trust in the people remained despite all he had heard and seen, and certainly this confidence was not misplaced.

It had been known, within twenty-four hours, throughout the country that Mr. Spencer was at Spencer Court, and would neither arm his servants nor bolt his doors; and this was worth a guard of fifty soldiers to him, at the very least. He had learnt how very differently the Law was administered in Ireland from what it was in England; that, in fact, it was everywhere one-sided; that it seemed to have been devised, not for the protection of the weak against the strong, but as supplying augmented power to the oppressor. Thus he became wholly puzzled, not only how to act, but how to think. Yet he had in a few hours made astonishing progress in the heart of Mrs. Myler, who succeeded in interesting him still more for Ellen Macdonnel whose disappearance caused her more tears than she had shed during the whole of her previous life.

Edward was in the midst of a chaos of thoughts and speculations, hopes, fears, and a very great degree of perplexity by finding how impossible it was for him to act with the gentlemen of the country as they evidently expected, when he received a second mysterious letter from Lady Mary O'Brien. This informed him that the friend whose "life was dearer to her than her own" had escaped from the peril of Glen Flesk, only she feared to rush into one much greater; that the man upon whom she could depend to convey the letter she inclosed to "Louis" was nowhere to be found; and that unless he received this letter the night of the morning on which it should be placed in Edward's hands, she knew it would be TOO LATE; that he could discover

who would safely deliver it by saying to any one about him, one of the new servants for instance who accompanied him from Cork, "Is it day yet?" and if the answer was "The light shines," the person might be trusted to take her letter between the hours of half-past nine and half-past ten to the Holy Island in the Lake of Gougane Barra and deliver it as directed; convincing him on his return that he had done so, by describing a peculiar mark which "Louis" had upon his left wrist; the pass-words to admit him across the Causeway, she added, the man would most likely know, as they were all sworn in; but in case he should not, he must say, "Which is swiftest?" the reply would be "The hawk." Again and again Lady Mary implored Mr. Spencer to see that this, her earnest and deep request should be executed for her, true and faithfully; she trusted him, and she felt assured she might do so. The time for explanation would come hereafter; all was in the hands of Providence; but she prayed that if he served her faithfully in this, he might never need aid in his time of difficulty and danger.

Edward had a great desire to witness a midnight meeting of the Whiteboys, and a still greater to see face to face the man whom he could not but consider his rival. The whole mystery of Lady Mary's part had been most singularly sustained, and Edward Spencer was not without hope that he should obtain from "Louis" the explanation which, under existing circumstances, he could not ask from her. Urged by jealousy, curiosity, and a restless undefined sort of heroism, that frequently tempts men into danger simply

because it is danger, he suddenly resolved to do Lady Mary's bidding himself—engaging the companionship of a boy to show him the way to the Holy Island. The result was his captivity; with an accumulation of doubt and jealousy almost too much to endure, and the torturing knowledge that some awful danger hung over the gentlemen who had been his companions, and which he could see no means of averting. After he had been alone for a few minutes, he felt so feverish that he longed for a glass of water, and could hardly help smiling at his own absurdity when he found himself looking for the bell to ring for it; he was not, however, kept long waiting, for the seneschal made his appearance, with a plate of smoking stirabout in one hand, and a wooden noggin of milk in the other; having laid this on the table, he descended, quickly returning with the water Edward had requested and a bottle of whiskey, some of which he declared was necessary to "kill the insects," which would otherwise keep dancing alive down his throat. Then, another mountaineer made his appearance more wild looking and uncouth than the first, his hair, of a deeper red, flowing over his shoulders, while his eyes wandered about Edward as if he had never seen a civilised creature before; he brought some boiled eggs and a broiled salt herring swimming in butter, and soon after, much to Edward's astonishment, a very small china teapot sufficiently beautiful in its ugliness to constitute the gem of a maiden lady's china closet, a cup and saucer of the same material, and a cream jug and basin of the coarsest delf.

"Shall I go or stay, yer honour?" inquired the head warden, resuming his old position.

"Have you breakfasted?"

"This is Friday, Sir, and besides that I've a little penance on myself that hinders my breaking my fast until late in the day."

"But the whiskey?" said Edward.

"Oh sure it isn't counting that any thing I'd be, that's no more than a sup of water; why the Council of Trint itself put no fast on the whiskey. Take another egg, yer honour, sure it isn't laving off with two eggs you'd be, and them sups of wake thrash that the women are so fond of; well there's three of the boys gone off to look for a bit of proper dinner for yer honour, for it's himself would go mad if he thought ye wanted for any thing while ye're visiting, Sir."

"Can you let me have pen and ink after you have removed these things?"

"Is it pin and ink! well I suppose it's as good as forty years since the likes of that has been seen here, and if there was itself," added the fellow, significantly, "there's no post-office in these parts and *no postman*."

"Can you lend me a book?"

"Is it a book? I dare say Miss Anne has books, if I could make her understand what I want; but she hasn't heard a sound these thirty years and more, glory be to God!"

"Miss Anne! Was that Miss Anne who laughed so rudely when I came here first?"

"Oh, the sorrow a bit. She laugh! not she, poor craythur—laugh, we'd as soon expect to see a corpse laugh!

how she lives at all up in this could lonely spot, hardly seeing a *stim* of light, never hearing a sound, and not, maybe, spaking ten words in ten weeks, is what I never could come under."

"And who is Miss Anne?" inquired Mr. Spencer, as he resumed his position on the straw, glad to feel interested enough in any thing that would divert his attention from the present.

"Well, she's just an old residenther, an ould ancient gentlewoman, who goes twice a week to hear mass."

"Where?" said Edward, carelessly.

"Bathershin," exclaimed his guard with a broad smile, "catch a weazel asleep, yer honour; there's no use in yer trying to find out where ye are, nor how you got in it, nor you'll never know how you'll get out of it either; only, out you'll be, please God, an' soon; for faix, I'd rather be taking my little exercise through the mountains, than discoorsin' a gentleman when I'm forced to be watching him, and myself too; and that's the thruth if it's the last word I had to spake."

"Are there many of you here?"

"More than's welcome any way, Sir."

"Do you know who I am?" inquired Mr. Spencer.

"Faix, I do, Sir, and so does all the counthry; and sure it's heading us we thought you'd be, and what would hinder yer honour from becoming a grate gineral, and marching us to glory, or anywhere else yer honour plases?"

Edward was strongly tempted to begin to reason with his gaoler again, but another idea got possession of his mind; he had heard how impossible it was to bribe the

people to betray a trust, and he resolved to test its truth, laying his train carefully, and, as he thought, capitally.

"You are a poor man, I presume."

"Devil a poorer, yer honour, barring the beggars, which, thank God, I never was; and they're not so bad off as many a poor fellow who wants the bit and scorns to ax it—of the quality I mane; we all ax it of each other when we want it, get and give, and give and get, as it turns out."

"Are you married?"

"No, Sir, not yet, but I'm fixed all the same, a purthy little girl, who doats down alive on me; we'll not put it off longer than Aister, any way, because if something doesn't happen before then, where's the good of letting our young time go past, and grow ould before we marry."

"Are you promised any land then?"

"Is it land? ah, then, sure, how could any one promise the land without turning some other poor boy out, and I'd scorn to take the sod over any man's head. Oh, no! I'm *promised* no land, but sure if we've any luck, some of the places must come back to the ould proprietors, that's a sure thing!"

"I have an idea of letting a portion of what my uncle always kept in his own hands for grazing, in small farms or holdings, of from one to three acres, and building a two-roomed cottage on each, so as to enable poor men with good characters to live comfortably."

The man shifted his position, and looked earnestly, but yet somewhat suspiciously, at Mr. Spencer.

"My cousin Darby Doyle tould me something about that."

"What a numerous family you must be," said Mr. Spencer, "every second man I have met is a Doyle."

"My mother was one, it's a good Christian name—but you'd be charging a dale for the house in the rint?"

"No; I think about two pounds an acre."

"With the house?"

"Yes."

"Then, if there was a bit of a lase, there would be a dale for that?"

"Not a farthing."

"Then, may be, yer honour would have only Protestants on it?"

"I don't care what a tenant's faith is, as long as he is an honest man."

The peasant again changed his position.

"And you'd give a lase?"

"Certainly, after a fair trial on both sides, and always provided the man belonged to no illegal association."

The peasant's countenance fell.

"Oh, bedad, Sir! there's not one of us could stand the counthry, if we didn't do as others do; yer honour would have no tenants." Both paused, and the peasant added after a few moments, "To be sure, if all gentlemen did *that*, we'd have no rason but to be asy."

"Who knows what a good example may do?"

"God love yer honour! it's little you know about them. They have one face to yer honour and another to the counthry."

"But cannot you see also, that the landlord who has

a worthless vagabond on his estate, that will not pay his rent, is much to be pitied?"

"But sure every craythur would pay if he could; and if yer honour comes to that, there's many of them that has no more right to the land than I have—land pillaged and divided afther it was soaked in the blood of its rightful owners."

"Perhaps," said Edward, with a half smile, "you may have some claim to Spencer Court?"

"Oh, sorra a bit, Sir," he answered, seriously; "though I wouldn't say as much for Lord Bantry's. Bedad, I'd be mighty glad to come in for an acre and a house though, yer honour, only for the last condition, and if nothing better turns up!"

"Which means, I suppose, if you cannot cut all our throats in the meantime," answered Edward.

"The Lord forbid, Sir! It's only one here and there, yer honour, whose throats are fit for nothing else. Sure if *you* were thought of that way, there would have been nothing to hinder its being done last night, quite ready and convanient, and no more about it. But yer honour's looking tired. Maybe ye'd take a sleep, and I'll keep the place quiet."

"And introduce me to Miss Anne when I waken?" inquired Edward.

"Bedad, as by all accounts yer honour's heart is safe enough," replied the Irishman, quickly, "I might do that same."

Edward thought him an impertinent rascal, and telling him to vanish, was soon in a deep sleep.

When he awoke the day was evidently far spent;

the evening sun was sinking, and the mountain looked bright and burnished, as the rocks caught the various rays of light; the lake reflected the shadows on its smooth surface, and the morass exhibited the most beautiful tints and shades of colour. Edward saw by his watch it was seven o'clock. He stamped on the floor, and shook the door, apparently without making any one hear; at all events, no one made his appearance. The confinement was becoming more and more irksome every moment, and he resolved to lose as little time as possible in endeavouring to bribe his gaoler. Having much purely English faith in the power of gold, he did not quite believe that one so poor would or could refuse it. At last the peasant came; and in an incredibly short time, a sort of Irish mountain dinner—an abundance of potatoes, fried eggs and bacon, a boiled rabbit, and a roast duck, which the poor fellow laid upon the table uncouthly, but with much cheerfulness, and a species of grace, "that God would give his honour the good of it." Of course the whiskey was there, in a marvellously old and odd shaped bottle, accompanied by an object eagerly sought for by all antiquarians, a deock-an-durras glass, which, to the Irishman's great astonishment, Edward refused to use; upon which Paddy proposed to "show his honour the way of it," which he did by triumphantly draining off its contents of "punch"—he had manufactured after the most approved fashion, with water "screeching" hot, and every thing else, "barring" the sugar and lemons.

After all his preparations, Mr. Spencer submitted

the offer to his gaoler in a very inartistic manner—telling him how particularly anxious he was to get to Spencer Court; and that the sum he would give him, if he conveyed him there safely that night, should be enough to take him, and the girl he loved, out of the country, for he knew he would not like to remain in it after aiding his escape; in fact, he would give him a hundred pounds, if, by the dawn of the next morning, he was either there or at Macroom.

The offer, much to his astonishment, made no impression on his guardian. He neither expressed approbation or the contrary, at its object or magnitude; he simply refused it, as a thing impossible to be listened to, much less taken into consideration. Edward increased his terms. He knew the man was struggling with poverty; that his Irish heart was full of love; that the sum he offered would rescue him from the one, and recompense him for the other. Still more astonished at his careless refusal, he asked him if he did not think it enough.

"Nothing, Sir," he said, "that you could offer, would be enough to make up for my sinning my soul. Don't I see, as plain as eggs, that it would be all as one as if I turned informer myself? Don't I see, that what you want is just to tell what you fancy, and set the country on us at once? and what we want, is to prevent you. And as to Mary, she'd live all her days on potatoes, and die in a ditch, before she'd take up with me for good and all, if she thought I'd have the dirty drop in me. Ye don't know the holding out that's in the Irish girls in a good cause."

Edward then endeavoured to reason with him, as to whether his cause was really a good cause or a bad one. But Paddy's ready wit "bothered" him at every sentence. It was like attempting to reason with Jack-a-Lantern—a thing with abundance of brilliancy, but no brains.

Despite the man's civility, he watched Mr. Spencer narrowly; and it was with a feeling of extreme horror of what the next few hours might bring to others, that he felt them pass. He delivered himself over to the moodiness of desponding thoughts, without an effort to cast them off.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTIVITY CONTINUED.

The night passed away without an incident of any kind; Edward Spencer awoke frequently, to see in half-waking dreams that the moon was shining on the lake, and the stars were bright in the softness of a summer sky. There was neither owl nor bat to disturb the solitude of the ruins, nor was there a corn field where the Rail could shelter. Soon after break of day, he heard, as he thought, the whistle of the green plover, first at a distance, then nearer to where he was confined; but shortly, a movement in the room beneath, and the sound of the heavy door opening carefully, convinced him of some fresh arrival. Moving a portion of the straw upon which he had lain, he ascertained that a hole in the floor was covered by a worm-eaten portion of an oak plank; this he pushed aside, hoping to discover the new comer; but instead, he looked down into a chamber, or more properly speaking a cell, smaller than the one he occupied, as if divided off from the room where he had heard the movement; there sleeping calmly—the beautiful sleep

of youth—was a woman. The light streamed in upon her couch, from a window similar to that by which it was admitted into the room he occupied.

The white and delicate hands, the high, fair brow, round which the hair carelessly folded, the soft, transparent skin, and a gold chain lost within the bosom of a black silk dress, indicated a person of much higher grade than "Miss Anne's" relatives could be supposed to hold under their present circumstances; it was evident, from her not being undressed, that she was not at home in this mountain fortress, and he wondered if it were possible that she was a prisoner like himself. Despite the repose, there was a pained and worn expression in the slight contraction of her brow; and once or twice the delicate rose-like lips were closed, as if by pain, or a desire to repress some painful feeling. Edward felt he had no right to watch the sleeper, and yet he continued to do so, fascinated by the loveliness of the fair unknown, and quite alive to the romance of seeing such a person in such a place.

Suddenly, a change passed over her face, she moved her head uneasily upon the rudely contrived pillow, her bosom heaved, sighs escaped from her lips, and tears forced their way down her cheeks; her features seemed convulsed by grief or terror; she murmured many words, but so indistinctly, that Edward could not ascertain their meaning; suddenly she clasped her hands, and then they sunk in an attitude, which, to have caught would have immortalised a sculptor. While hoping, and yet fearing, she would awake, Edward's ear was arrested by the seneschal's stumbling up

the stairs, as if he had been rattling up a mountain; hastily replacing the board and arranging the straw, he feigned sleep to admiration.

"The top of the morning to yer honour," he said, when Edward opened his eyes, "the tip-top of it to yer honour, and there's some warm wather and a razor I brought ye; bedad, I take pride in myself for making such a beautiful own man; maybe, it's a place I'd be getting and doing all kinds of grandeur one of these days through the manes of it—who knows?"

The breakfast was much like the previous one, but Edward thought he was more narrowly watched than before by the mountaineer; he became impatient of observation, and not even the announcement, that "his guardian had sent 'as good' as ten mile to get a piper to *divart* his honour; and he so lonely—a piper, or a fidler, or even a fifer, better than nothing" could render Edward tolerant of his presence. His restlessness increased as the day advanced; he could receive no reply to his inquiries as to the probable duration of his captivity; and if left for five minutes to himself, the indefatigable guardian was sure to return, and fixing his large gray eyes upon his victim, would ask in the quietest possible manner, "What his honour would plase to want?"

"Want!" repeated Edward, at last. "Want! do you think I want to eat my way out of this cursed hole?"

"Is it eat yer way out of that wall? bedad, Sir, I don't; do ye think, yer honour, that I take ye for Oliver Crummel?"

"Did he eat his way through your walls?"

"He did, Sir; he was the greatest devil that ever came *acrass* Ireland—and that's a bould word, and Queen Elizabeth to the fore, and the dirty Dutchman that yez took up from over the wather for a king—sure he was here, Sir."

"Who? Oliver Cromwell?"

"Ay, indeed, Sir! and I'm not sure but he's in it still, it's as likely to be him as any thing else, for all they say to the contrary; did ye sleep asy last night?"

"Yes."

"Mighty asy?"

"Yes—very well."

"And see nothing?"

"No."

"Well, glory be to God! What does yer honour think I was doing all the night, but meandering up and down that long terrace walk afther Miss Anne, the poor disturbed craythur; the one that do be with her is away, and charged me to watch her, for fear any thing would come to her, or she should go to any thing."

"Indeed! what should come to her?"

"Oh, whisht! but it's well known in the counthry, so there's no harm in spaking of it, and it might divart yer honour, for I'm fearful we've no chance of the piper, or any kind of music; they're so busy, playing for the soldiers to engage them at the dances and the like—"

"Has Miss Anne any relatives?" interrupted Edward.

"Is it relations? faix, she has lashins of them—plinty! ay, up to a twentieth cousin."

"Any living with her?"

"Betimes, when the new crop comes in; but not half

as many as you'd expect; bedad, there's hardly a poor boy suffered lately that wasn't her blood relation, to say nothing of all that war transported, and gone to America."

"Has she any young relations?"

"Plinty, young and old, but not stopping with her, there's no young woman can abide the place at night; the priest has been here twice about it; but it's no good, nor won't be I'm thinking, till she goes herself."

"What do you mean by the priest being up?"

"To lay—the—the noise; he laid it twice in the Red Sea, but it came back again when its time was gone; he couldn't lay it for more than a year on account of his being only a friar."

"Well, tell me all about it," said Edward, in despair, seeing that the man was resolved to stick to him more closely than ever.

"Her people lived here for a thousand years, more or less, a rale ancient ould family, and the last of them was a grate gentleman entirely, sitting up like an eagle, sometimes in this castle, where he made and drank his own whiskey, and sometimes in another, that was canted long ago; wisha! every day's bad luck to him that bought it!"

"Why? Did he not wish to sell it?"

"Faix ay, to be sure he did; but one doesn't abide seeing a bit of a grazier '*squiring* himself on the strength of the bit of land, which he buys with his dirty thrash, and setting up to be as great as if he'd been born a gentleman for many hundred years upon it."

"Well, go on," said Edward, who could not help

thinking over a new proof of the total want of sympathy with justice the people evinced on all occasions.

"He died like a prince as he was. Afther keeping out a gang of guagers, and sending them back, with little life left in 'em, for a reinforcement, the dirty thrash! he got the whiskey cask lifted on the table, and sat upon it in all his glory, like a king on a throne! and sung—" the man paused and crossed himself—"no matther what he sung; but as the last word was out of his lips, he fell over, a dead man!"

"And he left his property to this Miss Anne?"

"Ay did he—or rayther he did not, for he made no will; and the heir male would have come from foreign parts to dispute it with the three young ladies, his daughters, who war young then, only for a rason he had; it would not be convaynient for him to come over here, because—but no matther for that; there was Miss Anne and Miss Lucy, and the youngest, a grate beauty,—they say the blaze of her eyes was enough to knock the heart out of any man, and she had a voice like a thrush in June, and she was mighty fond entirely of learning and all sorts of Latin, and they all thought she had a vocation for a holy life, wanting to be a nun, and her great hope was, that her and her sisters would be able, through France or Spain, to get this ancient ould place converted into a nunnery. Well, they had letters from foreign parts about it, and at last who should come over from Portingall or Italy (as he said), but a priest, sent to see and settle it all; and a fine holy place this was to be made of, very different from what it was in ould times, to be sure, but still a fine place.

Well, instead of being ould and venerable, this priest was young and remarkable handsome; and Father O'Grady always thought it was mighty quare that he never would go over the hill to help and serve mass or the like, only excused himself on account of some obstacle he said he had in his throat; only teaching Miss Agnes Latin and laying out plans for the nunnery. Well, time passed, and there were quare things said, but no one cared to turn their tongue much to serve their thoughts, on account of the dress he wore; but the short and the long was, that he vanished from the place as quickly as he came, and soon after, Miss Agnes took to her bed, and no one could stay near the other two for the mortial crossness that came over them, and there wasn't another word said of the nunnery. Well, reports get about on the four winds of heaven, and one night a man who was seeking a cow that had got over the mountain, said he heard the most awful cries coming out of Miss Agnes' room, and that in the midst of the sobs and groans he saw one of the ladies fly along the terrace with something in her arms, and fling it as you'd fling a stone as far as ever she could into the lake, and she'd hardly done so when he saw Miss Agnes start out like one in grave clothes, and it was as much as ever the first sister could do to hinder her from throwing herself also into the wather, and the screams of the poor lady sunk into his heart, and what she cried was 'My child! My child!' and the three were out by this time screaming and skirling like sperits, and the two dragged in the third;—now there's only the man's word for that, but let it be as it will, the

poor thing was never seen—not to say seen—from that day. But my mother lived with them as good as five years afther, and she saw many a time that beautiful crature, gone in mind and body to a shadow, sitting on the floor of the little room she lived in, on a heap of straw, tying up stones for a rosary one minute, and hushooing a bundle of rushes as if it was a born babby the next, and then she'd tie two sticks in a cross together and pray to it, God help her! And so she wasted and died; and the thing that bothered my mother was, that our own priest (a fine man he was, the heavens be his bed,) refused to bury her in holy ground, and they were forced to lay her somewhere about here, myself doesn't want to know where; and after that, all their people wanted Sister Anne, and Sister Lucy, as they call them, to come down and live among them, for there was no doubt Miss Agnes '*walked;*' but nothing could move them from the ould stones. No one ever saw them smile after her death, and they took on them the habit and ways of nuns; Miss Anne wears it to this day, and doesn't mind who comes or goes, no more than if it wasn't her own place, and her other sister is dead these twenty years. No one knows her, none but ourselves think she's in life. I'll go bail not a creature in Cork, or Bandon, or Bantry that's living now ever heard her name, and how she lives in this world, I don't know. I've been up here some few times about one little job and another when there's any thing to be kep out of the way, and I'm certain she walks all night, and often meets those she'd rather not, face to face, poor thing! It's an

awful thing for the dead and the living to meet each other, and stand looking the one at flesh, the other at a heap of bare rattling bones shivering through the moonlight."

"What a scoundrel that priest was," said Edward.

"What priest?" inquired the man. "Is it his reverence that wouldn't bury her, ye mane?"

"No, the other," replied Mr. Spencer.

"Why sure yer honour is not so blind as to think he *was* a priest? Not he, indeed—only the ould boy himself. Priest! Oh, the Lord forbid, we should even the like of that to a right priest. It was"—and he drew himself close to Edward—"it was one of the evil sperits, that do be getting power somehow, that took the shape, just to beguile her, that was all: sorra a thing else. Look out, Sir, if ye plase; now ye can see Miss Anne."

Edward looked towards the terrace, and perceived a remarkable-looking woman, straight and tall, dressed in a habit similar to that worn by the sisters of charity on the continent. Her robe of black serge was evidently much decayed. She was walking towards him, and he could see the long rosary depending from her waist, with its massive cross of chased silver. It was evident that some of the more monotonous habits of this world clung to her still, for as she walked she twirled a distaff, spinning after the old fashion, slowly and tremblingly, as if her fingers had lost their strength, and resorted to their old occupation from custom, rather than pleasure. Pleasure! It must have been indeed long since any feeling of pleasure, or even

interest in the things of life, disturbed those worn, emaciated, and terror-stricken features. Edward had never looked upon such a face, and hoped he might never behold such another. It was only the eyes that gave indication of life, if the sudden suspicious movement of those large, pale, moonlight looking orbs might be really said to be occasioned by any sympathy in common with her kind.

"She's always looking behind her that way," observed his guard, in a tone of pity. "The Lord look down upon her—she's always thinking thoughts known only to God and herself. It will be a mercy when the Lord is pleased to take her out of a world that only troubles her."

"She must have been very proud," said Edward Spencer. "Even now what a haughty bearing there is about the head and carriage."

"You may say that, Sir. And why wouldn't she? There's the blood of half a hundred Irish kings and princes creeping through those hard ould veins—*that's* something to be proud of, any how! for Ireland was a country—*once*."

And again Mr. Spencer's mind reverted to his conversation with Dean Graves, and he thought, "how can we expect to make a people rational in this our present state of existence, who have no sympathies, and are taught no sympathies, with our present; but who consider this present, a violence and an insult on the past they so much honour!—time must indeed elapse, and new thoughts, and much knowledge, engrafted here, must be left to fructify, before we can make them practically

useful. I see the dean was right. We have taken every thing away from them, and given them nothing in return. They nourish their old thoughts, old customs, and old language; the present deals hardly with them, and the future, they expect, will be but a repetition of the present; it is only in the past they live, only in past they exult. 'Ireland was a country *once!*' What a pity their legislators did not study their character, before they forced laws upon them. What a pity they did not think before they acted. What a pity"—and Edward bewildered himself by recollections, and theories, and speculations; recalling his conversation on board the steamer with Dean Graves; and wondering how long it would be before steam navigation and education would amalgamate them with the sister country; thinking how ridiculous the narrative of his imprisonment would sound in the English county paper, and wondering how long it would last. His dinner was accompanied by the same attention and excuses as on the previous day; and, as the evening advanced, his watchman, after politely inquiring if he was in his honour's way, and regretting that there was no company to be had that would be "divartin'" to his honour, *shouldered* himself against the door-post, crossing one foot over the other, and with a freedom—as usual, both easy and respectful—commenced a conversation.

"You've a fine place of your own in England, Sir, I'll go bail?" Edward smiled. "And your people are mighty fond of you, for you're the fine landlord to them. I'll engage you never *drove* one of them yet?"

Mr. Spencer had learned that "driving" signified ejectment, and answered, "No, I never had occasion; they pay their rent punctually."

"To be sure they do, as they've something to pay it with. And if yer honour finds them able to pay the forty shillings, you don't raise it to fifty."

"I could not, if I would; they have their leases."

"That's a fine thing, Sir. And I warrant you're a good hand to give them straw to mend their thatch, and a bit of timber towards building up their little place, at the first going off, if they want it."

"Oh, their houses," said Edward. "They are put into comfortable slated cottages at first, built either of brick or stone, and are expected to keep them as they find them."

"It's no wonder they're comfortable! Slated houses over their heads at the first going off! Well, I'd be mighty proud just to see a tenant put into a place like that, and no trouble. Oh, then it's they that would be the ungratefulest people in the world, if they were not content and happy. And they don't be disputing about their religion there, Sir; they're all Protestants, I'm thinking?"

"Not all," replied Edward, humouring his goaler with great good nature; and, seeing he was determined upon questioning, desired him to sit down. This the man thanked him for, but refused to do.

"My legs, plase yer honor, have better manners than to be weary standing before your honour. Only, Sir, if it's plasing to you, what religion is in it, if it's not Protestant?"

"Oh, Dissenters of various kinds," replied Edward, carelessly.

"Is it Swaddlers, Sir? Well, I have no objection in life to a good sound Protestant; but the back of my hand to the Swaddlers, all the world over. Circumnavigating they always war; bitter against the two ancient ould churches; because, Sir, though you had no religion before Luther, still the Protestant faith is ould enough to be respectable; but the Swaddlers set up for themselves, without bell, book, or candle, and strike at us both. Why even Abel Richards grew worse since he took to Swaddling."

Edward smiled, but his questioner had hardly commenced:—

"May I make bould," he continued, changing the subject, "may I make bould to inquire if you think the Irish ladies as handsome as the ladies of your own country?"

Edward almost blushed at the question. "I really don't know," he replied, "I have hardly had time to observe."

"But sure your honour has seen them in England, there's full and plenty of them there, I'm sorry to say, for it's in their own country we'd rather keep them."

"Well, I think those I have seen, very intelligent."

"Sir?"

"Clever and handsome."

"True for ye, Sir," replied the peasant, disappointed, however, by Edward's cool praise; "and, indeed, the poor Irish women go through a deal of hardship, a great deal, labouring in the fields—

working at "the bit of land," if they've the luck to have it, while the husband is slaving for his eightpence or tenpence a day—turning the wheel—working the needles—and minding the children, and all with a cheerful heart and voice."

"Indeed, I believe it."

"God bless you, Sir, for that. The English are not as fond as we are of the learning, are they, Sir?"

"I fear not. John Bull is a more stupid fellow than Paddy, but he is very firm and steady."

"And so are we, Sir, in our hearts; an Irishman is firm to his church and his country, and grateful, I hope, Sir."

"I hope so too," replied Mr. Spencer, "but some of you know of conspiracies against your masters, and though they have been kind to you, you never warn them of their danger."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; if a master breaks the rules, that is, takes away the bit of land, or distrains, or the like, he knows in his own heart what he has to expect; there's nothing done unknown to him, he gets his warning, and we can't go against the law; but let any one dare to lift a finger against *him* for any other rason, and every man, woman, and child in his service would lay down their lives for him. I kept a master's house once, myself and two other farming servants; kept the high sheriff's writs out; and tore down the bills of sale they put up of his property all through the country. Ay, and the barony got him returned for parliament, in spite of the law."

"Why," replied Edward, affecting not to understand

him, "you spoke just now of not going against the law, and the next moment of withstanding the high sheriff."

"One," replied the man, firmly, "is the law the country is forced to make for its own protection, the other, what's made for it: there's a deal in the differ. I lost the two fingers of this hand defending a stranger, who would have been robbed, and maybe murdered, once, on the Glanmire road, near Cork—and he by himself; I saved his life, as I'd save any man's when it's not against what I'm sworn to."

"But my good friend—" commenced Edward.

The man made a gesture of impatience, moving from one leg to the other.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; you're a well-learned and a kind gentleman, and a stranger, and you can't see the country through, and you just read the things as they're put in the papers—no more than that; and, as I told you before, many thanks to your kindness, but what you'd say couldn't turn me, and maybe you might say something that wouldn't be pleasant to hear."

"And what then?" asked Mr. Spencer.

"Nothing, Sir; only, maybe, it might only be what you said before; the gentry have been saying the same thing over and over again, and doing the same thing over and over again; and that's quare—for if we're breaking in a horse, and find one way won't do, why we try another; but they've only the one way with us—over and over again. Maybe, some day they'll try another. My grandfather's father was a mighty pleasant ould man (but if it's wearying to yer honour, I'll hould my tongue),

only as I must soon lave you alone, I thought a little talk about us might lighten the time that you're on the mountain for change of air—and this air is uncommon fine ; I've heard many say, it was as fine air as any in the whole country."

"I dare say it is," replied Edward, both amused and provoked by the fellow's coolness, "but the sooner I breathe the lower air of Spencer Court, the better I shall be pleased; in heaven's name, will you tell me how long I am to be caged up here ?"

"No longer, Sir, than the gentlemen can help ; I'm sure I'd go on my hands and feet all the way to Bantry to make the place agreeable to you, and if we could have got a piper or a fiddler, or any living thing to get a bit of sport out of—for sure it's the charge of the world we had about yer honour, only that poor Miss Anne is so *bothered* and so stupid; if it was forty years ago you had the luck to be in it, it's different entertainment you'd have got, I'm sure of that! But my grandfather's father had a power of lagends; and though he couldn't talk English, he'd the world and all of Latin in his head, and Ossian in the original on the top of his tongue; and as to the Druids' altar above there, and a fine sight it is—"

"I should like so much to see it," interrupted Edward, "I should like so very much to see it ; do you know, that in England we talk a great deal about your round towers, and your Druids' altars and Ogham stones."

"I dare say you do—why not ?" replied the mountaineer, not seeming to be at all astonished at the information, "it's only natural that people that haven't such

things should think a dale about them; they're so plenty with us, that we don't think any thing of them; and my grandfather's father—"

"But could I not see this Druids' altar?"

"Bedad, you could, Sir, if you war there; it's so big every blind man in the country can see it—almost; but honour bright, Sir, you wouldn't get a poor boy like me into trouble; and until I'm tould, I dare not send your honour out for a walk even that far. But so little did my grandfather's father think about them Druid altars that once having wandered half the day until almost night-fall, about the hill-side, after an unruly young heifer, one of the rale Kerry breed that's first cousin to the goats, and that would win a steeple chase if any one would ride her; after spending his day that way, when he got under the shelter of the stone and the sun setting, he lay his gray head on his hand and fell to rest in two minutes, just as innocent and sleep-full as a new born baby. Well, he never could tell how long he slept, but at last he woke and wondered to see the beautiful colour of the setting sun all gone, faded away like a rose in hot July, and nothing above him but the moon and the dawshy stars sporting and sparkling through the heavens, and he wondered where the heifer could be, when he turned his eyes a little to the left, and there she stood as meek as a lamb, not a stir in her, and her wild wicked eyes fixed upon a bunch of green blackberries, and her tail, that used to be stiff as a blast of the north wind, hanging down like a bunch of silk, and her ears quiet, and a sugaun of fruit and fresh-made hay round her neck and one end of it in the hand of

the most beautiful little creature the sight of his eyes ever looked upon, and she twisting and spinning about on the top of the heifer's little stumpy horn.

"'Oh! murder, my lady,' says my grandfather's father, in Irish, 'is it there you are, and is it my beautiful little *coween* ye'r going to whisk off to your own country?'

"'Oh, fie!' she says; and, saving yer presence, Sir, she says, 'is it a Saxon you take me for, to be taking the good out of the country? I'm no such thing. I found yer little beast on the wild hill side, and I brought her to you; and there she is, as tame and as gentle as a new-born lamb. She'll never give you any more trouble as long as she lives. I've got all the wildness out of her, that I have.' Well, my great grandfather thanked her, as in duty bound, and the little heifer walked over to him, and the good lady dropped the sugaun in his hand, and sat herself very quietly down in the centre of the Kerry cow's forehead, looking at my father.

"'Haven't I tamed her?' she says.

"'You have, indeed, my lady,' he answered; 'and if you would not think I'd be making too bould, I'd be glad to know how you managed it all, for I'd like to try the same method on my wife, who's any thing but tame. She's mother to fourteen, grandmother to twenty-eight, and great-grandmother to five childre. She'll be seventy-two years of age come next Saint Martimas, and she's just as bothersome, as talkative, and tasing to me now, as she was the day I married her, when she was not all out seventeen, and was called the Wild Rose of Muskerry.'

"'Is she a great bother to you?' said the lady, and her voice sounded as sweet as a lone mountain rill in hot thirsty weather.

"'She is, indeed,' he answered.

"'But she has lived with you, and loved you, and worked for you, and brought you fine sons, and virtuous daughters?'

"'She has so; but she fights sometimes to have a little of her own way; she does a deal that's pleasing to me in some things, but every now and then she wants to be what she calls 'considered.'"

"'And you don't like that?'

"'I do not, my lady; I like to have my own way, and not be teazed.'

"'And what have you done to keep her quiet?'

"'Why, then, I may as well tell you, for I dare say you know; whenever she puts me out with her grumbling, I give her a bating.'

"'And if she puts you out again?' said the little fairy.

"'Why then I give her another.'

"'And if she still bothers you?'

"'What do I do, is it, my lady?' asked my great grandfather, 'why I give her another.'

"'And so on, I suppose,' said the jewel; and at first she laughed, but by degrees her face grew serious, and she looked at my great grandfather, very—very steadfast; 'and suppose,' she said, 'you war to try the other way; try kindness—and justice—above all, kindness; it did well with a cow;' she went on stroking the baste's ears, who moved like a wood-quest in answer, 'it did

well with a cow, and I don't see why it should not do with a woman: you hunted her, I coaxed her.'"

"You're a capital maker of fairy tales," said Mr. Spencer, laughing, "and I must be more stupid even than an Englishman not to read it."

"Oh, Sir, I give you my word."

"Ay, ay, I understand, and, moreover, I agree with you."

"But to finish the story."

While the peasant was calming his features into a quiet expression, a horn-blast came over the mountain, shrill and clear.

"I ask your honour's pardon," he said, and Edward thought he changed colour; the haste with which he left the room, however, did not prevent his securing the fastening; but in less than ten minutes he returned, saying:

There were plenty of "the boys" below, and about the place, but they mightn't be as "divartin" to his honour *as he was*—for they did not understand a word of English; and so there would be no use in his rapping or calling, for there wasn't one of them would answer. He hoped to be back with his honour before twelve that night, and there never was any thing *out of the way* until after that, a good while. He hoped his honour would be comfortable and *contint*. Edward was too distressed to make any observation, but looked his feelings so well, that after hasping the door outside, the man unfastened it, and poking in his large shock head, said,

"I hope your honour isn't *astray* with me for just

doing my duty. If I had a minute, Sir, I'd *set a case*, and then you'd see I couldn't help it. Just bid God be wid me before I go; because, though it's only for a while, just down the mountain, you understand, still one does not want to have bad blood tracking one's *traheens*."

"I'm sure I have no bad blood towards you, my good fellow," said Mr. Spencer, "and I hope God will be with you in all ways that merit his protection."

"Thank yer honour," and he fastened the door on the outside.

The poor peasant's manner convinced Mr. Spencer that he was going on a service of danger, and though he spoke about his returning so rapidly, Edward felt assured it was more than likely he would not be back that night. He waited for some time, listening attentively to catch any sound; but after a few minutes the place became as still and silent as a tomb, no echoing voices or echoing feet; once he saw a bare-footed, half naked boy below, and watched him as he departed at a half trot, skirting the margin of the lake and then poleing himself across it on a bundle of brushwood, and finally bounding up the most perpendicular part of the mountain with the alertness of a wild kid. Mr. Spencer then removed the piece of wood and looked into the room beneath, but it was tenantless; he saw, however, that the window was much larger than he had imagined, and was open; and upon investigating more closely he also perceived that the board or beam he had pushed aside, was only a portion of a trap-door dexterously contrived in the ceiling, which was of oak,

not of stone like the one he was in—probably altered from its original formation; this door opened, not directly into the room, but over a sort of closet or recess, communicating not only with that chamber, but one beneath it—a dungeon perhaps; and upon examining the roofing of the cell he occupied, Edward saw that a stone immediately above had once been moveable, although, not having been displaced for years, it had become of the exact colour of the older stones, and the division could not be observed except upon minute scrutiny.

There could be no difficulty in his letting himself down into the lower room, and the window, he felt assured, was not more than five or six feet from the ground. Disappointed, as he certainly was, at not seeing its fair occupant once again, a sudden hope sprung up within him that he had discovered a way of escape, and might still be able to prevent the plan of the Whiteboys from taking effect. He was certain, notwithstanding his gaoler's boast that there were plenty of people about, that every man had been called away for some particular purpose; yet he felt that he had better wait until evening closed in, before he made the attempt; he then replaced the wood, leaving the smallest possible space through which he could make observations—and no doubt the time that intervened between his resolve and twilight, appeared an age. Never, to his thinking, had the sun so lingered in the heavens, never was there so tedious a sunset, never did night come on so creepingly; and then every thing was so still, so death-like in the house. At last, to his great relief, he saw

the dark form of Miss Anne pacing along the terrace, and the window below opened in a different direction to the one from whence he looked. Surely it was dark enough now, and he could but make the attempt; at the very moment that he knelt on the floor to withdraw the worm-eaten beam, just as his fingers rested on it, a slight noise made him aware there was some one beneath; he looked through the chink and perceived that the fair sleeper had returned. He could not see her distinctly, but there was no mistaking the outline of the face and head. She stood at the open window, and in another moment he heard her in conversation with some one outside, who, like herself, spoke in a low and guarded tone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

EDWARD SPENCER was of too lofty a nature to play the eavesdropper; but a variety of contending feelings chained him to the spot when he recognised the voice of the treasure-seeker, and from his words was at once convinced that the lady who had attracted his attention was no other than Ellen Macdonnel—a prisoner, whether voluntary or involuntary remained to be ascertained. Several sentences had been spoken before Edward comprehended their tendency. At last he heard the lady say:

"I dare not go where you would have me; and yet I cannot remain here much longer; if I do it will kill me."

There was a reply, which Edward did not hear; again she spoke—

"All I want is the means to leave the country; that is all I wait for, all I desire; there is no safety if I remain."

There were some other words from without.

"Thank you, good, kind Matthew, I know that, and

I am sure I wish you could find the treasure you dream of; but trust me, it will be only a dream. I am sure you have sought as you say, day and night, I am certain of it, and you need not tell me that you will give me all you find, good Matthew; and what you find I will promise to take, and I am sure that promise makes you happy; but I dare not, my good master, trust Dean Graves or any else; they would think they did a kind—a just—a most meritorious action in bringing me forward; they would think it their duty, and their love for me would lead them to do what would break my heart. I can trust no one—no one but God; and I do trust Him, and hope to be delivered from this state—a hundred times worse than death. No, Matthew, I did not say I would not trust you; now, do not weep, that is so like a child; I know the danger you incur in venturing to find me, as long as it is my brother's pleasure I should not be found, and I may truly add, my own desire also."

Another pause, and Edward caught a few of the treasure-seeker's words; he had raised himself up, and now clung to the window.

"I cannot explain to you all I mean, good Matthew; God knows this place seems to me, I dare not say what; and that woman! Oh, Matthew! if they should murder me as they have murdered others, and throw me into that lake. Why does not Lawrence come, when he knows what I endure for the sake of his safety; I am sure there is something dreadful in progress, or the men would not have gone away, watching, as they have been, some other hostage."

The Master of Spencer Court lifted the trap, and found that the descent was much easier than he expected, as there were projections whereon to rest the feet. Ellen was not aware of the movement, so fully was she occupied with her old friend; and Mr. Spencer quitted the recess, and announced himself immediately, so as to prevent her being alarmed. Nothing could exceed poor Matthew's delight and astonishment at his appearance, he both remembered and forgot all Ellen had told him, his mind became more confused than ever, "She said she could trust no one but God, and that he would help her, and behold help is sent; it is really wonderful—quite marvellous—and there is no one to hinder her going now."

Ellen was unable to speak; the affectionate tenderness of her cousin's manner, added to his unexpected appearance, unnerved her completely; it seemed so long since she had heard the voice, and such a voice, of kindness, that her thoughts echoed what Matthew had repeated; she had looked for help to God, and He had sent it! It was impossible to meet Ellen's eyes without reading, and at once, a volume of high thoughts, while feeling the presence of her perfect truth. Edward's nature was too chivalrous not to acknowledge its influence, and he offered her the affection and protection of a brother, with an earnestness and sincerity not to be mistaken. The brave—the true—the upright—the virtuous—instinctively understand each other; there is no desire to deceive, no dread of deception; no introduction is needed, no explanation necessary.

"I little thought," she said, "when I heard that

another prisoner had arrived, to be carefully looked to for a day or two; I little imagined who it was; nor had Biddy Doyle, who left me only last night, the least idea who the stranger could be, though she tried hard to prevail upon your guards to tell; they would all die rather than disclose any thing connected with their meetings."

Edward did not deem it prudent to impart to Matthew why he was so anxious to escape, but learned with great satisfaction that Miss Anne and two lads were all who were left to keep watch and ward, and from one or two words which Ellen heard, she did not think it was likely the men would return before the next night. Matthew was delighted at the idea of guiding Mr. Spencer over the mountain, not doubting but Ellen would accompany them.

"The sooner now you go the better, Mr. Spencer," she said, "the sooner the better; Matthew is a good guide. I have not asked why you were sent here, but be it what it may, I shall rejoice at your escape; I am sure you would not harm a misguided people, and there are reasons why *you* should treat with care and tenderness some who have not only been misguided, but who misguide others."

"But you will come with us; surely you will not remain here," urged Edward Spencer, "why should you? I know the high and noble part you acted towards one so little worthy of it, and there is not a man in the county who is not prepared to render you homage."

"Homage!" repeated Ellen, "and to what would homage lead? I cannot explain it even to you, who

in so short a space of time have taken away the blight of desolation from about me; but the thorny path I have to tread must be trodden; at all events, until some are in their graves and much has been forgotten: away from all who knew me once, my only hope, is to remain anywhere silently and secretly; my entreaty, that trusting as I do most firmly upon your honour, you will never mention where you have met me, except to Lady Mary O'Brien, until, if it should be worth your remembrance, my brother, at least, is in a distant country. I do entreat you by every thing you hold sacred, not to say to any living creature, not even to Dean Graves or to his daughters, that you have seen me; they will think me a monster of ingratitude, but I must endure it; they will not think so always."

"It is to save your brother you do this," said Edward, taking Ellen's hand, and moving her away from Matthew, who still stood at the window, wavering between hope and disappointment, not understanding any thing, yet feeling all things; "it is to save your brother—a brother unworthy—you do this."

"It is not because my brother is fortuneless, and differs from your received opinions, or even from mine," she answered, "that he must be unworthy; he is all I have in the wide world to love."

"And do you love him?"

"He is my brother," she replied, after a pause, "we are alone in the world, and the more lonely, the more dangerous his position, the more it is my duty to be to him in place of what other men enjoy."

"Do you know, that Abel Richards has offered a

reward to whoever leads to your place of concealment."

"The wretch!" she exclaimed, "the base, merciless hypocrite! I wish you had not named him; I should have liked these few moments spent with my dear uncle's nephew—"

"Your cousin—friend—brother—if you will," interrupted Edward, suffering his latent enthusiasm to gush forth, "I shall never forgive myself for not having long since done what he intended to do."

Ellen, though with a trembling voice, continued, as if he had not spoken.

"I should have liked them to have remained in my memory, pure, bright, and sparkling, like yonder star—unsullied; but *his* wanting to discover it, would be sufficient to keep it concealed from the whole country; however, I hope those he would sacrifice will be soon beyond his reach—the foresworn traitor—to wish to make me—! But you must go, and may God protect you, to the home of my childhood—my own dear home—that I may never see again!"

"It is not so—it is not so," said Matthew; "Sir, Mr. Spencer, you will let Miss Nelly come and see Spencer Court, will you not? I am sure you will; it will be a long time before they love you, Sir, as they love that little girl."

"Peace, Matthew!" said Ellen, struggling with her tears.

"Nay, Miss Nelly, sure his honour knows it's natural we should love what we see grow under our eye; we do, if it is only for the trouble it gives us—we do, in-

deed; she could be so useful to your honour, teach you how to mix judgment with your charity, and charity with your judgment."

"You do not heed the words of a fond, weak man; Sir, no one heeds Master Mat; and surely you will forgive me if I entreat you to judge kindly of the poor—and Mrs. Myler knows those who need most, where all indeed are needy—you will be patient with the poor, for they need patience; and, oh, do not let any harden your heart against them! Strangers get amused by their wit, and laugh at their blunders; but when the starvation, and the beggary, and the entire wretchedness, when all that comes, they tire of it, and forget that charity—true charity—beareth all things; the romance is one thing, the reality another. Dean Graves, he blames, pities, and yet loves them; it requires a woman's heart and a man's head to manage them rightly. And one thing more; there is a dog, that I brought a puppy in my arms to Spencer Court; it has been my friend and companion for years; it is old and feeble now, strangers and new servants may ill-treat or neglect it; will *you* care for it?"

"Anan!" said Master Mat. "I forgot to tell you, dear, the poor craythur had the sense of a Christian. He was found dead at your room door, and Mrs. Myler buried him, darling, just by your own bower in the school garden. The sound of the river comes up there from the valley; and the hum of the children's voices, in their lessons, will be pleasant over his grave. He was mighty good to little children."

This sad intelligence overflowed the heart of Ellen;

she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed bitterly.

"See how she cries for the dumb beast," said Matthew, "and never shed a tear about parting with me—only would send me away without her, for no reason. Mighty strange are women! Do try and persuade her, Sir. It's a great pity—it's a great pity. Her brother's at the bottom of it all. A wild boy, Sir—very wild; never would learn—never! Never did more in languages than call me *maestro,* and never took delight in any book but that old history of Ireland, that he used to grind his teeth over. Poor Miss Ellen! she'd pacify the country quicker than any regiment of soldiers. Don't fret about the beast, Miss, darling; I'll get ye another, twice as handsome, a little black-a-viced tarryer, or a lady spaniel, or a fine setter. But that won't do; no indeed it won't! It's not the beauty of the thing, but the loving it; and use is more near the heart than beauty."

Ellen apologised to Edward for her emotion, but did not venture to allude to its cause. A few days would make a great change; at present she lived in agony, not knowing what her brother's fate might be; and after gathering energy for the effort, she entreated Edward to remember that Lawrence had been peculiarly situated; that he had been aggrieved; that he had been trained, unhappily, in the strongest Irish hatred of English rule. She buried his faults, his harshness to herself, within her own bosom; but illumined his perfections with the light of her own love. She spoke with a feeling, an earnestness, so natural, so powerful, and

yet so womanly, that Edward Spencer, as he gazed into her eloquent face, forgetting altogether his conventional coldness, permitted his lips for once to convey the feelings of his heart, and said, "I will remember only, that he is your brother." And then he endeavoured to induce her to promise that nothing should tempt her to leave her native land. He told her he had determined, before they met, to see that she received what, brought up as his uncle's child, she was entitled to receive. This, he said, was necessary to the preservation of his honour; to the embalming of his uncle's memory in the hearts of all just men. She should have whatever she desired, as to means; or would she write to him confidentially, and direct him as to her wishes? She owed him no thanks—it was her due, her right. It ought to have been done before, but he hoped for the pleasure of arranging it himself, while he assured her that in him she would ever meet the tenderness and affection of a brother. The young Englishman had forgotten altogether that he had known his fair relative moments and not years. He felt for her all he expressed; the feeling was enhanced by a meeting under such circumstances, and the regret that he might not see her again; the more than regret that he had not known her previously.

Again and again he entreated her to change her purpose. She felt as if she could have trusted him with her secret, and more than once was on the point of saying, "and yield my brother's life to Abel Richards;" but she remained firm and silent, and so they parted; the one urging consideration for the people—the other,

with excited admiration, scarcely acknowledged to himself. More than once he turned back and waved his hand towards the window, and then proceeded, carefully guided by the treasure-seeker, who led him beneath the shadow of old walls and mouldering fragments, which showed how extensive the strange, shapeless building must once have been, straggling and frowning by the side of that lonely lake, and backed by these grim mountains, without shelter or vegetation. And then, to prevent his crossing the bridge, which, from its immense height, might have exposed them to observation even in the night, Matthew walked for some time along the border of the river, that roared and rushed on its mad course, as if merry at escaping restraint in the tranquil lake—while, taking Edward's hand, they stepped one after the other over some huge stones, that were but seldom crossed even by the mountaineers. Matthew, who appeared to have collected his senses in a marvellous manner, once left Edward on the margin of the water, to ascend to a cabin that could not have been distinguished from the shingle of the mountain but for the light which a turf fire emitted. He returned, but not until Edward's patience was nearly exhausted, having "kindled his pipe," and told him, that there were only the women and children "up there," for the "boys" were all gone; the woman was weeping bitterly, for she knew, she said, there was much danger about; the corpse candles had been dancing over the river all the night before, and every inch of her candle ran into winding-sheets; when she rose in the morning, she found three crickets perished on the hearth-stone, and

the dead hand never let her sleep all night, knocking cross knocks on the door. Her husband, "a quiet man, as ever broke the world's bread," had gone away with a stranger that morning; and if the schoolmaster walked ten miles, she did not think he'd find any but women wherever he went; she was sure they were gathering the men for no good; and the treasure-seeker, whose simplicity had been quite satisfied by wondering how Mr. Spencer came "at the back of God speed," never asked, or even thought a question on the subject; never imagining, that he more than any knew the cause of the movement that had driven the men from their peaceful homes.

"Can we not get on faster, and how far are we from Spencer Court?" he inquired, after achieving the summit of a mountain, which he believed to be the one whose peak he had caught sight of from Ellen's window.

"It's weary miles yet to Spencer Court," was the reply. "But in the bend of the valley yonder, is Dean Graves', that's not five miles all out; but I mustn't go there, they'd be asking me about Miss Ellen, and I mustn't tell, and my memory is feeble, though my heart is true; I might do mischief where I meant good, so I'll not go near them."

"But I have no such fear, so let us cross the country in that direction," said Edward, "and they will not question me about her, I am sure of that."

While they were journeying in the moonlight, through a country in some places densely populated, although not a man throughout the district slept that night in his own home, Ellen, now that reaction after

her excitement was come, wept more bitterly than she had ever wept before, within those walls; there was something inexpressibly horrid in her over-night feelings, in being almost alone, alone but for the presence of a couple of mountain boys, with "Sister Anne," upon whom the crime of infant murder was stamped. Her brother's prolonged absence boded evil, nor was she as indifferent to the fate of the devoted Louis, as she had been to his love. She would have rejoiced beyond all telling if her humble friend Biddy had been with her, but she had gone to attend some cousin's funeral; then she reproached herself for not expressing gratitude for Edward's kindness—what must he think of her? then again, a sort of terror crept through her veins least by aiding his escape, she had brought her brother into harm. But in the midst of this chaos, the tones of Spencer's voice, so rich in tenderness, would return to her ear, and strike upon her heart; the conviction, that he would indeed be kind to the poor, whose future comfort—whose very existence depended upon him; the generosity of his intentions—all soft, kindly thoughts would soothe and comfort her, as she gazed into the darkness which so soon had hid him from her sight; more than once she contrasted him with another, with him; to whom she had been all that man ever dreams of when he loves; who had cherished her every word and look, when she, an unconscious girl, warmed into a still stronger patriotism by the injustice or indifference of the English to Irish suffering and Irish virtue, poured out her whole heart to him; who listened at first—because he loved—and afterwards loved what he had lis-

tened to; who failed to win her—why? it is impossible to tell. Perhaps, because his love, instead of rendering him eloquent, sealed his lips; perhaps, because, as his reason became fettered by affection, her's grew calm; perhaps, because her lofty mind could only bow to one more lofty! And yet that was not it; it was simply one of love's mysteries that are never read—she knew it not herself; but in that brief interview, the image of Edward Spencer had sunk deeper into her heart than any upon whom her eyes had rested, or could ever rest again.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROUTE TO THE PASS.

EDWARD SPENCER and the schoolmaster parted before daybreak, after guiding him within sight of the avenue which led to the Glebe.

"I'll keep about that ould castle in the bend of the valley," said Master Mat, "I'll fill up my time rooting under the stones, or clearing the moss out of the signs and letters on the old tombs *beyant;* for there's an ancient burying-place near it, and they never wonder at seeing poor Matthew about ruins; or maybe, I'll take a sleep somewhere, for it's worn to death I am with the thramping; and if you should want me, you'll know where to find me without any trouble—only don't tell. You can get into the house, Sir, by your leave, or with your leave, for there isn't any one in the country meddles or makes with the dean, and the never a lock is turned in his door; he has a fortune, you know, of his own, and hasn't looked for a farthing of tithe these five years, and is a real pacificator—constantly coming betwixt them and harm; so they let him alone;" and

then the simple creature kissed Edward's hand, and added a few words of apology; "I've been bad company for your honour, not all as one as I used to be long ever ago in your uncle's time, when I'd the classics at the top of my tongue, and could divert you with algebra, or astronomy, or discourse you in Latin, or have told you the names of every star in the heavens as they looked down upon us, and we breaking our hearts under them! Wonderful things are them stars! But it seems as if my maning and memory are gone, though I've the heart to the good still, only it troubles me more than it used: it is mighty hard to have the heart to *feel*, and want the head to *think*—but it's the will of God! it's the will of God! We must set the one against the other. Some men seem to have heads only for ill, like Abel Richards, and some, all as entirely for good; and more times I wonder, if it's real life I'm in, or if all I have seen and known in this world is nothing but a dream, from which I shall wake—the Lord above knows when!"

There was a tone of such intense melancholy in the schoolmaster's voice, and an air of so much tenderness and feeling about him as he spoke, that Edward—always alive to whatever needed cheering, and with a sympathy which he felt he could indulge in, without being subjected to the wellbred ridicule that awaits every genuine demonstration of the heart in ordinary society—pressed Matthew's hands between his own.

"No, no, my old friend," he said, "no, no, it is all reality; and so you will find it very soon, when the school house is done up, and refurnished, and you have

ordered new books, and globes, and maps, and have all your boys about you again."

"Thank you, thank you, that will be well! But we'll keep some of the old books—old books are like the faces of old friends—we'll keep *them*. Miss Nelly used to put sand in my ink bottle, and place 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'The Adventures of Freeny' before me, when I wanted Virgil; but she's steadier now—she's much steadier—she wouldn't do that now. Avourneen deelish!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "what am I thinking of? No, Mr. Spencer; no, Sir, I could stay easy in the school now worse than ever—wanting HER; and as to boys, when I came back this last time through the sickness and the disturbance, I asked for my best Grecian —andmy little poet—and my square-root; and they told me of three graves—not green—in the church-yard; there are my scholars now! No, good Sir, I'm not fit to teach, I'm hardly fit to learn; so I'll just wait the Lord's pleasure, and pray that if I do no good, I may do no harm; and who knows, if I'm shut out from this world, I may see other things, and find what *I know* is hidden! God never takes one sense, without quickening another—God be with you, Sir, I'll be below at the ruin; you'll mind her words, Sir; God be with you ever more!"

Poor Matthew had spoken more at parting than during his entire companionship; he seemed afraid to trust his wandering thoughts to words, only giving them vent at intervals and then sealing his lips until recalled by some event or observation.

The gate, leading to the deanery, was open, as Irish

gates generally are, and Edward felt it awkward to enter at such an unusual hour; he knocked at the door of the lodge hardly expecting to receive an answer, but much to his astonishment, a woman, dressed as if she had sat up all night, opened it immediately. He inquired at what time the family rose in the morning. She told him 'early.' Would she ask her husband (she had a young infant in her arms) to walk with him to the house. Her manner became confused, and after some hesitation she replied, that "He wasn't in, he had just gone out on a little business, that was all; she'd go down with his honor, herself, only she couldn't leave the gate."

Edward smiled at her sudden care of an open gate, and proceeded alone down the avenue; he had not gone many yards before a child pattered after him, her little rosy feet wet with the early dew as she ran through the grass that sloped from each side of the carriage-drive.

"Plase yer honour, mammy says, don't tell the minister that daddy wasn't in, as he'd go mad with her entirely, and mammy couldn't hinder him."

"And where is he gone, my little maid?"

"Bedad, Sir, I don't know, only he went on his knees not to be axed to go, and they would have kilt him dead if he didn't; and mammy says maybe he'll never come back; and don't tell the minister, plase, Sir, for he'd go mad, so he would, and so would the young ladies, and they're the darlins of the world to us—so they are."

He gave the child a shilling, which doubtless she

construed into a promise, and pondered during the remainder of his short walk, on the omnipotence of a system that so completely held in despotic thraldom all who came within its influence.

The house was one of those, so common in Ireland, placed in a situation of extreme beauty, but without any exterior ornament. No verandahs garlanded with roses, no trellice covered with climbers, no vases, no bowers, no indications of taste; but the prospect was of surpassing loveliness—meadows and river, trees, ruins, hill and dale, mingled together, girded by mountains in the distance, all glowing in the increasing light of a summer morning. It was necessary to ascend some steps to reach the hall door; and as Edward did so, he perceived, through the half-closed shutters of a bow-windowed room, a ray of light, struggling feebly with the broad beams of morning. When he stood on the top step he looked in; and though the smouldering wicks of the candles showed how much they had been neglected, he saw that a lady in deep mourning was writing at the table, while Dean Graves, looking at least ten years older than when they last met, was seated in a large chair opposite. He knocked, still keeping his eyes fixed on the window. The lady started and turned round; and Edward Spencer's heart beat more loudly, to his thinking, than his hand had knocked—for it was Lady Mary O'Brien. The dean, after a little hesitation, advanced to the window, and opened the shutters fully. He immediately recognised Edward, and hastened to admit him, leading him, however, to a different apartment from that which he

had quitted. If Lady Mary felt any emotion at this visit, unexpected as it must have been, she soon overcame it, for Edward had hardly exchanged ten words with the Dean when she entered; nor did she permit time for the usual greeting, when she inquired if Edward had received her letter.

"And delivered it," was the reply.

"Not yourself," said Lady Mary. "Surely *you* did not venture there?"

"I would have ventured much farther, Lady Mary, to execute any commission of yours."

Lady Mary's cheek flushed. She hesitated, and became more and more agitated, until, making a decided effort at self-command, she said, "It was most kind, most generous, but most imprudent. I should never have thought of hazarding your life in such a manner. I should have dreaded their discovering you."

"I did not permit them to discover me, I discovered myself."

"And—did you see *him?*"

"Certainly."

"But are you sure you were not deceived?"

"Not if your description was correct; the mark on the wrist, and all—"

Lady Mary sank into a chair.

"No, no," she said to Dean Graves, who evidently thought she was fainting; "no, no; I am not one of your fainting ladies, my reverend friend; no, no; I am overwhelmed by thinking of the peril to which so kind a friend was exposed."

Oh, how Edward Spencer felt at that moment; how

he longed to throw himself at her feet; but the mystery as to "Who was Louis?" restrained him.

"Did they demand no pledge from you? Did Louis give you no letter—no message? How did you come here? Did you know I was here?"

"I must request your patience; they demanded no pledge," he replied, assuming a gaiety he did not feel, "but they bandaged my eyes, made a clear case of the abduction of an English gentleman by the wild Irish, and sent me away to the 'Castle Dangerous' you were so good as to hint at in the steamer; the gentleman, your ladyship calls 'Louis,' took the letter, but gave no message, save to those whose custody he confided me; and when I came here, I had no expectation of this honour—no hope of seeing any one except the dean, whom I wished to speak to in private."

"A thousand pardons!" said Lady Mary, rising, "I ought to apologise for this intrusion; I have already caused you much trouble, and most unintentionally exposed you to much danger; my usual messenger was nowhere to be found; if you remember, you invited the trouble, and God knows, I would not have exposed you to the peril you have escaped from, no—not to have saved my own life."

"Only to save a life dearer than your ladyship's own," said the haughty Edward, while a fierce jealousy struggled in his bosom.

"You say truly; the life I would save—the noble creature I would recall—is far dearer to me than my own fevered and disappointed existence can ever be; God knows this, and knows how deeply—deeply grateful

—I am to you at this moment." She held out her hand to Edward, who, without seeming to notice the movement, bowed.

"Nay," she said; "do not look so stately and so English, I really think you are worse than ever! is the bow never unbent?" At that moment, Edward Spencer felt the extension of that small white trembling hand towards him a positive insult; he wished she were a man, that he might call her out; he wondered how he could have been such a fool; he thought every thing, but he said nothing, and suffered Lady Mary's hand to fall to her side, without accepting its pressure.

"I must say!" observed the lady, drawing herself up, and looking as dignified as noble descent for six generations could entitle a beautiful woman of five-and-twenty to look; "I must say, that having conferred a favour upon me, you have made me feel its value."

"It is not that; oh, indeed, it is not that!" exclaimed Edward, as he attempted to prevent her leaving the room; but she was gone.

"I am sorry to see this," said the dean. "Lady Mary has been sitting up all night, writing and suffering; she had no idea of what you undertook, and her mind is sadly distressed, as you may suppose. She was very anxious to see the Master of Macroom, but unfortunately, he and a number of gentlemen went to Bantry yesterday for a day or two; there is very little doubt from the nature of information obtained in a very singular manner, that they will find the leaders of this unhappy disturbance, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition,

which, we fear, has been contributed by foreign malcontents, at one end or other of the Pass of Kaim-an-eigh; the information is so circumstantial and so well authenticated, that they departed full of hope. The military at Bantry will act under their control; one bold stroke will, I trust, convince the deluded people of their folly; in the meantime, poor Lady Mary is in a state of distraction."

"It is much to be regretted," said Edward, "that the object of this solicitude is not more worthy."

"So it is; but what can be done? It is no use reasoning with women about the worthiness of a beloved object; the more worthless it is, the more their sympathy is excited; and because all the world thinks badly of that one particular person, they will oppose the world."

"Their obstinacy"—said Edward.

"Or heroism," interrupted the dean—"in her case it is particularly unfortunate."

Mr. Spencer was so bewildered by his unexpected interview with Lady Mary, and the strange turn it had taken, that it was some time before he could collect his thoughts or subdue his feelings so as to speak of the object of his visit. It will be remembered that he only heard a portion of what Byrne intended to propose, but it was quite sufficient to lead him to the belief that the Whiteboy emissaries had succeeded in deceiving the gentry, and that it was more than probable the sun which had just risen would set on a dreadful tragedy. Edward stated to the dean all he had heard, and all he believed on the subject. The

clergyman heard him with attention, and made him repeat Byrne's observation, saying that he knew the man, and knew him to have been rendered desperate as well as determined, by the fate of his two sons and the death of their mother, who expired at the foot of the gallows on which her youngest born was executed; but he did not place the same confidence in the strength of Whiteboy power, or the extent of Whiteboy influence that Edward did; he did not—even with the knowledge of the *ruse* by which Murtogh had wiled the soldiers from Glen Flesk at the very time when Louis was concealed there—he did not even then believe that the gentry who were still residents in the county and so large a number of the military could be decoyed, as Mr. Spencer seemed to apprehend they would be; and he talked of the "limited number" of the incendiaries until Edward assured him that even his own gate-keeper had been, it might be, forced to abandon his trust in a way which left no doubt, at least on his mind, of his destination. It became evident to Edward that the dean was now alarmed for his friends, though still clinging to the belief that they could not have been deceived. But what was to be done? It would have been unsafe to withdraw any more soldiers from Kenmare or Macroom, nor could Edward state the specific time for the encounter from which he apprehended so much danger. There were some half-dozen soldiers left to garrison a gentleman's house within two miles of the Glebe who had requested such protection; it might even then be too late to give such warning as

could put them on their guard; still the effort must be made, and at once.

After much deliberation it was agreed that they should partake of some hurried refreshment and ride rapidly in the direction of the pass of Kaim-an-eigh, and so on to Bantry. The dean was certain of the fidelity of two of his servants who, as Protestants, could not belong to the insurgents.

"I dare not let Lady Mary know of our intention, much less of the cause which prompts it, for she would insist on riding with us. Nothing daunts her spirit," observed the clergyman.

At any other time, Edward Spencer would not have failed to have thought over, in his usual spirit of pondering, the extreme want of feminine delicacy which characterised such an intent: but the excitement under which he laboured; the anxiety he felt, it must be confessed, for both parties; the devotion he had witnessed in these misguided men for what they considered right; the constitutional determination of all Englishmen to preserve the law inviolate; added to the horror that all must feel at the idea of fellow-creatures being *betrayed* to death—agitated and yet roused him so effectually, that he neither felt hunger nor fatigue, but an overwhelming desire to mount and away, hoping, despite the impossibility of the case, that he might yet be in time to put his friends on their guard. Nor was Dean Graves less anxious; if Edward's apprehensions were well founded, those in danger were the friends of the last forty years of his life—or even more dear, those who had

grown up to manhood beneath his eyes, whose parents had been the companions of his youth. Still, there was little to apprehend from a guerilla-like ambush; were it not for the training of the last few months, they would fly, as they always did, before the first volley. Both were agitated by contending feelings, which they endeavoured to conceal from each other. Mr. Spencer wished the dean to take a couple of soldiers from the garrisoned house, but he objected; two soldiers, he thought, could be but of little service, if service were needed, and their appearance would only excite the suspicions of the peasantry. No; his servants should be armed as fully as themselves, and all well-mounted, they would at once hasten on their way. Lady Mary had retired to her room, sending her host word, that she was so exhausted as to require rest, and imploring him to let her know immediately whatever occurred.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TEMPTER AND HIS TOOL.

THE trap designed for the gentry of the country by Byrne was skillfully laid and well baited; long before he developed his plan to the meeting at Gougane Barra, he had cunningly caused reports to reach the ears of the magistrates of such a nature as to draw their attention to the neighbourhood. So far the genius of Byrne carried him; but no farther. There are many minds sufficiently endowed to lay a small snare, to work up a villanous scheme to a certain point, yet are incapable of conducting it far enough—not from any humane delay or virtuous withdrawal, but, though full of the wish to do, incompetent to the power of achievement. Such was the case with Byrne; it was within his compass to increase outrage, and to mislead directly and indirectly; he saw that the parts adjacent to the lakes and mountains known to themselves, would be a capital field for slaughter *somehow*, and that some "burnings" would be certain to bring on an investigation, particularly if any of the retainers of Lord Bantry's family

were outraged. "If we can," he said, "get them into the pass of Kaim-an-eigh we can slay them like sheep, young and old together."

But Louis immediately observed, "Not unless you can keep them there."

Lawrence saw at once the force and truth of this observation; and while he permitted Byrne to play his under part in the cause, which so far he was well calculated to manage, he resolved to induce Louis to visit the pass, and survey it attentively; the blow if struck must be struck at once, and if struck effectually, he believed, even after the excitement of the midnight meeting had subsided, the whole of the "Beautiful West" would be their own.

Louis, always facile, was again led forward, by the romance and daring of the undertaking, to act as he had but recently determined he never would again—under such circumstances.

While Edward and the schoolmaster were treading their way through the mountains, the flower of West Country chivalry were assembled in Lord Bantry's house; many of them Edward had met at Macroom; there were others from the dark-eyed kingdom of Kerry; between fifteen and twenty gentlemen, brave, careless, handsome Irishmen, "up to any thing;" as eager to hunt a Whiteboy as a fox, and in many instances stimulated by indignation and resentment to a loyal duty. They laughed, and talked, and sung; they had their butt also; kicking rude jests at Abel Richards, whom a party of the younger ones had forced to accompany them, though they well knew he would have

slunk into a rabbit hole rather than expose himself to danger unless urged thereto by some great purpose of his own; and he sat at the lower end of "My Lord's" board, smiling at foolish jests when they fell from the lips of rank, casting up his eyes habitually at the bounding oaths the utterance of which degraded many a high-born gentleman, and falling into occasional abstraction as he looked into the deep and impure pitfalls of his own mind where a multitude of evil thoughts were in perpetual motion, like tadpoles in a stagnant pool. He afforded rare sport, however, to some who, as he became more under the influence of the potent whiskey, extracted his tracts from his pocket and substituted ribald songs in their stead; while others, up to "the joke," when he had grown apparently still more intoxicated, entreated that Mr. Richards would bestow on them one of his "Roads to Grace," or "Solemn Calls," or "Patient Spirits," or "Beesoms for sweeping out Popery," and then, after receiving what he imagined to be the sought-for treasures, proclaimed with mock solemnity the sad backsliding of their sanctified friend.

The gentlemen had gone through a hard day's work, and, prone to after-dinner indulgence, thought little of the plan formed for their starting by daybreak, to where they had been led to believe the mysterious leader and his two principal lieutenants would be found. It was extraordinary how all the information they obtained led to the same conclusion, and how carefully every little point was elucidated, and every difficulty cleared up; the chain of evidence rendered complete, not by

downright positive disclosure—that would at once have excited suspicion, but by scraps and atoms, sufficient to mislead cooler and wiser heads; some indeed, with the Master of Macroom and Abel Richards, thought it possible they might be disappointed, and that they might return without either arms or insurgents; but, on the other hand they *might* find what they sought, and it was worth the trial.

Although every peasant in the country knew how some of the very same party had been foiled in Glen Flesk, they themselves, with all their boasted knowledge of the country and the people, had no idea of it, but imagined that their anticipated prisoner had really escaped them from the ruined castle of the Macarthy.

While the house resounded with revelry, and a party of soldiers, waiting the commands of their officer, made a guard-room of the servants' hall, or bivouacked on the lawn within hail of the most varied and most lovely scenery the Almighty has permitted His creatures to enjoy in the most beautiful portion of his beautiful world,—our old acquaintance, Doyle of the Cars, was stationed at a small grating, almost concealed by brushwood—if an accumulation of shrubs may be so called; he was stretched along the ground, so completely concealed, that no creature, except a dog, could have discovered him ; he had lain there motionless for several hours, and at last a ray of light came through the grating, which it was evident he expected, for he muttered "Glory! there's life in us yet, any way."

"Doyleen!" whispered a face, close to the bars.

"Success at harvest!" was the rejoinder.

"We're right, jewel; it's dead with the could ye are, only it's worth waiting for. We couldn't get round the fellow that had the orders, until we got him complately overtaken with the drop; and then Betty slipped the orders out, and a pack of cards in; won't he be dancing mad at brake of day, for that's the time for marching."

"Any thing else?"

"Ould Richards is in it, and the young gentlemen swear he shall go with them; I never saw *him* so overtaken before, for in general he's too 'cute for the whiskey."

"Pisen him, as you would a rat," said the carman, in evident disgust.

"It would be a sin to let him off that way, for then, sure, it's in his bed he'd die."

"True for ye; I'm so glad Mr. Spencer's not in it, I could not have stood any danger to him—I'd have died first; and the ould King of Macroom, I'll own I'd be long sorry any thing happened him."

"'He's roaring alive' with the gout; and sure, it's a blessed ease the Dean's not in it," was the reply, "for he's the country's friend. But I'd have invented some way to save his life, or lose my own; I've not forgotten how he saved my mother's life, and she in the fever; I had forty inventions on the tip of my tongue to save him, if he had the luck to be with the rest."

"Glory to the saints for that," was the reply; "the rest must take their chance, and I'll carry the news to Macarthy;—is all clear?"

"No," said the voice of Betty Doyle, who had been

promoted from the service of "Mrs. Attorney" to some inferior post at Glengariff Castle; "no, faix, the soldiers —the devil's good luck and their own to them—are all straggling round the wall you have to cross, and the life was frightened out of me when I saw it; three of us girls had been doing our best to 'tice them in, jigging and dancing, and singing; but they've grown obstinate, and not rollicking with the whiskey, and I believe, to my soul, there's something lurking near this bit of a quare ruined place. Oh, mercy, if there's not one of them with his head over the wall; down for your life!"

The girl had hardly thus spoken, when they heard the click of a gun-lock, and the head kept rising and rising above the wall: "Who's there?—speak, or I'll fire."

"I'm here," said Lord Bantry's under-butler; "I'm here, getting wine out for his lordship—that's the light you see!"

The soldier spoke in a lowered voice to his comrades, and then added, "If there's room for the light, there's room for a bottle of wine, and I'll come for it."

Betty groaned and trembled; her brother's life hung upon a thread.

"Give me the paper," whispered the servant, hoping Doyle would hear him; "if that's found we're all as good as murdered." But Doyle had moved himself away, crawling into thicker cover.

The soldier was half over the wall, when the girl cried out, "Never mind him, Sir; it's only the second best sort of wine that's kep here, what his lordship allows the quality when they're so far gone as not to be able to tell one kind from another; but if you'll get round

to the other side, I'll be with you in two minutes with some of the rale sort. A little window it is, as close to the ground as this, just room to give you a couple of bottles."

"And a couple of kisses?" queried the soldier, who had had enough of drink to make him desire more.

"Ay, faix," she replied. "Will you go?"

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!" said the soldier, as he cleared the wall, and fell at full length on the tangled grass. Both the servants trembled; but Betty, lifting the grating, forced an admirable laugh, and inquired if she should come and pick him up. The man endeavoured to laugh himself; and stumbling forward hit his foot against Doyle's brogue, whose leg projected from beneath the bushes. "Turn yer light this way, I've struck something."

Betty turned the candle so as to cast the light in an opposite direction, while she said, "Was it as hard as your own heart, Sir, dear! Here, take it quick; and, oh, for the love of mercy, be off with yerself as fast as shot, for here's Mr. Lynn, the head-butler, coming."

He muttered sundry oaths, and withdrew, Betty promising to meet him at the window round the corner. Doyle ejaculated his favourite exclamation of "Glory," and the under-butler retreated, while Betty poured all the information she had obtained during the day into her brother's ear, who was soon able to withdraw, having heard the soldiers summoned from straggling by a sharp roll on the drum.

While this important manœuvring, managed with such untaught skill by the sharp-sighted and ready-

witted underlings was proceeding, Abel Richards, having escaped from the mirth and mischief of his party, was engaged in deep conference with Peter the Peeler.

They met in a curious room hung round with various implements of the chase. One large window commanded a view of the bay—matchless in the world for beauty; let any who doubt this bold assertion visit it by moonlight, and gazing from that window, say if it be not so. Richards paused there for a few minutes, waiting for Peter, heedless of the loveliness upon which he looked, yet revelling in the cool air which fanned his heated brow.

Abel Richards, like most of the men of his time and class, was fond of drinking—fond of "the stiff tumbler"—and at one period of his life, had been proud of having a head sufficiently strong to bear a great many of them; but as it was his object, on that particular evening, to amuse the young gentry at his own expense rather than to push himself forward, he saved himself much trouble, and continued to make observations, by suffering them to suppose he was "overtaken," when he was certainly more sober than usual. He was an excellent actor, and fond as he was of whiskey-punch, could resist it whenever he had a purpose in view.

"How fresh and well you look, Mr. Richards, Sir," said Peter; "why they have it outside you war done up two hours ago."

Richards smiled.

"Don't be smiling that way, Sir; if it's pleasing to you, I'd rather see the wickedest frown that ever came

upon your face than such a smile as that—bedad I would!"

"Have you any trace of the girl?"

"I have, and I have not; there's no use in your getting mad with me now, Mr. Richards; sure you ought to know yourself, that it's no easy matter to track even a girl that would be taken away to be married—let alone such a case as this—when Lawrence Macarthy's known to wish to keep her up, and she herself is as willing to hide as others are to hide her. I knew how the people would laugh at the reward; *that* would never get trace or track. I can't, for the life of me, think why you bother yourself so much about it—what is it to you? Sure you can't make so much as an acre of land by it, and you're only sending good money after bad; and if you'd sit down on a hob for a year or two, and not raise your little finger, Lawrence is just the fellow before his hair is gray, or there's an old bone in his body, that will work his own head into a halter."

"And what's that to me unless I place it there? will you answer me that?" said Richards, while pacing up and down the room; "what, I say to you, is that to me, unless I place it there? I have myself chained up wild Bess, my terrier, that I may crush with my *own* heel the rat that revels in my barn—*crush it myself!* Unless *I* put the rope round Lawrence Macarthy's neck, *I shall die hungry!*" The expression of his face terrified the tool he had so often worked with.

"Well," he said, with feigned composure, "every man to his fancy, and I'm not the boy to stand in my own

light; I swear to you that neither are out of the country; she's hid somewhere up the mountains, I'm sure of that; and I'm also certain that Lawrence, and that gentleman-trainer they've got among 'em, are down about Inchageela or Gougane. They say Mr. Spencer, of Spencer Court, young 'hot and cold,' as they call him, has been spirited away too; there's a whisper within the last half hour that he's missing—maybe murdered in a bog hole by this time!" Peter garnished his intelligence with an idea of his own, which produced an instantaneous change in his employer's manner.

"You don't mean it, do you?" said Richards, gleefully rubbing his hands, "you don't really mean that young Spencer has been trapped? I'm glad of it! I'm thankful for it!—what right had he to be liberal? He would be his own agent, would he! he would judge for himself, would he! and be tied to no party! He'll the same thing as turn me out of the best room at *our own* hotel in Cork, will he?—and give half guineas to papist jades on board steam-ships, will he? and trust to the people, will he?—the 'fine peasantry!' I hope they piked him, Peter." Peter turned away, while Abel again rubbed his hands; "What good has it done him to call himself a member of the church, and insult it, by hoisting rebel colours on his servant men!"

"It *was* a sin!" said the spy.

"Ay, and dine one day with a priest! and the next day with a minister! there was a public sinner; what has he got by it, I wonder."

"The ould story, yer honour, of between the two stools—"

"Right!" exclaimed Richards, rising in his mirth, "there never was any one who looked at both sides of a road, that didn't get bogged in the middle—in Ireland. I had a little inclination once myself to try keeping in with the people, and working my way at the same time with the tea and tracts, but it wouldn't do—no, Sir; a man who is not of a party, in Ireland, has no back; he is doubted by both, abused by both, and would be murdered by both; there's great success in going through the country with one eye shut. Are you sure he is dead, my good fellow? it will be a fine lesson to the world if he is—a fine lesson—people believing they're safe unless they take land! I could grind the soul out of any one who talks of being safe with the peasantry, or goes to bed and to sleep with unbarred doors, that I could—but are you certain he's dead?"

"I'm sure, since ye'r so glad of it, Mr. Richards, I hope it's true; and they say he was to be married to Lady Mary O'Brien. I mind the time in the old master of Spencer Court's life, when Lady Mary's brother was mighty sweet upon Miss Ellen, and they said his father was like to go mad about it not being a fit match."

"A parcel of benighted papists," replied Abel; "but Miss Ellen never cared for him—she soon sent him out of the country."

"I'm thinking so. And yet, who's the fine trainer that's been marshalling and marching the men by night."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Richards, who had no faith in any purpose which self-interest, according to his idea thereof, did not stimulate, and consequently was no

judge of the more chivalrous feelings that warm men into action. "He held his majesty's commission—he was no foreign officer. It's some Frenchman or Spaniard they've got among 'em. But your news of Master 'Hot and Cold,' who cast my 'babes of grace' on the floor, and told me he'd be his own agent, and judge for himself,—your news of his falling among the Philistines elated me, and I almost forgot what I had to say. I'm sorely tried; I'm often sorely tried; those young ruffians within try me. There's hardly one of them upon whose property I have not a grip; and yet they'll set me up as a laughing stock, and ask me for Lawrence Macarthy, and if I remember the funerals, and what are eggs by the dozen! But I'll have my revenge of them, the yelping curs! one of these days; but not the revenge that I'll have of Lawrence Macarthy! There isn't a trouble in the world you have, Peter, that I won't take off you, if you'll just let me get the clutch of my own hand on the collar of his coat, or let me once cover him with my pistol!"

"The lease of the seven acres—three lives and thirty-one years, the three lives my own and my two girls—you said you'd do that, Sir, at ten shillings an acre."

"It's worth three pounds."

"Or three pounds ten, Sir, I'll not deny it," answered the peeler; "but the value is nothing to the bargain, quite true. Indeed, unless I got a bit of land dog-chape, I'd not trouble the country at all, for it's not comfortable to be walking the road expecting every breath you draw off the mountain may be your last."

"I'm as bad off in that way as you, Peter; but I don't mind it, if I can only punish the scoundrels."

"You're a public man and a great patriot," said Peter; "but there's only one name through the country for me—only one! The lease of the seven acres, Sir, is for setting Lawrence, dead or alive."

"Not dead!" interrupted Abel Richards. "One carcase is the same as another; no, not dead. I must either shoot him myself, or lodge him myself between the stone walls of a gaol; I must convict him by the evidence of his own sister. There was a time, Peter, when I loved that girl, and he insulted me on it; that came soon on the back of the funerals. Every thing I did in the country got the wind of the word through him and his sister; a penniless, houseless, marauder, with his silver mounted rifle and his dog on every wild hill side, and blessed at every cabin door! The very gentry that scorned him, believed the words *he* spoke of *me;* there isn't a girl in the country that doesn't turn the bright beam of her eye into a curse when I pass her, and all through him; and then he heated the country into a furnace which at last consumed my house, and was disappointed only because I did not perish therein. And now, if it costs my life, I'll have my revenge! I'll have it in a way that will crush his heart, if not his spirit, and sink his lady-sister to her grave. I'll have her in the witness-box, and him in the dock—then—then, Peter, you scoundrel, Abel Richards will have his revenge! And it's all the law—for the sake of the law and justice, that's it, my Peter! I'm only the instru-

ment!" And according to his old habit he turned up his eyes; then, after a pause, Peter answered him,

"I'll strike the bargain for Lawrence, Sir; but as to Miss Ellen, it's just one of the things I'd rather have no call to, and that's the truth. The blessing of the whole country is over her, and if you want her brought forward you must get some one else to seek her, and sure enough, I wonder ye wouldn't see, Mr. Richards, Sir, that every one would be agin' yer bringing her for such a purpose after saving yer own life that night."

It would be impossible to depict the expression which gathered darkly and heavily over the countenance of Abel Richards while Peter thus spoke. He strode up to the spy, rested his hands on his shoulders, and looking him steadily in the face, while he drew his own close and more closely to him, hissed forth his words, as a serpent hisses when it poisons.

"Then you'll hang, Peter—I tell you, you shall hang. I'm not unreasonable nor cruel; but if you will not work for the law, the law won't protect you; and if I tell all I know of you the law *can't* protect you. So find her, Peter—find her; I want to see them together again; if you don't find them both I withdraw my acres."

"As to hanging me, Mr. Richards," said the peeler, drawing back, "it's all *bathershin;* there's not one of the gentlemen would hear to it, just for the sake of their own party; there's not one would have me touched —I know that much, any how. No, no, they'd laugh at your asking it, Sir. I'd rayther have nothing to do

with Miss Ellen, as I have said before; there'll be no blessing about it."

"Psha, Peter, why what a fool you are. Has Dean Graves been preaching to you one of his middle courses?" said Richards, shaking him. "When did *we* work for blessings, can you tell me that? I don't want any harm to come to Miss Ellen. She has treasonable papers in her holding, and I only want her to speak the truth. If it was lies I wanted her to tell, you might think it right since you've taken to truth, Peter; but it's for the sake of the law, and it's to keep the country at peace, that's all I want; as far as she goes, I have no ill-will to her. And there's Grim Dennis Bradley's growing into a hard man, and would be glad to undertake the search if it was only to make a reputation for himself; for as to the little thing that settled him with the people—the information I managed to get out of him, you know—that was all plain work; no proof of genius in that, not a bit, though it's in him—I'm sure its in him! And it's only for me to draw it out, for I'm proud of Dennis, and fond of him. I managed him beautifully. He was always *soft*, and tender of his reputation, and timid of the people, and no wonder, until I got him fast, and then he did not care what he got over—dash at every thing. He does not like thinking; and though he can't help feeling, why he tries to get over it, and I'd like to encourage him. I'm sure of this, that at this present moment he hasn't such a tender conscience as you have, and I'd as soon lease a few acres of land to Dennis Bradley as to you, if you come to that."

"Dennis Bradley," repeated Peter in bitter scorn, "even Dennis, or the like of Dennis to me! that's a grate idea entirely you've got, Mr. Richards. How would he get my experience, I wonder? How could he understand the ins and outs of the country as I do? What knowledge has he of people or places?—it's long before Dennis will have sent out of the country the same number of people that I have;—it's long before he'll have the face to do what I have done, even to obleege yourself, Mr. Richards;—to swear alibis and serve ejectments, and identify those I never set eyes on, and have a pile of five shilling pieces—that high—for Bible oaths without a vestige of truth in 'em. I tell you what, Mr. Richards, Dennis Bradley will never be the man that I am, for it's not to be expected that he'll have the twenty years' training that I've had, from yourself, and *that's* made me what I am, one that the ould boy himself would be proud of! Think of that! I may well cling to a bit of land for the support of my poor girls; there isn't a man in the country will marry them;—fine, handsome girls though they are—a dale too good for me."

"You've talked yourself out of breath for nothing, Peter," said Richards, taking advantage of the fall in his voice, which always succeeded the mention of his children, and their being outcasts from their own humble but high-spirited class; and quite satisfied that the mention of his unfortunate rival, whom he hated with all his heart, had determined Peter to do all and every thing he desired. "You've talked yourself out of breath for nothing. I only mentioned him, to prove

that if you didn't track these outlaws, somebody else would; to-morrow, if nothing else is done, we'll shake them out of their hiding holes and about there, and if you're as wakeful as usual, you'll get on the track somehow. Are your trains laid? there's a number of their staunch friends in goal. Above all, is the coast well guarded?"

"Wonderful! but I don't think they're for escape. I don't think Miss Ellen would leave the country. I think they're only keeping out of the way 'till it blows over. Miss Ellen has a strong back, with gentle and simple."

"I tell you what, Peter, I think you've been bribed *not* to know where she is."

"Well, for a Christian man, you've evil thoughts, Mr. Richards. I did not know before to night that you war as much set on finding *her* as on finding *him;* if I had, I'd have worked her out some way, for a woman's easier traced; but I thought there might be a remembrance about your heart would hinder you from harming her; but I see you can't help it, Sir; it's the chain of evidence, you can't punish him without her."

"That's it, Peter, you see it now!"

"It's all in the line of the law."

"Exactly, nothing but what we've gone through for less cause."

"Ay, 'deed, that's thrue!"

"And if it's done well and quickly, much within a month from this day, I don't care if I make the seven acres fourteen, at the same rent."

"Yer honour's generous; and now if it 'ud be plasing

to ye, I'd like to know how it was you got round Dennis Bradley *first;* all the country knows what he did; and 'deed," added Peter, looking round with the consciousness of a most villanous superiority, " 'deed, though I would not demane myself to compare Dennis to the man of your twenty years' teaching, Mr. Richards, still he's a 'cute fellow—though with a mighty down-heart-broken look ; he does not take kindly to it, Mr. Richards; it does not comfort him; and what he gets doesn't grow. I've heard he's taken many a penance on himself, but never had the strength either to go through it, or keep from it—I'd like to hear how you got him *first.*"

" I had a great card to play in the country, Peter ; I wanted to make them all feel, that Abel Richards could do what no one else could, and I knew that Dennis was in the thick of all the knowledge about the Riband Lodges, and the like ; so I went offering bribes—"

" To Dennis ?"

" No—you fool! but to every other man I judged was in it, until not one of the whole set would enter my house, and I was as good as proclaimed from the altar that no man should hold any communication with me—for fear of their morals, Peter—that was it, I suppose!" and he laughed, and his miserable satellite echoed the vile chuckle. " Well, Dennis had a horse to sell, and I caused it to be known that I wanted just such a beast; and Denny thought it sorrowful that he should lose the market of his horse, for he had ever and always a great turn for turning a penny; and I observed that

once or twice on market-days, Dennis walked the horse past my parlour-window, and stood himself at the corner of the street, as if trying to see me, and yet not liking to venture; and at last one Saturday he put the horse up, and went *slingeing* past the window, looking in with the tail of his eye; and at last I threw it up, and told him I wanted to know the price of the horse. So he said, and I told him to come in, and I was sure we would agree; so after a minute, looking up the street, and down the street, in he came; and he had not been a minute in hardly, when I slipped away from him, and gave orders to some of my own people to get about and arrest two or three boys—on a charge of administering unlawful oaths. And so I got the hot water and materials—the stuff for a warm tumbler at once; and after much debating with Dennis, I closed the bargain; he pocketed the money and his own ruin at the same time. Of course the wind of the word was down about the town that Dennis was in my house; then my fellows made a great bother about the illegal oaths; and as soon as I saw some I knew, peeping in at the window, I judged it was all up with Dennis. He had business that I managed should keep him in town that night, and sure enough the boys were so sure he had *sold the Pass* on them, that they burned every thing he had in the world, that very night, taking it for granted he had turned informer. The first light in the morning, he came down to me; calling on me, Peter, as *an honest man*, to come forward and state that he was

with me about selling a horse, and nothing else. How I laughed at him! 'I have you, my boy,' I said, 'soul and body; they *saw* you here, that is quite enough; they saw you here, they knew how I proceeded immediately; you're *believed* to be an informer by the whole country; your life isn't worth a traneen; you're cried through every town land; I'll sware to it!"'

"Oh, Mr. Richards!" exclaimed Peter, "but you are a great hero entirely."

"Dennis fell on his knees—he roared like a great bull; and I took no notice—except telling him the same thing over and over again; he saw it himself, and felt he was in my power; 'Now,' said I, 'give me your list, and I'll give you two hundred pounds to take you out of the country;' well, to make a long story short, he did, and the money was paid; but he lingered about, his wife left him, and so did his children; and he's marked—like yourself, Peter; but he's growing very useful, and I don't think he's worse off than you are now. By the way," he continued, carelessly, "have you ever set Master Mat?"

"There's none of my boys will have a haporth to do with him; they've a shuperstition about him, and I never can get any good of them when they hit on a shuperstition. If I thought he had any thing to do with the hiding, I'd set him myself; but he's taken up with Mr. Spencer, and the school-house to be redone. Indeed, he's a quare man altogether; there's neither good nor harm in him; and it isn't worth our while to be bothering about the likes of him. Besides, he

offered to tache my girls—only the scholars threatened to quit if they came into it. You've no curosity at all about their strange trainer?"

"No, Peter, he's nothing particular to me, neither here nor there; if all that's said is true, you may turn a penny by letting him alone. I'll go on chance with these yelping curs as soon as they're ready, or they'll say I am cowardly, though I don't think we'll have much luck. My eyes wont know rest until Lawrence is safe in the body of Cork gaol, and remember, Peter, unless *I* place the rope round his neck, as I told you before, I SHALL DIE HUNGRY!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PASS OF KAIM-AN-EIGH.

THE car-driver had the start of the military by about four hours—quite enough to enable Louis to make his final arrangements. The place of meeting was a ruined cottage within a quarter of a mile of the entrance to the Pass, at the end nearest to Glengariff, and where it has by no means the dismal and terrific appearance it assumes when completely a mountain gorge; there Doyle delivered the paper which pointed out the route the military were to take, where they were to defile, and where unite, and how far they were to proceed—unless so and so happened. The scheme had been arranged by one particular magistrate, who in a most unmethodical country was famed for method, and was never satisfied with any plan until he saw how it looked upon paper.

After Louis and Lawrence had counselled together they proceeded to the entrance of the pass, where Lawrence blew a single blast upon his bugle; this was answered within a few seconds by another, and that, before the

echoes had died away, by a third; and so on, until the real call and the echo mingled their wild sounds together in most unearthly music—flying as if by magic influence, now here, now there; above, below, around, from one end of the pass to the other; now seeming to spring up from the foaming river; now, as if the mysterious source of the sea sent forth its waters to accompany some mountain spirit on its way; now bursting from behind a rock; then floating away, making melody among the clouds.

How the people crowded! rushing onward. Truly their agents had worked well together, or such a multitude could not have been congregated beneath the midnight canopy. Rocks, knolls, cataracts, sent forth living creatures; not silently, or calmly, with thoughtful brows, and steady steps—stealthily, as they answered the summons at Gougane Barra; but they came instinct with life, and the great purpose of Irish life—action. Something was to be dared and done, and that at once; *this* was enough for them; enough at all times. The ready and willing instruments of danger and defiance, with heads throbbing as wildly as their hearts, every nerve thrilling with emotion—they came, they gathered round their leaders, all doubt and coldness vanished, eager and panting for action, for movement, for any thing rather than reflection or repose. In their wild excitement they forgot for a time their misery, their wretchedness, and were ready to do any thing—the worst subjects and the bravest soldiers in the "world wide." It is impossible to describe a meeting every way worthy of the desperate, rude, yet magnificent

character of the scenery. What a mighty thing it was! hearts beating with the same motive, the same resolve; eyes, casting their lightnings into each other, and all buoyant with a hope which they never attempted to define or comprehend; how they hung upon every word that Lawrence uttered, firmly believed in what he said, that before the noon-day sun was up they should be a Nation in the sight of Europe!

He no longer reasoned; his style suited his purpose; it was joyous—fiery—fast—and presumptuous, assuming all things done, that had yet to be achieved. He assured them that Pastorini was a right prophet, that the hour was come to thrust home their pikes, and if they were but true to themselves, "the West" was all their own; that within an hour the soldiers from Bantry would be in motion, that a party were to scour the country between them and Glengariff, while a few accompanied the gentry by the other road, to return through the pass of Kaim-an-eigh, and unite about a quarter of a mile beyond where they stood. "You," he continued, "my true-footed Doyle of the Cars, take seventy—"

"Too many," interrupted Louis, "fifty are a hindrance; a man here and there is better as a decoy,—better than a multitude."

"Speak on, yourself, then! speak on, yourself!" said the easily-offended Lawrence.

"The cause must not be lost through temper," thought Louis, and continued, while the storm still trembled on Lawrence's brow: "Take fifty of your

smartest boys, Doyle—mountain lads—who know every rock and rush of the whole mountain; lie concealed, I need not tell you how, until after scouring the country, where instead of finding those they seek for, they will see the dead ashes and the bright water on every hearth-stone—and perhaps, in revenge, burn these as they have burned other cabins; then, when they are lingering about here, waiting for those who are to meet them after their more lengthened round—angry and dispirited, yet more eager for blood than ever—show yourselves gradually, man by man; play round them like flashes of lightning, draw them on—increasing in number, but carefully—now high—now low—through bog, and up mountain, picking them off whenever you have an opportunity, but not wasting your fire; still leading them on, bit by bit, inch by inch—not showing your strength nor means of escape. Keep them at play as you would a ball on the top of your hurley; never come to close quarter; keep behind the rocks and turf-champs; teaze them all round the mouth of the pass—but not into it; wound the horses—draw them, boys, as a plover does a spaniel on the moor; they would show you no mercy, bear that always in mind, and return them the compliment as an Irishman knows how. Remember, that the great object you have in view, is to scatter the red-coats in the mountains; aggravate them to pursue; the gentlemen, as we know, will come through, expecting to meet them; they like the drag-hunt, but not the danger; they like the sport—perhaps they may have their dogs, in case their other sport fail, but no matter. Doyle, remember

you and yours are the decoy at this end; for every once you run away from them now, you will run ten times into them hereafter."

"And you, Byrne," said Lawrence, who did not like to yield *the pass* altogether to Louis, "take fifty of the stoutest on our roll—is that too many, captain?"

"I should say better a hundred," replied Louis, in a quiet, under tone, "there will be fighting in the pass, where strong men will be needed, and a reserve to pour down will be of great value; the decoy needs skill rather than numbers."

"I have said fifty," answered Lawrence, impetuously, "and it must stand. Take fifty of the strongest on our roll, go to the Red-deer's rock—that big stone which darkens the pass even at noontide—from which the fairy Doe sprang, and cleared the gorge, when Fin McCoul and his good dog Bran hunted her for one long summer day. The stone, big as it is, is loose already—the captain says he can shake it with his shoulder—ten men, in as many minutes, will undermine and leave it so; so that at command, you can kick it down, as easily as you send the ball from the bat. Off, my good giant, let ten good spades companion your fifty pikes and fire-locks; pick your men, and at once, losing no time, dig away as the treasure-seeker digs for gold; work for the liberty of old Ireland and the honour of Saint Patrick."

"But work carefully," interrupted Louis, "a moment too soon or too late, would destroy us."

"Oh, yes," said Lawrence, with his usual impatience; "of course you must work carefully; and when the rock is ready to rattle down, clap your Kerry-

cow's horn to your mouth, and blow me the old Whiteboy blast. Wait quietly until you hear the flourish of my bugle, and then in the name of all the saints, down with the rock; it will fill up the pass as this cork plugs my powder-horn. And then—and then my brave boys, these *orange bovans*—those murderers—those middlemen are in our power!—caught—bagged!—those who have thickened the streams of our own mountains with our blood! Who have rolled our noble's heads on their scaffolds—who have stolen our lands—who spend our gold in foreign countries—who have bent their gallows trees with the bodies of our strong young men! Who call us the *mere* Irish! Who have trampled our crosses in the dust—scoffed at the blessed Virgin and our holy faith, and insulted our graves—and robbed us of our lands! Byrne has 'ticed them well—baited the trap;—there will be no possibility of their joining the military, and we will bar their retreat with a forest of pikes; but the rock will be moved by the power of our friend!"

"Let *him* guide it, then!" growled Byrne; "I tell you, Macarthy, that I'm not going to be a grave-digger up there; I could not stand it. Put me somewhere where I can draw first blood—where I can see the death pains of Abel Richards—or the—the——" his hands twisted round the neck of some imaginary victim, he stamped and foamed like a maniac. "I mean," he said at last, "to leave my bones under the shadow of these mountains—to sell my life; a life for each drop of blood that has been shed of mine. Put me where I can stand in the pass and shout them

on; but I will be no hawk perched on high, waiting a signal to stoop on the covey that is fluttering at my feet!"

"This man is mad," whispered Lawrence.

"And will destroy all, if he be not watched," replied Louis.

"It requires a cool head," continued Lawrence. "Will the sword of Dunboy undertake it?"

"I will," he answered, "and at once."

Immediately after this and a few other matters were arranged, they divided, and in such admirable order, and so effectually was each man secreted by his own gray rock on either side of the defile, that a doctor who had been sent for to attend a woman in her time of danger, rode through, less than an hour afterwards, attended only by his servant, and declared that never before had he felt so awe-struck at the silence and solitude of "The Pass of Kaim-an-eigh."

In the early morning the military were of course annoyed and disappointed at their fruitless search, but with them it was, as usual, a matter of business; whereas the gentlemen who had themselves gone to seek for those whose machinations disturbed the peace of the country, and endangered their safety, both collectively and individually, were enraged at finding not only no trace of those they sought, but no living creature in the cabins. They had been fooled, and the anticipation of how their military friends would receive the intelligence, was matter for any thing but pleasant speculation; thus, while they, jaded and fatigued, prepared to enter at one end of the pass, it was the business

of Doyle and his guerillas to engage the attention of the soldiers at the other, so that time and opportunity might both help the work of destruction.

The most active of "the boys" crept along the edge of the mountains, and under shelter of the rocks and heath, fired a volley and then fled towards the hills. The commanding officer, not to be caught by this guerilla practice, saw the danger of permitting his small detachment to be scattered in a comparatively unknown neighbourhood, and, while the morning mist hung heavy and low upon the ordinary shadows of the pass, ordered his men not to attempt pursuit, but keep steady on their course.

Doyle, and half-a-dozen chosen fellows, were not to be foiled by this system, but crept sufficiently near to taunt and abuse the red-coats from behind the rocks; and then a few of the soldiers, irritated by the audacity of the Whiteboys, started forward in pursuit, and ascended the mountain; hunting, as they thought, some two or three audacious insurgents, who ran away from the first danger. But it was not so; they achieved no very considerable height, when from amongst the hills and out of the bog-holes, up started the enemy on every side, and a desperate hand-to-hand contest ensued. Numbers effected their retreat; but the unfortunate soldier who a few hours before had rejoiced in the bottle of wine—whether or not his brain still reeled, is a question—was suddenly uplifted by half-a-dozen pikes, and dashed over a crag, from whence he rolled a shapeless mass to the feet of his commanding officer, who found it impossible to restrain his men in their

desire to avenge their comrade's death. But the wily assaulters were now further off, shouting and huzzaing, misleading the ears, as Will-o'-the-Whisp does the eyes, of his followers, who follow him nevertheless; and so it was, the soldiers dallied with their provocation; now wallowing in a morass, now galloping up the mountains, to hear the taunts and laughter of their betrayers.

In the meantime, the gentry were straggling into the defile in long and loose array, through a thick atmosphere which even at mid-day is rarely visited by the sunbeams. Lawrence watched with an anxiety amounting to agony, the entrance of the party into the Pass; he knew them all, even through that mournful twilight; he knew them all by sight; and it was a relief to him to remember that there was not one who had ever offered him the least courtesy or kindness. He saw the burley shoulders of Abel Richards squared over a horse of hardly less power than the one that perished in the flames, and he heard the taunting laughter of a gay, light-hearted youth, at the occurrence of some jest played upon "the saint." He could easily, he thought, cover him with his rifle; but not yet—not yet! He counted them as he would count ravens on a tree, or crows in a field. He fancied that the beatings of his heart were audible as the ticks of a death-watch; so he bent his knee, and crossed himself devoutly on breast and brow. He numbered the seconds, expecting every moment to hear the horn announce that all was done, that the rock was ready to be hurled down across the narrow path, and that then he and his men should rush down upon their victims.

Now, be it remembered, the gentry had about a mile to pass from their side the entrance before they came to the spot where the dreadful rock impended. At the rate they were proceeding, ten or twelve minutes would have brought them to it; and still onward the horsemen wound their toilsome way through the rocky pass, the river swollen by recent rains, dashing and foaming by their side. It is believed that, at this instant, Byrne became no longer able to master his emotion, when looking down he beheld Richards riding beneath him. This bereaved old man saw *now* in his power the very man who had robbed him of all the props of his existence. His thoughts became concentrated; he forgot every thing else, and in the agony of passion that brooked no restraint, he who had planned the whole of the decoy, and meditated so great a revenge, lost sight of all but the hardened ruffian whom he believed could not now escape him. Suddenly he sprang upon the rock, by which he had been concealed, and holding with both hands, high above his head, a ponderous stone, he cast it, loaded as it was with the most fearful curse that ever escaped the lips of man, down on Abel Richards. But the purpose was ineffectual; it wounded only the noble animal he rode, and which plunged violently forward. Immediately one of the gentlemen drew forth a pistol, and with deadly aim, fired at Byrne, who, still with foot advanced, his gray coat draping his colossal figure, stood overhead, cursing his missing hand. The bullet, true as an Indian's arrow, passed through his gray and streaming hair, and closed his mortal sufferings. He maintained his

position, his arms outstretched, for a moment; then down he came, crashing and tumbling, among the projecting rocks, spattering those amongst whom he fell, with his life-blood.

The circumstance was too much for hot-headed men to bear; it was in vain that Lawrence Macarthy, from his airy height, forgetting all prudential motives, sprang from his concealment, and by gestures they did not see, and words they could not hear, entreated the Whiteboys to forbear, if but for a moment. A yell issued from the mass—a yell that sent the eagles soaring into the heavens in terror and astonishment. Each man started from behind his rock, and the whole glen bristled with pikes and muskets. Thrusts were given—swords flashed and fell—and shots rattled like hail.

"Forward—forward—cut your way and forward; a gallop or a grave!" exclaimed the most collected of the officers. "Spur—spur—keep moving, and they cannot mark us!"

Forward they rode as men ride for their lives, and though they rode swiftly, they dealt destruction at every blow. The air was freighted with screams, and shouts, and execrations. Though the morning had advanced, its rays were impeded by the uplifted mountains, and lost in the mist. The fatal rock shuddered at its foundation—white doe will never more spring from its summit, nor eagle plume his feathers on its brow again! Then rang forth the signal—heard clearly above the mêlée beneath, and causing many a clear eye to turn upwards: three rapid notes on the bright bugle of the West!—The giant crag trembled—it tot-

tered;—those who pressed forward, were almost blinded by the smouldering dust that rushed down upon them. The last loyalist had passed beneath it—had turned the point—when down it came with the ravaging roar of thunder, bewildering, not destroying; a smoking ruin, closing up the pass effectually; too late to bar retreat, but just in time to preclude the Whiteboys from pursuit of those they had devoted to destruction.

The gentlemen rallied, and the troops, who had now learnt more wisdom than to follow the snare led on by Doyle, hearing the shots, galloped to the rescue. But dispirited at the failure of their great project, the Whiteboys were either dispersed or concealed effectually from pursuit, in an incredibly short space of time.

Long before Edward Spencer and his venerable friend drew near the pass, at the end of which the gentlemen had entered, they were made aware of the result. Women weeping and indulging in those manifestations of sorrow, which, however natural, lessen the grief they wail, were rushing forward in the same direction. The Dean paused, to make some inquiries at a cottage, well known in these, our days, for the refreshment and accommodation it affords to those who visit the "Blessed Island" of Gougane Barra; and there, dying like a dog on a heap of straw where he had sought refuge after being wounded, Mr. Spencer saw his good-natured warden of the unknown castle. The poor fellow recognised him; though but for a moment, he endeavoured to raise himself and to speak; the effort was unavailing; he fell back, and turning his face into the straw, groaned, and expired.

There were only women in the house; but one of them, a fearless, bright-eyed girl, with the intense expression, and the cast of features that one would attribute to a Joan of Arc, said, while she knelt by the body whose lips she had just moistened, "I never saw him before, in all my life—I don't know the rights of it, gentlemen, but to judge by that," and she looked towards the still warm remains of the man so full of strength and motive a few hours before, "there will be good reason in the country to remember the Pass of Kaim-an-eigh."

This scene was but the sad commencement of much that Edward had afterwards to encounter. The dean wished to call at a gentleman's dwelling, where they were delayed for some hours; and here they found the household in a state of painful confusion, with the exception of a venerable butler, and a few "of the boys about the place"—creatures whose early lives are spent in doing the fag-ends of every body's work, whose industry is so erratic as to be almost idleness, who never have time for any thing, and yet are invariably abused for doing nothing. All the men-servants that could be considered effective were absent, the women were shrieking and weeping, and the ladies obliged to attend upon them, as well as upon themselves. At length two returned, denying that they had been to the scene of action, but confessing that they had "heard the news"—news, which they trembled to tell: how at first the military moved away from the pass, and, as they returned through the country, set fire to every village, farm, and cabin they came near; and how that many

more of the people were either killed or wounded than it was believed could have suffered during so brief a contest. These men were faithful servants, but had been compelled to the alternative of either banding with their neighbours, or of suffering accordingly.

As Mr. Spencer had determined on returning to Spencer Court that night—despite the hospitalities pressed upon him—he resolved to proceed without the dean; he could think of nothing but Ellen; and, determined that she should no longer remain exposed to the changes and chances of her brother's fortunes, he rode on without a single fear for himself, although the apparent absence of existence, and the loneliness of the land, had something of a character more awful than that of tumult. More than once he heard in the distance the loud cry of lamentation of some bereaved wife or mother, and then all again was silent; it was, as his servant said, "a heavy-hearted evening." He had ridden about two miles, when, not far from the wayside—only half concealed by a clump of furze—he perceived a man crouching in evident anxiety to conceal himself. He drew up his horse, and before there was time to issue an order, his servant had dismounted and spoken with the stranger. He returned quickly.

"It's only a poor man, Sir, that does not feel very well in himself."

"But who is he?" said the Dean.

"A poor man of the place, Sir," continued the servant.

Edward dismounted.

"It's not worth your while, Sir, to take any trouble

about him, his people will soon be here," continued the servant, anxious to prevent Edward from speaking to him. But Mr. Spencer persisted. He found the unfortunate creature resting, rather than lying, on his side, and his face turned away. Edward addressed him; the man faintly replied in Irish, to lead him to believe he did not understand him; but Edward instantly recognised the voice.

"Doyle!—Doyle!" he exclaimed. "My good-natured car-driver—my brave apologist at the midnight meeting—do you not know me?"

The poor fellow looked up.

"I thought it was all over with me when I heard the horses' tramp and the sound nearer and nearer, and I able to go no farther—not on account of the badness of the hurt, but the wakeness. Oh! then it's a poor case that a ball through the shoulder should take the strength out of a man's legs. I am safe with you, Sir, God bless you! Haven't I the 'grass greens,' and the dinner at Blarney, and the wish yer honour had about the cabins on the banks of the Lee, all before me this blessed minute. I'm safe with yer honour, but it's not that I'm thinking of—only you're not safe with me—that's it! It's all up with us, Sir, and the gentry will sweep us out of the country after this, and it's better that I should die in a bog-hole, than you draw any question on yerself by mercy shown to me. So go on, Sir, dear; and don't bother yourself with me. It's no use now denying I *was in it*, and if this was the last word I had to speak, I'd be in it again. So that's all, and God bless you."

"I cannot—I will not leave you here, Doyle, to bleed to death," said Edward, for he saw that he was lying in blood which oozed from his shoulder. "I will not do it, nor do I want you to make any admission to me that would injure you hereafter. We must get you well first, and then talk about that."

"I shall never be well again, Sir; never rise a whip or lift off my hat to Lady Mary; I'm crushed all down this side, as well as shot, so God be with you, Sir, and lave me; the gentlemen would'nt understand your having any pity for a traitor like me, they could not understand it, and it's insulted you'd be, as many have been before you, because of *a heart to the people.* You'll do nothing for me, I couldn't die asy if I thought a hard word was said of you through my means."

The poor fellow's generosity moved Edward far more than if he had entreated assistance.

"Is there no cabin near that can render you help? My servant shall ride on and procure a door and we can carry you on that to some place of safety."

"There is a house of a cousin of my own behind the swell of that hill, but there's trouble in it already; the eldest son was killed by my side, and as there were two more in it, God knows whether they are dead or alive. It was there I was going, or it was there they were taking me and the poor dead boy, when the horse fell and could only move on with the one, so I made them take the ould man his child, and the young wife her husband, and thought I'd wait the mercy of God here; and sure he sent me your honour."

Edward never for a moment thought of himself; but

finding that Doyle believed he could endure the motion of a horse, determined to place him behind his servant and leave him with his friends. The car-driver resolutely opposed this; if it was known in the country, he said, that Mr. Spencer favoured *one of them*, it would do him "hurt and harm," and he should never live to be able to do his honour a "good turn" in this world. But Mr. Spencer's humanity and gratitude overpowered all other considerations. The horse was led slowly forward, for Doyle was thrown into the most acute agony by the least movement, and while the servant held him on, Edward walked by his side. The dying man spoke at intervals.

"I'd leave the world happy, Sir, if I thought you'd be a friend to the country."

"You may be sure I shall be a friend to the country, according to my own ideas of what will serve it, to the last."

"Well, Sir, God be good to you, you've a kind heart and a fine head of your own, only don't be hard on the poor people; we're led to it and trained in it, Sir, and if we had enough work to keep us, we wouldn't be as mad as we are. God look down on my poor mother and sisters, and the little girl at Sundays-Well, that I'd have married next Saint Martins—and Sir, her ladyship *that you know*, tell her this, that her brother is safe, I know that."

"What brother?"

"She has but two, the young gentlemen that came over with your honour, and the one that you gave the letter to at Gougane."

A strong light broke in upon Edward's mind; the fact now seemed self-evident, but he had never dreamed it so before; he wondered at his previous stupidity; wondered how he could have been so mistaken; wondered that neither the dean nor Lady Mary had explained; he had never been a good finder out of riddles, but this one he now saw was so very simple; what could even for a moment have so perplexed him? *What* had rendered him jealous?

"How do you know this?" he said at length.

"Ah, sure, I knew it as well as your honour; you needn't fear to trust me—*she* did not. I was a soldier for awhile myself with him, until I tired, and one way or another got clear of it; many a time I saw him in the red coat, thinking how proud I'd be to see him in the green—oh, my grief! Tell her honour, that every paper I'd any call to for him, I burnt on the spot where you found me; bad as I was, the minute I was alone, I set fire to them with a coal out of my pipe, for fear they'd fall into strange hands; though it's a rule among us, to bury all papers with the body they're found on."

The horse stumbled a little as he turned the sharp angle of a rock which brought the party in sight of the cottage to which Doyle had directed them, and the poor fellow fainted while Edward was inquiring about Lawrence and Ellen. Further on, a number of little children were weeping round a horse in the agonies of death, the animal had just been able to carry home the corpse of his young master; and as they neared the house, they heard the "keen" mingling with the smoke which rushed through the open door. Despite his own deep

and bitter sorrow, the bereaved father—a venerable-looking man of the humble farmer class—came out to receive them, and assisted to carry the still insensible car-driver into the dwelling.

Those who had brought home the dead body of his son concealed themselves at first, but upon hearing Mr. Spencer's name, they came forth, pouring blessings upon him for his goodness, and all praying that it might not do him "hurt nor harm."

With a degree of haste unseemly to English habits, they had already "laid out" the body, lit the candles, and raised the death wail. The mother sat to the right of the table upon which the manly form of her beloved son had been placed; her husband called her attention to Doyle, and with extraordinary self-command she rose to render assistance to the friend and comrade of her child.

The interior seemed to Edward Spencer more like a scene of dreamy spells and incantations than aught else: the lights twinkling in the heated and murky atmosphere; the earnest and passionate faces, occasionally bending over the lifeless form of the young and handsome peasant, whose dark hair rendered the whiteness and calmness of his features still more conspicuous; the abrupt bursts of grief, and exclamations of sorrow or revenge, finding vent in both languages, and sounding from the more obscure portions of the dwelling; the fire, now blazing, now smouldering, at the far end of the apartment in a very cavern of blackness, which became illumined with the blaze for a moment, and then dark again. A table was very near the door, placed, it appeared

to him, ready for a carouse, rather than fitted for a funeral, for upon it, sticks, and pipes, and mugs, and one or two green bottles, were laid—"any how."

Amid this din and darkness, a girl, fair, young, and delicate, and whose hair fell like a golden shroud around her, was kneeling by her dead brother's side; she had drawn one of his hands from beneath the cloth that covered his body, and pressing her cheek upon it, gazed upwards with glazed and tearless eyes, but with such an abandonment to sorrow, fixed—as for ever—on her face, that Edward could hardly believe she lived and breathed. They placed Doyle on a bed, in a demi-partition called "the room," and when consciousness returned, he seemed so anxious to speak to the old man, that Edward left them alone for a few minutes.

"It's what we're in dread of, Sir," said a girl, addressing Edward with gentle frankness, "it's what we're in dread of, Sir, is poor Mary; she went away this morning to seek him that's lying dead there—her heart's husband, that she loved more than her life—the Lord look down on her! and when she comes back—what will she see? Peggy Dacey!—tell us, dear, it will take some of the trouble off us, to cry it with you!"

The keener, whose long narrow face was half concealed by her hood, clapped her hands together twice or thrice, and recommenced:

"She'll see her young delight, her treasure of love, mowed down like summer hay; his heart is still, his breath will not move the curls from off his baby's brow, nor his voice sing the song that won her love under the beams of the May moon.

"His foot was fleet—his arm was firm—his spirit high and faithful; his lip kept silence—he was trusted, and never betrayed; in storm or sunshine, by land or sea, at his father's door, or among his people's graves; he was strong and steady—at Kilcrea, or the Holy Island—by the lakes of Inchageela, or in the Pass, where all was lost; the hawk of the hill was free and fearless."

The woman chanted in a low, and not unmusical voice.

"She could rise it stronger," observed one to the other, "only on account of poor Darby Doyle; oh, then, isn't it shocking to see him, and not knowing if the priest will be in time to catch his breath—for he's a'most gone; and to see the gentleman himself, binding up his arm, and saying he'll pay for the finest doctor in Cork to save him."

"Ah! then sure the English aren't all such savages," observed another, "he's as tender over him as a Christian. Whisht! Peggy's raising the keen again; but her voice is more like the song of the thrush, than the cry of the aigle!"

"The glory of the morning was you, my jewel! Your eye kindled before day—your foot was first in the farm, and your whistle sweeter than the blackbird's. Early and late you were cheerful to do your mother's bidding;—the young kids licked your hands—and the plover never hid her nest from your sight."

"Say a good word for me, Peggy, when I'm gone; and good luck to you, woman dear!" exclaimed the poor car-driver from the inner room. "Say a good word for me, but don't drawl it out that way, like the sough

of the north wind; let it come bright and fast, like an April sunbeam. What's to mourn, tell me that? Is it the pace and the prosperity we're leaving—is it the aise and contintment we get?"

"Whisht, Darby," interrupted the aged woman. "Whisht, jewel, there's death lying there, and my other boy's not home yet, and yerself, dear, on the long journey. Pray, dear; the soul that seeks Heaven, should mount on the wings of prayer, and not on a thunder-boult."

"You've fine larning, Ma'am," replied Darby, smiling in her weeping face. "I often heard tell of thunder-boults coming down, but I don't know how they'd go back again. Yet that's no matter. *Mortuus est!* as Master Mat would say, we must all die! only somehow I'd like the sound of a Kerry bugle over me better than the whining of a woman—barring one. I'd rayther die as I'm dying than many other ways. I've no spite to the redcoats for this bullet; it was a fair fight—all fair enough;—and look now, I charge every one of you, on the word of a dying man, to see that no harm happens to this gentleman. Don't mind what you hear—he is the people's friend—I tell you that; and more,—I've seen something about him that makes me hope we'll get justice yet; not maybe so much from our own gentry as from such English as this, and there's more where he came from. It's not worth any of your whiles to look dark on a dying man. What I say's the truth!" He endeavoured to raise himself, but sunk back and called for water; then rallying, exclaimed, "Oh! wisha, Sir, don't turn

aginst us. You've seen us in the storms that stirs up all that's bad;—may the Lord grant that you may live to see us in the sunshine! Whisht!—that's not the voice of the keener! Oh, murder!—it's the heart-shriek of his young wife, who knows now that he's gone from her for ever!"

And so it was. She had rushed into the dwelling while the inmates were listening to Darby's words, and shriek followed shriek in every intonation of agony, as she clung to the form of all she loved. Tears that had found no way for his own sufferings, now coursed each other down the cheeks of Doyle.

"Get her away from him somehow," he said, after a few moments; "get her away from him somehow; and some of you have the sense to bring her her baby, *that* will give a new turn to her grief, if it does not ease her heart!"

There is an intense and ever active sympathy in every Irish bosom, and in that close and narrow space, Edward was struck with the earnestness with which each seemed to share the sorrow of his neighbour. The house was so remote, that numbers had flocked to it, all in some degree bereaved of those dear to their affections; and many for shelter, in consequence of their cabins having been set fire to in the morning. The old farmer was known to be a favoured tenant of an influential landlord, and as such his house was a sort of city of refuge to his far neighbours. The old man, individually, deserved protection, for he had never interfered, although he had not the power to control his sons. Neither had he the sustaining comfort that belonged to

others—in the belief that his son had fallen in a right cause. But the knowledge that the farmer was not absolutely one of themselves, did not prevent those who assembled, from sharing his sorrow; and Doyle was so universally beloved, that his danger was an overwhelming grief to all.

The car-driver was sinking rapidly, and he knew it, his great anxiety being that he might live to see the priest. He took an affecting farewell of many of his companions, addressing a few words to each in Irish. But the presence of Edward Spencer seemed his great consolation; he was proud of having a gentleman by his bedside, and proud of showing him that he met death bravely. Now and then, the total unselfishness—the generosity of his fine nature—would break forth. He would entreat Edward for others, and manifest over and over again, his deep anxiety lest he should suffer in the estimation of "the country" for his kindness to the poor car-boy. As his mind wandered, his words became unconnected, but they were still full of that warm, kindly, and generously exaggerated feeling which pervades the country, and renders the people so self-sacrificing as friends, so bitter as enemies; so valuable as allies, so perilous as adversaries.

"Boys, mind the time, you that live to see it, when Mr. Spencer's member for Cork. Mind the shouting then, and down with every man that doesn't shout louder than yourself! Is that the priest? I made a clean breast to father Duffy the morning of the last meeting at Gougane Barra! He's a fine man, but easier to dale with before than after a ruction. Mr. Spencer—

there's a blessed scapular on my breast, Sir—but it's not to be touched while I'm living. When I'm dead, I'd like little Mary of Sundays-Well to have it for a keepsake. I'd send her a lock of my hair, but it's grown gray lately, and gray hair is an ugly keepsake from a sweetheart to a girl under twenty. Miss Ellen! oh, I don't know where she is, Sir. Oh! then if she was Lady Mary, wouldn't the poor have grate glory entirely with her and yer honour. But Lady Mary's a fine woman—and a born beauty—and a good ould stock—that's true!"

And then he continued muttering; the talking in the large room increasing, until "the keen" arose above it; or a more loud and anguished scream than usual, caused the people to break into deep and earnest prayer for the support and consolation of the afflicted. Frequently, Edward observed, at the entrance of a new comer, there would be a pause, and then a universal tremulous cry, as some fresh loss was recounted. At first Doyle was anxious to learn the news, but his curiosity became momentarily less and less, and while Edward hoped some doctor might arrive and endeavoured to reason himself into the belief that recovery was possible, Doyle faltered forth entreaties for "the priest," and thoughts about his mother and sisters, mingled with brief prayers for Edward, and a hope that every one might know how a gentleman stood by his death-bed.

At last a priest came, a man most unhappily mingled with rumours of disturbances; one who had never poured oil upon the troubled waters, and who found

it necessary, very soon after, to leave the country. His interview with Doyle was brief, and when the car-driver called again for Edward, he told him in an exulting tone that now he was "all ready for the road." He took his hand and pressed it to his lips.

"You'll be kind to the poor people, Sir; you will—I'm sure you will—and so may God bless you; and yer honour wont forget me; and sure if I could clear your way to Heaven, I'd be proud to do it on my hands and knees: stand by the country, and the country will stand by you. Never forget how his honour brought me to a place of ease and safety; where I've had time to make my soul, and not die in a ditch; And not to say do it, but did it himself, see him in safety as you value the blessing of a dying man. And I've no enmity to any; the bullet was fair, though not easy.—God be with you, neighbours; my head's more bothered than ever it was with a fight at a fair, let alone a fair fight; and there's worse whizzing in my ears than ever I thought the Clooney's shillalas could make when they cried down with the Doyles. Oh! will no one in mercy stop that keening? it's worse on me than death itself!"

Of the people who heard his words, the one looked at the other, for the keener was silent; having been, indeed, permitted to leave the house on her promise to return for the "first funeral."

"It's the poor fellow's last warning," whispered one of the peasants to Edward; "the Doyles all have it."

He had still hold of Edward's hand, and the last act of his kindly but misguided life, was to press it to his

lips. Mr. Spencer's feelings gave way when poor Doyle lay before him—"a clod of the valley." He had endeared himself to the master of Spencer Court from the first, by his prompt gratitude in return for the sympathy Edward evinced for the people. He was nothing more than a fair sample of his class, his failings and perfections eminently national; yet the very nature of his perfections induced forgetfulness of his faults. Whatever reflections Edward might have made, were cut short by the "ullagawn," attended by loud clapping of hands, and much crossings and prayer-sayings which followed the certainty of his departure.

Mr. Spencer placed money for his funeral in the hand of the old farmer, and as he made his way through the crowds that were now met together beneath the low roof, he was followed by abundant blessings.

"If your honour should have any trouble about your goodness to the Whiteboys this blessed night," said a gigantic fellow who held his stirrup, "there isn't one of us who wont come forward at the risk of our own lives and swear you never saw Doyle, and never came near the place."

"And I'll get forty to *prove* your honour was in another county, or anywhere you please, Sir!" exclaimed a second.

"And any thing we can do for you by night or day, shall be done, Sir; for though we're bet and broken, and scattered and murdered entirely over the country now, we'll not be so always," put in the first speaker.

"And, Sir, if any one vexes you, if I only hear it,

they shan't do it a second time, that's all!" exclaimed a third, whom Edward could hardly distinguish in the gloaming.

"And we'll every one be with you to your own avenue gate," said the second, "though you won't see us; it's not gates or boults that keep us out; and maybe, we won't watch over you—you, and all that have yer honour's good words or kind thoughts; oh, then, if all were like your honour—it's not what we have among us this blessed night we'd have—God knows—"

"It's not want of manners hinders the poor ould man of the house, Sir, from running where I'm honoured by running now—at your horse's head—only, he's made weak by the trouble, there's no strength in his limbs, his fine boy gone; and 'deed, it's worse for another of them, for he's taken—taken with arms at the far end of the pass; we think his landlord will get him off; it's asy to get the grip of the law off, if you've any interest with the county, and the ould man's landlord is a great gentleman, and won't stand any meddling with his best tenants; only it's bothering, and the flower of the flock cut off in his prime."

Edward heard all, but said very little; he was fatigued in body and mind; he thanked them briefly, and offered money to more than one, thinking that like English retainers they waited for a gratuity; but it was always and instantly refused, and that in a manner which showed it gave them pain.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EARLIEST CONSEQUENCES.

THE failure of the guerilla project was by far the greatest defeat sustained by the malecontents of the time; yet the daring attempt had exhibited the determination and bitterness of the people, and proved that they would stop at nothing to achieve their purpose. This, of course, only served to exasperate the gentry still more against them; they said, it was evidently not only the destruction of obnoxious individuals they desired, but that they panted to sweep away all who sought to restrain their violence. The escape had been miraculous; for if the rock had fallen when and where the conspirators designed, it is certain that not one of the gentry would have survived to tell the tale. The insurgents would have had full range to slay and destroy; the gentry would have been stabbed, shot, or crushed to pieces, before they could have received the least assistance from the military—even if the military had been made aware of their situation.

Byrne's hatred of Abel Richards destroyed not only himself, but his project; he paid for his rashness with

his life, and aroused the most fearful determination on the part of those who had escaped, as by a miracle, to "slay to the uttermost and spare not." Not a few of the gentry had believed that their previous conduct entitled them to exemption from the doom which had befallen the property, and menaced the life of the hated middleman; and felt secure in the country, in the very midst of conflagration and murder.

But this attack proved to them the determined spirit of extermination which characterised the conduct of the whole—a resolve to annihilate the memory of all kindness that might have been shown to them by any of the gentry—to destroy "by one fell swoop" all who came within their power. There was something in the plan and conduct of the affair, which aroused "the country:" it is to be feared there were but too many, who were glad to turn the sword against those who had exhibited so steady a resolve to wield it. It was a proof that every man's hand was against his neighbour; the innocent were confounded with the guilty; men and youths fled to the mountains; and women and children, helpless and homeless, looked mutely into faces that were turned into iron against them and theirs. As to Abel Richards, he had never mounted a horse, during the past ten years, but those who saw him wondered if he would return alive! he was considered to have laboured for and earned the fate with which he was threatened. But the attack in the Pass of Kaim-an-eigh was quite another matter; every gentleman felt as though a pistol had been levelled at his own head, or dagger pointed at his heart: it was a universal cause.

Edward Spencer was perhaps the only one in the country who continued apparently inactive both in word and deed. During the fearful agitation which followed, he confined himself to Spencer Court for a few days, seeing only Dean Graves; at last he attended a meeting; and his altered appearance, his pale cheek, and anxious countenance attracted observation; Irish indignation, and the rash, impetuous nature of Irish eloquence, with its mighty torrent of invective—of appeal—of destruction—of revenge, were poured forth; he heard all—every thing, yet maintained silence, and did not seem to sympathise with what he heard; so reserved was he, that more than one hinted, and hinted loudly, that his loyalty was of a questionable nature.

Then, indeed, he spoke, and looked what he spoke in so decided a manner, that those who dared to doubt him, fire-eaters though they were, withdrew their insinuations; not from fear, for they knew it not; nor from a desire not to fight, for even then fighting was a pastime; but from impulse—that indescribable something which moves Irishmen, and indeed all exciteable men, at times, to generous apologies; that stirs within their breasts and remodels their actions. Notwithstanding Edward's former calmness and coldness of manner, his refutation of the charge was so prompt and manly, so full of energy and feeling, that it at once commanded the attention, the respect, the entire and perfect belief—the *faith*, if not altogether the sympathy, of the meeting; and so earnest were they to convince him of their entire change, that they deferred to him as if he were an old resident; and when in the heat and fervour of protesta-

tion, some perhaps cooler and more calculating person —it might be even to try the mettle he was made of— proposed that a subscription should be immediately entered into, with the view to discover who originated or acted the prominent part in the late unparalleled events, Edward Spencer put down, not his name only, but the sum his name was pledged for, freely and frankly. The Goliah he had met at Macroom, rolled his portly person over to him, and inquired, half in jest and half in earnest, "If he took the gentlemen of the county for a pack of shopkeepers, and meant to insult them, by laying down ready money on a subscription list?"

At this meeting, also, inquiries were revived touching the papers which Miss Macdonnel, according to Abel's testimony, had in her keeping. Doubtless if possession of *them* could be obtained, the names of those who organized the people, and kept alive the spirit of insurrection would be disclosed; and instead of groping as they were in the dark, trusting to chance discoveries, and these always made by persons on whose testimony they could not depend, they would be certain of having the whole plan unravelled, and the necessary steps might then be taken with "firmness."

The dean now repeated his belief that Ellen was kept out of the way by interested parties, because her nature was such, that if it cost a thousand lives she would speak the truth; and, judging truly from his knowledge of her character, he also asserted his conviction that she yielded to the concealment rather than bring trouble upon those she loved; nor did it escape the dean's observation that while he thus spoke, Mr. Spencer's eyes

as well as ears devoured his words, and that when he had concluded, Edward grasped his hand and murmured, "God bless you, you read her rightly."

"And why should I not?" was the reply. "Have I not known her all her life, and was there ever any thing about her that ought to remain unknown?"

"I thought," said Mr. O'Driscoll, "that Mr. Spencer had never seen his cousin."

"It does not follow that I cannot appreciate her character, Sir," responded Edward, with more haste than judgment.

"Most certainly not; I have known instances where actual knowledge has destroyed ideal appreciation."

"Do you mean to apply that observation to my cousin, Miss Ellen Macdonnel, Sir?" inquired Edward.

"Now!" shouted the burly Irishman, in a tone of triumph mingled with his rich, ripe, soft, woolly brogue, and the exulting clap of his hands sounded like the report of a blunderbuss: "Now hear to that, boys! an Englishman, so calm and quiet and reserved about all law making and breaking, which is quite *un*-English you'll allow; and yet when a young lady is named whom he has never seen, and according to the present prospect of state affairs, never may see, he bristles up like an Irishman, fires his double barrel, and then waits, as proud as the eagle of Glena to see who dare fire at him; it's a pity not to give him diversion in that way, and my time is not over for that same yet; but my heart warms to the kind young feeling as though sixty winters had not snowed upon my head, God bless him for it! What are you all grinning at?" he exclaimed,

turning round to a group of young men who were nudging each other, and laughing at the old man's well-known weakness, which, set as it was in so burly a frame, was certain to excite their mirth whenever he touched upon it: "What are you grinning at, you young shavers? your hearts (if you have 'em) haven't stirred you yet, or you'd know better; a man knows nothing until he's been touched in the heart—a pistol shot is nothing to it. Do ye think *I* don't know? So close your lips, and learn manners."

This little scene over, the gentlemen returned with unusual steadiness to the object of their meeting. It was determined that, to the rewards already offered both by the government and the gentry for the detection of the originators of the destruction at the house of Abel Richards, a very large sum should be added to secure the ringleaders of the late conspiracy; martial law was already proclaimed throughout the country; and some proposed a reward for the discovery of where Miss Macdonnel was concealed; this was negatived at once, though it was determined that every means should be used for the purpose of finding her. Several of the magistrates entered upon their plans for the detection of the offenders; while others, whose age and experience would have led persons unacquainted with Irish habits, to expect counsel of deliberation rather than haste, and a mingling of mercy with justice—recommended what might seem a course of extermination, and laughed at the idea of any sum of money, any temptation inducing a betrayal.

"The creatures will die by dozens in a ditch," said

Mr. O'Driscoll, "when a few words, uttered secretly would secure them and theirs, the possession of every earthly comfort during the remainder of their lives; but they won't—not they; and the women are worse than the men. We had a rascal once in Cork gaol, a rare scoundrel—thought no more of taking the life of a man than I should the life of a fly, would toss up for a shot at his neighbour as coolly as he would for a noggin of whiskey, and swear an alibi for half-a-crown. Well, when he was fairly housed at last, we worked on him in such a way that he was on the point of turning king's evidence, and a fine point it was, for he was under sentence of death."

"And how could you get him off, if sentence had been pronounced?" inquired Edward.

"Easy—easy; forty ways," was the reply. "And he was a terrible coward—we frightened him with a ghost. Well, we had him ripe and ready; but, as ill luck would have it, we let his wife and his two children in to see him. We thought, in the course of nature, that she would help us—a poor half-starved creature, looking like a hare just hunted over hill, and through water, by a pack of harriers. And what do ye think she did? He told her how his life was to be spared, and how he was to have money, and be lifted, with her and the children, quite out of the country. And she was overjoyed at first, and twisted her thin arms about him, and prayed God for the good of the 'merciful gentlemen;' and the rascal laughed one of his bitter papist laughs at that, and then told her he was under no compliment to them for it, for he earned it.

And when she asked how, and understood it at last, she knelt down, and made her children kneel and threaten to curse him on the spot if he turned informer. She did so! I give you my honour," continued Mr. O'Driscoll; "and she stirred him up so effectually, that he died dumb—dumb as a red herring!"

"That indeed was Roman heroism," observed Edward, who at the moment considered only the deep devotion of the woman to what she believed right.

"She was an obstinate fool; and her children beg the streets of Cork for her to this day, for she lost her senses. But there are hundreds like her; and we shall never get rid of the ringleaders, if we wait till informations are lodged. Money has no more power over them than rain over a river trout."

"What a pity," said Edward, whose mind was embrued with the lofty romance of this devotion, and who, under the influence of feeling, lost sight of its great danger: "what a pity that *we* have never been able to move this power to work to *our* purposes. Surely, if we had taken half the pains to enlist their sympathies, that we have taken to strengthen their prejudices, we should have created a happy, where we have now a miserable, people!"

"Sympathies!" repeated Mr. O'Driscoll, after giving a long whistle. "Well, that *does* beat! The sympathies of a parcel of ignorant savages, whose great sympathy was to murder us all in that infernal Pass! I give you my honour, I have heard forty plans for civilising the Irish, but I never heard of cultivating their *sympathies* before!"

"You must suffer the angry feeling to subside before you say a word in their favour; your oil only increases the flame; let it subside," whispered the dean to Edward Spencer; yet it is doubtful if the judicious hint would have had any effect, but that the evening was approaching; many had far to ride, and no one cared to be out in the twilight; the preparations for the road were quite of a military nature, most of the gentlemen carried a brace of pistols, and some were additionally armed. When their servants were Protestants, they were armed also; and all were well, some of them magnificently, mounted. Horses of the highest blood, and of course most exquisite symmetry, managed without an effort by their riders, whose every movement they obeyed. Unlike the meeting at Macroom, where the destruction of Abel Richards' homestead was a circumstance they noticed, because it was their duty to do so; and where, despite other disturbances, they mourned the time that kept them from their amusements, and but for the well-known character of the Master of Macroom, would have turned every part of the proceedings into ridicule,—now all were determined, and united in their determination, to leave nothing undone to "tranquillise"—according to their reading—the country; though to Edward it seemed a resolve to conquer it, with fire and sword.

The party set off in a body; they had lunched, not dined, and were perfect masters of themselves. Mr. O'Driscoll, who, of late, could hardly find a horse in the kingdom capable of sustaining his weight, bestrode a huge creature, inclined every now and then to be frisky; an animal that seemed to have expanded from

a hunter into an English cart-horse, still retaining its beautiful proportions, and large as it was, *corvetting* at times with inimitable ease and even grace, while its master made several efforts to stimulate the mirth of the party by loud and hearty jests. But though he succeeded for a few minutes, there was a reaction, and their momentary mirth diminished into a silence, seldom broken—save as they bade each other adieu, when their roads lay different ways; and before a gentleman, who had to pursue his road followed by only a servant, departed on his appointed path, while tarrying in his adieus, he examined carefully the state of his pistols, placed them "handy" in the bosom of his coat, and then, as if half ashamed of his precaution, set off at a careless canter, waving his hand, and whistling, while his servant followed closely behind. At last it came to Edward's turn to diverge to the right, just where, had it been standing, the dwelling of Abel Richards would have come in sight.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but was he in it at all today?" inquired the servant, after riding up to his master's side; "I mean, did he go to the meeting of gentlemen that your honour has just left?"

"Who?" inquired Mr. Spencer, whose thoughts were not directed towards Mr. Richards.

"Him that lived over there—once?"

"Oh, you mean Mr. Richards; no, I did not see him."

"Ah, I thought not, when I heard he had been collogueing these two days past with Peter the Peeler;

and then the two made away with themselves, and others beside, out of the place; there will be something afoot soon, that we'll all hear of, for certain."

The servant fell back.

"Who did you say Mr. Richards had been much seen with?"

"Peter, Sir, the Peeler, you saw him yourself, if you remember, at Macroom; he was a gay fellow *once*, with bright eyes, not ashamed to meet the daylight, but he's gone altogether to the bad—into an old, shrivelled up man; and how can he help it, travelling the country, with the curses of the poor weighing him into his grave."

"James," observed his master, "during the short time you have been in my service, you have conducted yourself well, and I think you may understand that no country can be either peaceable or prosperous while the people are unwilling, no matter what the crime may be, that the criminals shall be punished for it."

"Oh, Sir, no doubt; if people do wrong, they ought to suffer for it."

"So far we are agreed, James."

"Yes, Sir; I'd be ashamed to differ from your honour."

"Well then, how is it that such dreadful disgrace attaches to those who give up a delinquent to the laws?"

"Sir?"

"How is it that you are so outrageous against Peter, for instance, simply because he has given information?"

"Sure, Sir, he has told lies—never a word of truth in him, nor ever was; he's made up of falsehood—the base informer!"

"His being what you consider an informer is, you think, his great crime, James. And even you, if you saw a murder committed, I doubt if you would proclaim the murderer."

"The Lord forbid, Sir!" was the servant's quiet reply.

"And why?"

"Is it to have myself and all belonging to me, held up to the country; to have my name, poor as it is, set as a mark for the next hundred years. Sure flesh and blood could not stand it, your honour."

"But can you not see how unsafe every creature's life must be if murders are to bring no punishment?"

"True for you, Sir."

"You might be shot yourself."

A slight smile passed over James's features as he again said, "True for you, Sir."

"And no one mark the murderer."

"Never a one, your honour! and sure, Sir, it's small good it would do me, if they did."

"But justice—the law—I tell you," repeated Edward, forgetting as an Englishman the idea attached by the Irish to those words. "Justice demands a sacrifice, and there is holy authority for it, which says: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'"

"Is there, Sir? Why then I wonder how the counsellors and attorneys, the judges and informers like to hear tell of that!"

Edward felt irritated; the coolness and self-possession of his servant, baffled him with his own weapons; he was about entering upon the question, determined to prove to James the danger and sinfulness of the horrid system; and had tightened his bridle for the purpose, when his attention was arrested by the unexpected appearance of the treasure-seeker.

"Don't be frightened at me, Sir," he said in his gentle voice. "Don't—I'm little more than an innocent now, that the children say 'God help you' to, as they pass. I know by their pitiful eyes, how it is with me. I have been all day long waiting for you at Spencer Court, with this scrap; and Mrs. Myler is so cross. Wouldn't give me the key of my own school, Sir, because she said your honour had not ordered it. So I sat at the door, and looked in at the window, until I could see at their lessons all those the famine and the fever took. All of them! my little darlings—and my Grecians; and my Demosthenes—Joe Mulchahy, that I called my Demosthenes, was standing, as he used, the little rogue, in my place, and I waited for his voice; but when he opened his mouth, there crept out—ough! they were all spectral ghosts and goblins gray, knocking with their fleshless feet upon the floor, while their bones rattled, and the books faded into a thin smoke, and my pretty blackbird—my dead bird—quivered his yellow bill, and sang. Oh my! oh my!—but the world is changed—when there was no one for the love of poor Mat, to take care of his old blackbird!"

Seeing that Mr. Spencer took no notice of the trea-

sure-seeker, but was intent upon the paper he had given him—while he endeavoured to decipher (by the moonlight) its contents, James slipped in, in true Irish fashion, sundry inquiries, and a hint as to who the letter was from. But simple as Matthew was in all other matters, he was too faithful-hearted to betray trust; in fact his intellect was as perfectly alive, when he saw an attempt made to wrest a secret from him, as ever; and he parried the question so as to leave James quite in the dark, who then began talking to him about ancient places—hidden treasure, and mysterious dreams—while Mr. Spencer, having placed the letter in his bosom, suffered the horse for some time to walk on at his own pace, until, moved by a sudden impulse, he put spurs to it. But before James followed, Matthew implored him to take him up, for he must not lose sight of the master; and, accordingly, he mounted pillion fashion, firmly grasping James's leather belt; and Mr. Spencer never was aware of this unservant-like proceeding, for before their arrival, he had thrown himself from his panting horse, and, entering the drawing-room at Spencer Court, rang loudly for his lamp.

CHAPTER XII.

IN CONCEALMENT.

It was a lovely autumnal evening; soft balmy breezes were wafted over the ocean, which reflected in its transparent bosom every vapour that floated between earth and heaven; the water was very, very calm; and it rolled so noiselessly upon the sands of a small bay, near the village of Skull, called Shell Bay, as not to ripple even on the beach, welling around and over the weedy rocks, that seemed to sink under its pressure; close to the shore, the bright blue tone deepened into ultramarine, while the rocks that were covered with the light brown sea-weed, shone like gold beneath the transparent surface. The murmur occasioned by the swell of the ocean as it gained upon the beach, partook more of the character of a low, sighing, whispering music—soft and monotonous in its half audible chaunt—than the usual "voice" of living waters; there was a very silence in the sound; occasionally, a faint rush might be distinguished, as some more boisterous wave swelled on before its companions, and drew back, into the deep, fold after fold

of the silver sand; then, on its return, giving tributes to the land—fragments of coral, bits of sea-wreck, a broad sea riband that might girdle a mermaiden's waist, or a glittering star fish, worthy to sparkle on her brow; or it might be nothing but a few broken shells, or an astonished little crab, cast by the 'whelming water from amid the tasseled and silvery sea-flowers of the nearest rock.

The bay is very narrow, delving in between two projecting reefs, that jut out abruptly from the main land, rising like fortifications on either side—near the base, dark, bare, and perpendicular; then plotted in the various fissures with that soft green downy grass, amid which sea-pinks and the slender London pride, are known to vegetate; higher up, arose a sort of cone of angular rocks, where scores of sea-fowl built, and reared their young in safety; this appearance was to the right of Shell Bay, while to the left, the rocks were less marked in their character, and shelved back to the land, leaving, however, a deep and dangerous fissure; while that portion of the promontory when viewed from the country, stood alone, like a rocky sentinel, bearing an imaginary likeness to a headless giant. It was impossible for persons on the beach to get into this lovely bay at high water, for the rocks projected so far, that when the tide was nearly in, the sea washed over it; to descend or ascend the cliffs would have been a service of danger to the most experienced cragsman, and in times of storm, the sea-wreck accumulated into heaps, increased the natural difficulties that debarred entrance. It is impossible to conceive any strand of finer texture or greater beauty,

but as it shelved upwards it grew rough and uneven, —the stones, enlarging as it were, into fragments of rock as they became piled one upon another—it would have perplexed the most practised eye to discover an indentation sufficient to shelter a living creature: even on that particular evening, when the sun, sinking in the broad Atlantic, threw the glory of his brightness in floods of radiant and varied light into the bay, illuminating every fragment, and penetrating each fissure, until the very sea-birds winked, and floated away on their pointed and glancing wings.

Close, however, to the shore, was an aperture, into which a man could creep—and even this was screened from observation, by a rock springing up in front, within a couple of feet of the opening. The interior of this cave was tapestried with sea-damp—for the tide rolled into it at high water, and roared and racketted impatient of its narrow bounds; it might have been resorted to in old times, when what is now the ruinous village of Skull, was a prosperous town, by those who pursued the smuggler's trade; then, most likely, the entrance was more capacious, for the sea always leaves stony tokens of its visits, which, in time, forbid its own entrance into places where once it revelled.

Those who visited it, at the period of our story, were obliged to creep through a long, narrow passage, perfectly dark in its windings; and as the green sea-weed covered the huge stones, it became dangerous to penetrate, for deep pools of water remained in the hollows after the retreat of the tide. This mysterious entrance terminated in a sort of platform, the only further

outlet from which was a very steep ascent through the cliff of some yards—still in darkness—leading to an excavated chamber—spacious, and sufficiently airy, for a long division in the rock permitted the entrance of both light and air—at the very least forty feet above high water mark. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the sea view to be obtained from this natural window; the broad Atlantic rolled its waters far as the eye could reach, and when the day was fine, there was a superb view, not only of Long Island, but of the Rocky Calves, and Cape Clear. The chamber branched off into another and smaller one, and in this, a window had been hewn out of the solid rock, which could be closed by means of an inner shutter; this, if possible, commanded a wider sea range, than the one we have mentioned; and the light from Cape Clear beacon was seen more distinctly—probably from its being about four feet higher than the other. From this closet-like apartment, there ascended a passage cut through the clay, and when a rock, too large to be removed, intervened, the excavators wound their way round it, thus leaving innumerable buttresses and projections; and in some places its construction was not unlike the geometrical stairs constantly met with in the old castles once so abundantly scattered throughout the country.

To have completed this subterraneous path to the distant part of the cliff where it terminated as cautiously as it commenced, between the shelving rocks formed by the *débris* of Mount Gabriel, and overgrown by gorze and furze, must have been a laborious and tedious work. And the passage, once of considerable breadth,

had become impeded by infalls of clay and rubbish of various kinds.

"Shell caves," as they were called by those who either knew of their existence, or had heard them mentioned as refuges of those who sought shelter there after the troubles of former times, were regarded with more than the usual terror which the peasantry feel towards underground retreats, from the rumour that after the upper entrance had been closed for such a number of years, some boys had discovered it, and upon arriving at the smaller room, found it contained a skeleton!—The fragments of dress denoted that the wearer was a female, and was of no common order; for there were amid the mouldering rubbish, shreds of silk, and shoes were embroidered and high-heeled, and a ring was found upon the fleshless bones, glittering in bitter mockery of the mortality it survived.

They said, that in old times a sea king was in the habit of visiting this particular portion of the coast, and it was believed that love for the daughter of one of the inland chiefs had tamed his fierce nature into a gentleness, which sea kings were generally considered incapable of feeling; and yet the voice of the sea king, when he wooed her in his gentlest mood, was as the voice of storms; and he carried a cannon and a spear, many feet in length, in his girdle, instead of dirk and pistol, and his sigh set all the banners in her father's hall waving; and he told her that she was not worthy to be his love, because she did not value him as he deserved, but that, nevertheless, he had resolved to bestow himself upon her, and that he would endeavour to make her what he desired. He

strove to convince her how proud and honoured she ought to feel at the notice he bestowed upon her; he told her of the battles he had won; of the numbers of men he had killed with his own hand; of the tortures he inflicted upon those who thwarted his desires; of the hundreds he held in captivity in caves beneath the roaring ocean; of the mere shadow of his black flag, making the nations of the earth to tremble; of the richness and strength of his ships; of his sea-beds of pearl and forests of coral; of his love for her having already caused him to behead two wives; in short, the wooing of the sea king was very different from all other wooings that ever were heard of in the green and learned island—a wooing better suited for an ogress, than the gentle, timid lady, Kathleen O'More, of the Primrose Valley.

The sea king's retinue and retainers were as singular as himself; he bestrode a great mountain of a horse, with a scaly tail; the animal snorted its disdain of all other horses in flakes of fire, which blazed from his nostrils, and then galloped away to the lake in front of the castle, sporting and neighing, and at last diving beneath its waters; remaining there until a huge shell, which served the king as a bugle, summoned him to his duty—when he shook torrents from his mane, as though they were drops of water.

Now the old chief loved pleasure and wealth, and exceedingly delighted in the fine presents bestowed by the sea king upon his daughter. There was no end to the music, the singing, and the feasting in the castle when he came; the tables groaned beneath haunches of red-deer venison and boars' heads; claret was more abundant

than water, and as for whiskey! the moat was drained to be filled again by mountain dew. The neighbouring chiefs declared it was impossible the chief of the Primrose Valley could stand it much longer, yet he seemed to grow rich and thrive on his extravagance; but then the neighbouring chiefs were not let into the secret; they saw nothing of the strings of pearls larger than turkey eggs, or the trees of coral, or the horse-loads of diamonds, that were brought by the sea king as presents to his love. But however these gifts might affect her father, it was certain the young lady felt no tenderness for the Vikinger, or whatever he was called. Woman's love is not always to be bought by pearls or corals, or even real diamonds. There are in every age a sufficient number of high-minded and disinterested maidens—fair, and lovely—who keep the jewel of their rich affection for the chosen of their hearts, rather than the selected of their interests; there are, be it known, a sufficient number of such, to rescue the sex from the charge so often brought against them by their "lords and masters," of being much given to gauds and finery, and prone to bestow their hands to hands of gold rather than hearts of love—their heraldry reading, "hands and lands, not hands and hearts." But Kathleen O'More was none of these; she loved the son of a neighbouring chief, and whenever her father commanded her to receive her kingly wooer, she hung her head and wept—wept silently; and then met her true lover in the Primrose Glen, as she always said "for the last time;" but these "last" meetings generally concluded in those days as they do in our own,

with an arrangement for another "last" meeting; and so they continued from day to day, or rather from evening to evening, until some busy person told her father, and her father fearing the sea king's vengeance would be visited on him if he discovered his daughter's dislike to his addresses, threatened to put her instantly to death unless she promised to give up her lover and marry the sea king without further delay.

This she almost refused to do; kneeling to her father with many tears, and entreating that he would not force her to such a sacrifice—offering to do any thing but *that*, to prove her duty and affection. The chief then resolved on trying to effect his purpose by an appeal to her loving duty; he told her how the extravagance of his display, had provoked the jealousy of his neighbours, who could forgive any thing rather than the prosperity in which he rejoiced; and how they had entered into a conspiracy to deprive him of his castle and lands and to cut off his head, and cast forth his retainers; all of which they would be able to accomplish if the sea king did not sustain him by his protection, which of course he would not do, if Kathleen persisted in refusing him her hand.

The poor maiden looked on the white hairs of her father and into the tearful eyes of her mother, and resolved to live out the few months of suffering that would be given unto her for their sakes, and in their service.

The sea king came in his splendour, the sound of revelry and rejoicing was echoed from mountain to

mountain, and Kathleen's mother comforted herself with the belief that because her daughter had achieved a rich husband she must be a happy wife.

She had met her young lover—truly for the last time, for the purest diamond in her heavy crown was not more pure than her honour.

Now there are caverns in the hearts of all men, wherein are concealed either the most precious affections which nourished in secret into their full strength, coming forth in right time and in ripe season, to comfort and hallow all around them; or in which are certain bitternesses, evil intentions, foul thoughts, and deep laid schemes for revenge and destruction: it is wonderful how so much wickedness can be distributed from so small a machine: and though the heart of the sea king may have been larger than the hearts of other men, still the amount of evil he compassed, and the destruction he accomplished in the mere wantonness of power, is spoken of to this day—so as to render it doubtful whether he was not in reality the spirit of evil permitted to assume the bearing and semblance of a strong man, and visit the island as a scourge and a pestilence!

The morning after his bridal he summoned his horse from its retreat, and mounting his trembling bride thereon, said he would show her some pastime from the summit of Mount Gabriel. He threw his great arm as a girdle around her as she sat before him, and the scaly steed ascended the mountain as though he had been an eagle rather than a horse; when at the top the sea king told her to look down on the Primrose

Valley; and he asked her what she saw. And truly she trembled much, for she saw, as it were, herself pressed in a really last adieu to her lover's heart, and she turned her eyes on the sea and made no answer; and again he told her to look, and behold the valley was filled with a *mêleé* of the serfs of other chiefs mingled with the barbarians who called the sea king master, and they strove three to one with the servants of her house, and her lover had fallen pierced with bitter wounds; and her father and her mother were on their knees to armed men; and Kathleen could look no longer on the scene, but entreated her husband that he would spare her parents; he laughed at her agony, and the caverns of Mount Gabriel echoed the laughter as though it had been thunder; and he commanded her to look again, and behold of the old chief's castle there remained but a smoking ruin, and the valley was strewn with heaps of dead, and the river that ran throughout was of red blood, and the barbarians caroused with the retainers of the neighbouring chiefs, and there was loud and unholy revelry.

"Now," said the sea king, "rest your eyes on the blue of the waters, and repose them on the soft white foam of the sea—sweeter and softer it is, than beds of roses—a heaving, restless, immortality—swelling and sounding, talking in its free and fearless voice to the heavens—fresh and powerful—free of all the impurities of the festering earth; a bold, brave, and glorious element. Lady, such is the sea king's kingdom!"

But Kathleen looked again, and, behold, there were none in the valley but the retainers of the sea king—

those of the chieftains' people, who had fought and conquered with them, had been driven by them away from the valley which they hoped to call their own; and the barbarians consulted together and settled how they were to set chief against chief, and clan against clan, until the whole island became theirs! And this they knew they could not accomplish unless they worked upon the jealous and fractious spirit of the proud and kindly but impetuous islanders. And the sea king shouted, "It shall be;" and Kathleen exclaimed, "Oh, my poor country!"

And the sea king shook her from his horse, and said, "Your heart is earthly; I have shown you great sport, and noble pastime—yet you shiver and turn pale—you are no wife for me;" and descending, he traced with his finger the opening leading from the high cliff into the Shell cave; and into it Kathleen was carried by his command, and left alone to pine out her existence. So runs the legend of Shell Bay and its caves.

The caves were now occupied by Lawrence and the friend, who had been so earnest to organise a revolution throughout the west. He was, in a word, a good soldier, but a bad conspirator, and had ruined himself and others. The two young men had evidently endured intense anxiety and privation. Since the failure of their last effort, they had crept stealthily through the country, knowing a price was set upon their lives, and that, so closely were they hunted, the only chance now left of preserving their existence was to quit Ireland as speedily as possible. They had wandered for several

nights on the bleak mountain that towers above the shore, depending for subsistence upon the cold potatoes and "noggins of milk" which the peasantry risked their lives to convey to them, at the very time when a reward was offered for their apprehension, that would have more than realised the dreams of wealth which in cruel mockery sometimes visit the pillowless heads of misery. But with them they were safe; the most ragged child would have died, sooner than betray them; and they arrived at their present retreat through the skilful management of Biddy Doyle, who disguised Lawrence as a hawker of herrings, and Louis as a beggar woman afflicted with the small-pox, and thus passed them through a fair in the neighbourhood, when the few tents that were pitched were examined by soldiers during both the day and the night. Once secreted in the Shell caves, their worn-out hopes revived, and the love of life returned, with the prospect of its being spared—bitter though its continuance must be—at least, for a time.

They had concealed themselves in the caves for more than a week, visited at intervals by Murtogh, who brought them food and such information as he could obtain as to the degree of vigilance exercised towards their discovery; and every now and then a fearful account of some act of retributive justice, which they considered unprovoked. Their necessary confinement would have been more tolerable if any ideal or even imagined sympathy had continued to bind the young men to each other; neither would then have

shrunk from adversity or want, or misery, or distress of any kind; but mistrust had mildewed regard, and they had learnt how little was really common to them both.

Murtogh was stretched upon a couple of sacks in the larger "apartment," his chin resting on his hands, his huge head elevated, and his heavy eyes fixed upon the sky; and thus he had remained for hours. Within, Louis was leaning against the rocky embrasure of the window, gazing down upon the sea, while Lawrence, ever restless, paced backwards and forwards, sometimes pausing to give vent to his impatience.

"Three days have come and gone, Louis, and yet the boat which Lady Mary promised, comes not. I have often heard that running water and lady's words are about as much to be trusted."

"Lady Mary O'Brien's word was never doubted," was the reply: "and dreadful as this state of existence is, it cannot, I know, be avoided. It is not only the boat, but the vessel, that must wait upon us. And delay upon delay may arise, which *here* we cannot understand, and which must be still unavoidable."

"Ah! you gentry know how to plead for each other," sneered Lawrence.

"My sister needs no pleader," replied Louis, "though God knows I, of all brothers who ever lived, ought, if it were needed, to plead for her, who has pleaded for me, at all times, and in this last instance, almost to the peril of her life, and now has embarrassed herself almost past redemption, to save me."

"To save *us*, you would say," observed Lawrence, in his usually untamed tone. "To save *us*."

"I meant what I said," replied Louis. "Her noble mind embraces my friends in her remembrances of me, and you know that in the very letter which Mr. Spencer brought me that night at Gougane Barra, she offered the same means of withdrawal to my friend, that she did to myself. Lawrence—for two such unworthy rascals to have two such sisters, is a strange apportioning of woman's love, is it not?"

"*Your* sister did not interpret so favourably of mine," replied Lawrence.

"She did not know her," said Louis; "she only saw in her the spirit that drew me on to a course of which she disapproved, and who then," he added, while he covered his face with his hands, "then forsook what she destroyed."

Lawrence turned abruptly away; he was moved by some strong emotion, and in a trembling voice, exclaimed, "Louis!" His companion looked up. Again Lawrence turned away as suddenly as before.

"You spoke?" observed his companion.

"Oh! nothing—a thought only—nothing more. I imagined you must have known Mr. Spencer."

"No—I never saw him until that night. I was abroad with my regiment when first he knew my sister. And after her marriage, my sudden disappearance led to so many surmises, that, even if I live in the affections of her and my father, I am not mentioned to them by our acquaintances: I take it for granted, however, that he knew who I was."

The meaning of these words did not reach the ear of Lawrence, who seemed perfectly unconscious that his

companion spoke, and continued moving restlessly about, now watching the wide-spread waters, now examining the priming of his rifle.

"We have never had fair play abroad or at home," said Lawrence, abruptly changing the conversation, as Louis observed he always did, from a domestic to a general nature: "never! I know you will repeat the same reason over and over again, that we are not publicly respected; that what you and others call our 'assassinations,' operate against us—is it not so?"

"You know it is, Lawrence. But these opinions have so frequently caused uncomfortable feelings between us, that they are better avoided."

"Then what are we to talk about?" inquired Lawrence, pettishly. "There are so many forbidden subjects, that I hourly feel more bitterly my dependance upon you for the means of escape from my own land—my own land, beloved as it is! which, but for your *charity* (I may call it so, hard though the word is) would be either my prison or my grave."

"This is unworthy of you, and of our cause," answered Louis, who fluctuated as much as Lawrence, and whose dreams of well-arranged revolt frequently returned in the absence of the disorderly multitude who were now dispersed and starving amid the mountain fastnesses of the country: "this is quite unworthy of you. After a time we shall meet on the same ground, and with a better organised party. For myself I care not; but I do care for those who have failed with us—who trusted so implicitly to our guidance—who believed what we believed all too hastily, of foreign

help and foreign funds;—who saw with our eyes, heard with our ears, and have suffered for OUR ambition or OUR heedlessness! We have added to their miseries; we have augmented their evils; we have rendered wives widows, and children fatherless. Our finest fellows are gone: that poor Doyle—so attached to my family! I cannot tell you what I suffer, Lawrence—death would be a perfect heaven to my tortures. Fool that I was! consoling myself with the idea that because I periled myself I had a right to peril others. I have brought death to their homesteads, and loneliness to their hearts; frightfully increasing their miseries—miseries from which they have no refuge!"

"As good refuge as I have," replied Lawrence.

"If you so argue," observed Louis, "you may say, as good refuge as *we* have."

"No, you have rich friends."

"No, poor in all but feeling. We are only rich or poor by comparison. Of the two, you are richest."

Lawrence laughed, bitterly, scornfully; and then "rushing" at another subject, which had no apparent connexion with that they had previously conversed about, he said,

"If I knew what had really become of those papers, I should be satisfied."

"I have no concern about them," replied Louis. "Your sister's word is guarantee for any thing. Would to God I could be as satisfied of her safety, as of theirs."

"When I am gone she will be safe enough," said

Lawrence, carelessly. "If she had cared much for me she might have obtained some means—not left me penniless; Mr. Spencer would not have refused her, if—"

"Heaven and earth!" interrupted Louis, flushing over brow and cheek. "Heaven and earth! would you have subjected her to ask a favour, and from those whom you despise? You could not mean it."

There was a long silence, and at last Lawrence spoke.

"Louis, Louis!" he said, in a sorrowful tone, "God forgive me, I doubt at times but that I, the Macarthy, might become something like the creatures I could have spurned; at times I am so unlike, at others so like, my former self; there is a clinging of my heart to the old island, mingled with other thoughts, especially at night—in half dreams—a sort of feeling that weighs heavily upon my soul and shakes my resolve, my faith in all things; there are moments when I doubt the thing I look upon, the very faith I would at any time die to preserve; I sometimes think I have the spirit of two persons, centered here; I feel not only at war with the world, but with myself, for being like what my better nature loaths, and would pray, if I *could*, to be like what as a boy I was—an unstained patriot, full of the hope I had resolved to make reality—unfixed, unstable now, like a new vessel, wrecked in its strength—a strength it had not the knowledge to apply. What a curse it is to be great in resolve, yet impotent of power; to have the aspirations of a god clogged by the hesitations of an idiot; to dare all things, to do nothing; to pant for emancipation, to die a slave; to long for immortality, for even a brave opportunity to

pour out the life blood that courses through the heart, in a bold, manly, open war, yet to be doomed to sneak through contention with a concealed dagger and a proscribed rifle. I often think, if I had attended more to the schoolmaster—should I be able to understand these things better than that poor fellow there, who is attached to me and my sad fortunes by an animal instinct rather than by any other cause. What if, after all, Louis, we have been but dreamers of dreams."

Lawrence, soothed for the moment by his own words, walked to the entrance of the outer room, but Murtogh was gone.

"He went up," said Louis. "I saw him steal off as he always does, with the stealthy step of a cat."

"Say rather with the step of a slave," observed Lawrence, in a changed tone. "Before Heaven, Sir, there's not a man, woman, or child will be able to stand erect in the presence of a fellow-creature; that's what the law-makers have done for us—spoiled our carriage. Well, even a slave's grave will cover a hump as well as a straight back; only if we are to take service abroad, we must *seem* like men, at all events," and he drew himself up to his full height.

As he stood thus, Louis, more watchful than Lawrence, quitted the window and went close to the passage that led upwards, and listened.

"What do you hear?" inquired Macarthy, "voices and steps in the passage?" In a moment Lawrence drew the pistols from his belt and cocked them.

"Hush!" said Louis, softly, "it is some one not used to the descent; the feet stumble so frequently—no,

that is Murtogh's growl; no two human beings can be gifted with the same peculiarity of tone; but there certainly is another—hush—it is Ellen!"

"Ellen!—my sister!" exclaimed Lawrence.

"Thank God we shall meet, and all will be explained," said Louis. "Come life or death, I care but little, so we meet once more."

"Louis, Louis!" and while Lawrence addressed his friend, he trembled from head to foot with agitation: "Louis, let me entreat, let me conjure you to say nothing of the past—to—to—" but before he could hurry forth his words, Ellen was clinging round his neck, weeping heart-tears upon his bosom.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXPLANATION.

"At last, Lawrence," she said, "at last I have found you; oh, how I have suffered for these moments, brief as I hope—as I must hope for your sake—they may be; how I have longed and prayed to see you once—only once more; to entreat your pardon, for what truly I could not help, and to see and hear that you still loved your sister. You do not look coldly on me, do not feel unkindly towards me—say so, dear, dear Lawrence!—and yet you seem strangely constrained."

"You have not observed my friend," he replied, without heeding her appeal. Ellen advanced to meet Louis without reserve or embarrassment; the young man trembled violently.

"You are ill, I did not hear you were ill," she said, in her earnest, tender voice; "oh, it is this watching and waiting in these dull caves, with the tolling of the waves below—the anxiety—and the cruel suspense! But you will soon both be on the free sea, and in a safe land."

"And why not you go with us, Ellen?—why not?" questioned her brother, rapidly, as if anxious to quench thoughts by words.

"If it were possible that such should be the case, that your mind was changed—I mean as regards Lawrence," said Louis; "and that you would go with him, I would remain and wait the second opportunity, which my sister mentioned."

"We have not yet had the first," muttered Lawrence.

"But it'll come to-night," observed Murtogh; "I heerd all of it above, by one who knows, and who's been on the watch for us, and who let on where Miss Ellen was, and who see more than one strange sailor landed—make believe looking for fresh wather eight or nine mile round *yan* point, and then rowed off again."

"Come with us, *sister*," said Lawrence; "your life, if you remain, will be one of pain and persecution; what have you to remain for—who to remain with? Come with *me*, we are the only two together in this world." Ellen shook her head.

"It cannot be, Lawrence! those who wish to live together happily, must think together—at least, on the more material points; no, no, it cannot be; perhaps you will love my memory better than you have loved myself." She turned away to conceal her tears, and even her brother observed how much her appearance was changed; traces of thought and care, had deepened on her brow; perhaps, so strangely are we constituted, her bodily health had gained strength, despite the anxiety of

her mind, which being "firmed" and made up as to the course she had resolved to pursue, was less torn by contending feelings than it had been. Events change far more rapidly than time, fast though its flight may be; no woman ever changed more than Ellen, and still, like all noble creatures, the more difficult her position, the more painful her destiny, the greater she became; she struggled bravely with her emotion,—which did not escape Murtogh's observation, and, with instinctive delicacy, he passed from the larger into the smaller room, and his steps were heard ascending the rugged way to the upper cliff. There was a heavy silence, which, for a time, none seemed capable of disturbing; at last:

"Ellen," said Lawrence, laying his hand on her arm, "the tide comes slowly in, and still there is no sign on the waters of the escape we looked for."

"They would not come—they could not come by day," she replied, "nor even by such light as this; the crescent of the moon just shows, and when the night darkens, they will come; be sure they'll come to-night."

Lawrence made an impatient gesture.

"If they do come at all," he said, with an oath. "But they won't, there will be some excuse; friends or foes, it's all the same, they hold no faith with Ireland. I'll not stay much longer; my limbs grow stiff and cramped for want of motion; I'd rather die like a free man, than continue chained here, in this sea-bird's eyrie. The very silence of the place, broken only by the monotony of that treacherous ocean, is enough to drive a man distracted. We have looked over these waves, until my

eyes ached; until I fancied every bird a boat; and I could have dashed myself against these rocks in a frenzy of disappointment, but for the weakness of starvation."

"But there will be no more of that, no more of that for you anywhere," eagerly interrupted Ellen; "that was another stimulant to my journey here; I cannot tell you of the liberality which has placed a power in my hands that I delegate to you right joyfully."

"Ellen," he replied, "it was not that I wanted moneyed means; thanks to Louis—for I must do him justice—his purse has been as free to me as to himself; but the poor creatures dare not bring us food, no matter how they desired it, lest we should be tracked. Look from that opening down upon the sands,—we have watched for hours there, to cast a rope for a small net full of cold potatoes, brought—one by one—by the shrimp-boys, while fearing that the very rocks would bristle with bayonets."

"I can believe all that's told by old histories," she replied, "as to difficulties and dangers; and though, thank God, the fever has ceased throughout the country, and they say food is cheap and plenty in the towns, the peasants fear to seek it. I left the castle at night, after—what I cannot bear to think of—in Kaim-an-eigh, guided by a boy, and disguised as I am now, and the sister of Lawrence Macarthy found concealment and shelter wherever it was needed; indeed, once when I had every reason to believe that Abel Richards suspected where I remained for three days, waiting poor Matthew's appearance, I was made aware of my danger by the generous kindness of a gentleman I had never seen, and

preserved from it;—but time is passing, I may not have moments to tell you all I desire; the wretch Richards has harrowed the country to discover me, thinking my evidence must destroy you, if there was nothing else."

"So much for the faith he has in your truth," sneered her brother, again tossed from his better nature by one of his sudden gusts of temper.

Ellen did not seem as though she heard the taunt; yet her lips trembled. She unfastened the tie of her coarse blue cloak, which, like her dress, was that of a Kerry peasant-girl, and it fell from off her shoulders.

"If you had been brave, as I once hoped you were," cruelly persisted Lawrence, "I need not have been here as I am now—I need not fly the country. *You*, without lifting your finger, could have made Richards the laughing-stock of all Ireland. Could have got him cursed by all who had breath to curse. Got him hooted out of the island. You had nothing, as I told you before, to do; nothing!—but simply to deny his statement; to deny that you saw me on that night. Who would have believed *his* word opposed to yours—who? Who would have known the contrary?"

"God," replied Ellen, in a low, quiet voice.

"Cant—pure cant," exclaimed Lawrence, stamping violently.

"I cannot endure this!" exclaimed Louis, "this is unworthy of you, Lawrence—it is unmanly. You know her nature, you know her rectitude; you know that *she* is actuated by principles of the highest honour, however unfortunate for your position it may be that she is so."

"I am over-fatigued—and faint," she said; "my

brain whirls, I did not expect such a reception, after all. Oh! Lawrence, God—the God whose truth I honour—knows how gladly I would resign a life, thus in my early youth without one tie to bind it to the world, to render you free in this our land. But I have no power to do what you require; the knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong, is given to me, and I must do what I think right. I *dare* not sin; I have no right to pollute God's holy air; I could not do it. In an evil hour I sheltered that bad man. Yet why should I call it evil?—but for that shelter—your hand, still spotless, might have been stained——"

But Lawrence would not permit her to finish the sentence. He extended his arm, and swore by the holy cross that his vengeance should still be accomplished. In the excitement of her feelings, she threw herself on his bosom, but he thrust her from him with even more than his usual impetuosity; and then, bitterly repentant of a violence which, uncertain in all his moods, her next words might cause him to repeat, he earnestly entreated forgiveness.

It was granted with the eager generosity of a pure-hearted, high-minded woman, ready to confer an affection in recompense of an injury. She regained her serenity more quickly than did Lawrence; for his repentance was always bitter, and he continued to hang his head, while she pressed his hand between hers, and told how Edward Spencer had neither slumbered nor slept until he had settled upon her what he called her mother's fortune. "And this," she said, "*brother*, you have a right to share with me."

Again the string jarred. "No right—if the legend of the country tell truly: I am base-born and a papist. What right, Ellen, can such have to inheritance? You speak like a foolish woman."

But nothing could shake her resolve to soothe him whom, despite his faults, she loved most devotedly, more now when about to become an exile, than she had ever done before.

With ready tact she changed the subject, and showed how it was her loving prayer that he would *share*, at least, what she possessed; that in the strange land to which he was bound, he would need what she could have no means of spending; little, she said, would serve her here, and that little it would be her dearest delight to distribute amongst those whom she had succoured all her life; that when the troubles subsided, the glensmen and wild dwellers of the hill would need some one who understood and cared for them, as she did; and, at last, seeing tears stealing from beneath her brother's half-closed lids, she took from her bosom a purse heavy with gold, and placed it in his reluctant hands, which at last closed upon her gift.

"I have heard say," she observed, "that the fastest friends are made faster, by having no pecuniary transactions with each other; but I cannot think it so. The Irish are too long dependant on each other to feel that to be true; we do not shrink from services of love, they bind us all the faster, and you and your friend will still share with eachother in a far land."

Lawrence made no reply, but at once occupied himself in perfecting the small arrangements he had so frequently studied — examining his pistols, and bur-

nishing the mounting of his rifle; then gazing from the window, at last he said, "How bright the moon is rising, yet calm as it is, I see no boat; look out, Ellen; I remember what a clear, keen eye you always had, you could mark a plover or a partridge on the heath when I could not, and always directed me wrong; —ah, Nelly, I lost many a fine bird through your tender mercy."

It was a memory of their young days; troubled and stormy as they were; such memories were few, but none the less sweet.

"And the rabbits, Lawrence; do you remember my delight at finding a spotted rabbit, and how you nursed it for me? Look as I may, there is nothing on the sea yet, except a far distant brig—but it is early; yonder is Cape Clear, and the light-house does not twinkle; but it may not be so long; and Lawrence, I wished to ask, is there no one to whom I can be kind for your dear sake—is there nothing I can do while you are away—is there no message?"

"Murtogh goes with us, Ellen, old Esther is gone, and the remains of my ancestral castle have been made a heap of smouldering ruins; do not spare help to those who followed the Macarthy; when you see Father Luke, tell him I shall never forget his advice."

"I would rather take a message to Father Duffy," replied Ellen quickly; "Father Luke has been a fire-brand among the stubble; forgetting that his calling is to preach peace, he has roused up feelings that, but for such men, would slumber into forgetfulness; I cannot call such men Christian priests—men who steep the

cross of our dear Lord in blood before they lift it to the multitude; there have been too many such in Ireland; may they be forgiven, but not as they would forgive." Lawrence scowled upon his sister, and fearing she had said too much, she added, "I may well be angry when his name is mentioned, for it was his evil counsel that urged you onward."

"The memory of the past still more so," replied Lawrence, "the memory of the sad past—my grandmother's last words—her advice: but no matter, no matter now: the moon is still looking down on a sea unbroken by a single oar. What can we think of it, Louis?"

"I think," replied Louis, "more of your sister, than of ourselves; would that she could be prevailed on to accompany you; if my remaining could be the means of this, I would rather perish than she should be unprotected."

"No," she answered, "no, although I cannot be to you, Louis, what your disinterested love deserves, I will never, never, suffer you to incur fresh danger for my sake; it is for me to remember that my wild theories first led you to peril all for what you considered my country's rescue; the enthusiasm of a thoughtless girl led you forward."

"Not altogether that, Ellen," he answered, "although it was a deep impression your loveliness, your enthusiasm, your affection for your country, made upon me when first I met you in England. I confess when I saw your beauty illumined by your patriotism, I felt ashamed, as an Irishman, of having taken service with a tyrant;

my whole soul was steeped in love for you, and I sought to win your heart by giving my heart and arm to our mutual country; I was altogether ignorant at that time of what we both know too much of now; I negotiated with the agents of discontent wherever I could discover them, and still lured onward by the promise of your approbation—the prospect of your love if I succeeded—"

"I gave you no such promise," interrupted Ellen; "I held forth no such prospect."

The words passed in a moment, in less time than they have taken to read; and Lawrence sprang from his sister's side, exclaiming: "Peace, peace! What does this matter? Of what consequence can it be? Why go back to that, these last, few, brief moments, the only moments we may have together, Louis. She will not leave the country. Why torture her and me with this proposal?"

"But Lawrence, this must be explained," said Ellen, calmly.

"And Lawrence can explain it," added Louis; "he led me distinctly, and repeatedly, to believe you promised, if I conquered the foes of your country, that you would become my wife."

"Oh, brother!" exclaimed Ellen, clasping her hands. "Can this be so? Was this the reason that—" she paused to collect her thoughts, then added, "But you received my letters, Louis, you surely could not have mistaken them?"

"No," he said, "I received no letters."

"Not before my illness?"

"Neither before nor since."

"Lawrence!" exclaimed Ellen, seizing his arm, "Lawrence, you surely have not led your friend onward to his destruction by misrepresenting my feelings and my views to him?"

Lawrence turned away.

"I see it all now," she said, "I see it all, and my cup of bitterness is not yet full; I see now why he would not permit me to undeceive you myself, long ago; I see now the reason why your sister, Lady Mary, reproached *me* in such bitter terms in a letter which has been steeped by my hot indignant tears, for having led you to this pass, when I knew and warned you of the hopelessness of what she said I encouraged. Oh! she did me bitter wrong," and Ellen covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

Lawrence swore an oath so loudly that it echoed through the mysterious passages of the caves, "That Lady Mary should yet be taught to remember the injury she had done his sister."

"That comes well from you after suppressing Miss Macdonnel's letters, and leading to *my* sister misunderstanding *your* sister's noble nature," was Louis' quick reply.

"Oh, it is easy enough to turn and twist things to your own purpose," said Lawrence.

"It is you who did so; you who fooled me to my destruction; who deceived me—I might have known it."

"Do you say I deceived you?" urged Lawrence, fiercely.

"Lawrence!" interposed Ellen, while she trembled

with agitation. "What do you mean?—why not at once confess the truth? You were urged by your love of the cause—that was it, nothing but that; you are good friends now—good friends as ever. It was his devotion to his country; his desire to have one he admired and loved as he did you, staunch to it; indeed that was all, Louis: and women are often sacrificed from more unworthy motives," she continued, terrified by her brother's violence, and the calm, determined aspect and quivering lip of Louis.

"Follow me to the beach," said Lawrence, without heeding Ellen.

"I'll *follow* you nowhere," was the sharp reply.

"Then lead, and I will follow; I'll cede you this, most noble captain."

"Oh, brother!—Louis!" exclaimed Ellen, making a determined effort to command her feelings: "Oh, brother!—is this a time, when you are about to fly together to another land, to jar and quarrel with each other? Let me entreat you, Louis, to forbear; you always said you loved me!"

"De boat!" exclaimed Murtogh, rushing down. "De boat—one shout for de dear life—hurroo! I see her round de point—and watched de signals—de crossed oars—and all—hurroo! Murtogh's a proud man—dere 'ill be plenty above to care for you, Miss Ellen!"

"Go, Lawrence," said Louis; "go—I will not voyage with you: come life, come death."

"Then Ellen goes with me," answered Lawrence; "she shall not remain to have her name blown upon

by your lady sister as one who companioned you at midnight in a cave—come Ellen."

"Shall I return de signal, Masther Lawrence?" inquired Murtogh, wild with joy at the prospect of escape. "Shall I, Sir. Oh, den—murder itself—what ails de whole of you? See how dey pull for de dear life—for liberty—and a new country."

"Lawrence!—Louis!" exclaimed Ellen, while she cast herself on her knees before then, "here I entreat you to forget the past and fly, as you have fought, together. Louis!—see you not that it was his love of the cause, mistaken as it was, that led him to deceive you. Indeed—indeed he has pleaded for you as it were for life;—it sundered us more than once, and doubtless relying on the false tales of woman's changing nature, he thought I might change also. Do not turn from me, Louis: Lawrence, look not so resolved. Oh, heavens! what curse is on this land that thus sworn brothers turn upon each other for slight cause, even at the last extremity."

"It is not a slight cause," said Louis. "I can hold no fellowship with liars."

In a moment Macarthy's blood suffused his pale cheeks with the deepest crimson; his retort to the insult, was a blow from his rifle, so sudden and desperate that his companion fell instantly beneath it.

Ellen did not scream; but she threw herself upon her brother so as to prevent his repeating his violence, though he had evidently no inclination to strike again. It was the momentary impulse of anger to which he

had yielded; and when that was satisfied, he looked in horror at its effects.

"There again, Masther Lawrence. Oh, glory! and is it you dat must wait for us, dat have waited for you! Shall I carry de captain down, Sir, as it's past walking he is, not to be losing time and tide?" inquired Murtogh, to whom the outrage seemed a matter of course. "Faith, I'm not ashamed of yer hand at a blow, any way, only it was a quare time ye took to give it!"

"Lawrence," muttered Ellen, hoarsely, as she still clung around her brother, and pointed to where Louis lay, while the beams of the moon, as they fell upon him, rendered his features still more ghastly than they were, and Lawrence felt her shuddering while she spoke:

"What have you done?" she continued. "Raise him up, and carry him with you; he is your friend—your dear friend—your faithful friend;—how still he is! Murtogh—quick—quick—carry him to the boat!" and Ellen staggered towards Murtogh to compel his attention to her desire; but she was unable to do as she purposed, and would have fallen, had he not prevented it.

"Are you going to take *this* with us?" inquired the half savage; and he lifted Ellen as if she were an infant, and held her forward to Lawrence, who had now knelt down beside Louis, and raised his head from the ground; then looking again from the window, he said,

"Hurry, Masther Lawrence, for de love and honour of ould Ireland; sorra a taste of use it will be to hurry,

if you don't do it at once; don't take on at all about de captain, sure it isn't a clip like dat would harm him, it's only stunned he is—sorra a more. I wonder at you, Masther Lawrence!"

But Murtogh's words were unheeded, anxiety for Louis had taken possession of Lawrence altogether.

"Quick, Murtogh," he replied, as he drew his cloak beneath Louis's head. "Quick, bear her down first; we will all go together; bear her down first—and then we will return and carry him."

"Asier said than done, Sir," observed his foster-brother, "it's not her weight that could hinder me, but the passage is so narrow; you must go first, lifting her on, and I'll follow; don't seek to rouse him, Masther Lawrence, for God's sake, till after we get him in de boat; he'll come quick to himself den—fast enough—one would tink yerself never had a bit of differ wid a gintleman before—to see how much ye take on about this."

"I cannot leave him until he speaks," said the impetuous Lawrence, again flinging himself on his knees beside him, "I cannot—cannot leave him until he says he forgives me."

"Why to be sure he does; he gave you de lie, and you wiped it out—and quick too. A Macarthy take a lie, from a half Sassenah? think of it yerself, Masther Lawrence."

"Yes, that is true," said Macarthy, rising, and wiping away the drops that agitation had scattered upon his brow; "yes, that is true, he did give me the lie—he called me liar."

"Devil a surer ting, Sir," replied Murtogh; "and now, just lift her along so, if you mean her to go."

"Had we not better take him down first?" said Lawrence, hesitating.

"Just lave him asy, dear, for a minute or two, and he'll come to himself de quicker; oh, murder, intirely to see how you go on, never minding, and de very waves below marking de minutes."

Lawrence made no further reply, and in a few moments they had carried their light burden into the little sand bay, where the boat sheltered beneath the shadow of a rock. The motion, and action of the air had in some degree revived Ellen—but not to perfect consciousness. She moaned, and turned her head; but her brother held her close to his bosom, and urged her to confidence, in his softest voice; while he lifted her into the boat, Murtogh stooped down and whispered something to an oarsman, and apparently not satisfied with his reply, repeated his words.

"Is this a time to mutter?" exclaimed Lawrence, "is this a time to mutter when there's work on hand? —fetch in that cloak!"

Lawrence was in the act of stepping on shore to return for Louis, when he was seized by both arms from behind; instantaneous and unexpected as was the act, he resisted with his usual bravery, and after a moment's struggle was again free and on shore; he had drawn a pistol from his belt and aimed it at Abel Richards—whom he recognised standing at the steerage—when the coward seized and held the struggling Ellen before him, so that if Lawrence had fired, his sister must have received the contents of his pistol; this movement com-

pelled Macarthy to drop his weapon, and Richards took advantage of the pause to fire: the shot told; Lawrence reeled and discharged his pistol at random; Ellen's shrieks were echoed by the caves, and in less time than it has taken to record it, Lawrence was dragged into the boat; Murtogh had been previously overcome by numbers, but Ellen burst from Abel Richards' hold, and wildly questioned her brother as to where he was wounded.

"Not much hurt—not much hurt—not much, Ellen, not finished by *him* at all events," was the reply.

"Now, boys, push out—for the Lord has delivered more than we expected into our hands," said the voice of Abel Richards.

"Stop," exclaimed Ellen, "and listen, before you dip oar in water: under the canopy of heaven—where nothing hinders my words from ascending to the throne of Him who sees, hears, and judges all things—do I denounce you, Abel Richards, as an ungrateful hypocrite, forgetful alike of your promise, and the peril from which I saved you. You stand there, now, the murderer of my brother—confident of triumph—and yet you are as like to be betrayed to a hard death before sunrise, as those whom you have marked for destruction. I never felt that I could curse till now; and even now pray, that the curse my heart in its anguish registered against you, may—not be fulfilled."

Lawrence looked astonished at her words, and Abel Richards shrank from them, muttering, that what he did was in pure self-defence—nothing more.

"We ought to search the caves," said the sergeant, who had accompanied the civil power.

"No backing—no delay," replied Richards, who

cared for no victims that could not be sacrificed to his own purpose, "on, at once. Do you not perceive? are your understandings darkened? We heard there were three, and three are delivered unto us—truly the Lord is gracious!"

Murtogh lay in a heap like a snared animal, glaring around him, while so close did the soldier, who considered him his lawful property, hold the bayonet to his throat, that every heave of the boat caused it to prick him. Lawrence was secured by two, who tied him to themselves, and Ellen's words subsided into convulsive sobs. Richards affected a show of sympathy for the "dear young lady,"—according to his usual phrase,—"thus mercifully plucked from the burning:" he addressed to her sundry sentences, and at last attempted to cast his own cloak around her, saying the night was cold: but with right womanly indignation she sprang to her feet.

"Touch me not!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, neither at sea or on land. Hypocrite! blasphemer! you think your prey is netted; you think to convict the brother through the sister's lips—that sister to whom you owe your life—but your time will come, your punishment arrive. You have urged on justice with the same whip, that you, and men like you, have lashed the people to insurrection. But why should I speak to you at all; you have conquered for a time as you have lived—by treachery. But why should I speak? your time will come!"

"Treachery," repeated Lawrence, and he spurned at Murtogh with his foot; "if people are betrayed, there must be a betrayer, and none but Murtogh knew the hour and the signals."

"Me, Masther Lawrence, me!" exclaimed his foster-brother, "you could not mean it, Masther Lawrence, you surely could not mean it!"

"No, no," said Ellen, with ready sympathy, "he does not mean it; don't let it hurt you, Murtogh, he does not mean it!"

They were now clear of Shell Bay, and Lawrence cast his eyes for the last time along the line of cliffs that had afforded him so much shelter for so long a period; his despair did not prevent his thinking of Louis, and the arrow rankled still more deeply in his heart, while he recalled what Louis must think of him when he revived; for a moment, he regretted that he had spoken so unjustly to his foster-brother, but all his efforts to think of any thing, merged into bitterness at his own position; in this thought, even the anguish of his bodily pain was forgotten—trapped at the moment of escape by Abel Richards.

The night was one of the purest beauty; the boat with its freight of human passions and interests, bounded onwards, under the steady strokes of the sturdy rowers—leaving in its wake a stream of quivering silver. They kept sufficiently near the shore to note every headland and point, and all the giant fastnesses of the superb coast stood boldly forward, with the huge mountain—Mount Gabriel—as a background towering to the heavens. Frequently did Ellen look back towards Shell Bay, and her keen sight discovered a boat in the distance bearing towards the land; the next moment it was perceived by others; suddenly the rowers were commanded to stop, and a brief consultation took place, as to whether they were to proceed, or to attempt to

seize those whom they had forestalled, and whose purpose was to frustrate the ends of justice. It seemed almost certain from the suspicious movement of the boat, in connexion with known circumstances, that the purpose of those who sailed in her, was to carry away from the shore the persons who were now prisoners. But when a suggestion was made that they should return and receive more certain assurance, the proposal was opposed by Richards.

"I am bound to act as you direct, Sir," said the sergeant, addressing Abel Richards; "but I think we can hardly answer for not having a tug with them yonder, rowing into Shell Bay as boldly as we did ourselves: surely, we had better row back."

"Let us leave them to Almighty justice," replied Mr. Richards, in his usual sanctified tone; "let us leave them to Him who knoweth best; we must not bend the bow too strongly, my good friend, or shoot our arrows at random, seeing we might slay the innocent; it may be that these poor people are only Kelp gatherers."

"At this hour, master?" said the sergeant, sulkily. "No—no—they are those we have foiled: and seeing they are his majesty's enemies—sworn foes—conspirators—insurgents—disturbers——"

"Beware, my good friend, of attributing motives to those who may be better in the sight of Heaven than ourselves," interrupted the arch hypocrite; "verily we know not what we say; yet is your zeal commendable, and of good loyalty—we will forward."

Now the sergeant entertained a thorough contempt

for Abel Richards, whom he knew to be a coward, and reading his fears rightly, continued, "The prisoners are quite harmless, Sir," he said; "there is no fear whatever of rescue where we land; and it is a sore pity not to have a shot at such buckancering, rascally kidnapping scoundrels."

Abel Richards heaved a sigh heavier than the swell that passed beneath their boat, and lifting up his hands as if in prayer, replied:

"My heart is heavy for you, my good soldier, for seldom does the heart of flesh beat beneath a scarlet coat. Why should we seek to slay where we are not sure. Alas! is it not grievous to me to have been forced, by the offended laws of my country, to do this thing to a neighbour's child! Onward, boys—dip your oars—and put your trust in the Lord for your safe voyage."

"As you please, Sir," answered the sergeant; "but you have been so anxious to catch these, that I thought you wouldn't mind a little more trouble to net others, who are quite as bad."

"I wish you would learn a little more Christian charity, and not impute bad motives, but think kindly of all men," said Richards, sharply; and then added, "As there are surely some voices amongst us, suppose we raise a hymn to pass away the time; there is no knowing how a word may find its way, even at the eleventh hour!" and after a few "hems," he began; but no voice united itself to his; it "crackled" a few stanzas through the air, and then ceased, leaving the boat's company and their unwilling freight, in deep silence on the mighty world of waters.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE AVENGER.

THE boat continued its almost noiseless course in the full beams of the full moon; the sky above, as clear as the water beneath, and no passing cloud veiling for a moment the sober magnificence of the heavens. Ellen's thoughts were for a time absorbed by anxiety for her brother; she could form no idea of the nature or extent of the injury he had received; her inquiries were replied to by monosyllables; only once he asked her for a shawl, which she gave, and he thrust into his bosom. She watched his every movement, and derived consolation from observing that no sigh or moan escaped his lips—that he sat not only erect, but was more than commonly calm and quiet; yet he contrived to evade her inquiring looks; once, indeed, when she took and pressed his hand, he murmured, in return, "My poor sister!"

It was the instinctive tenderness of a moment, and as quickly passed; then she recalled their last interview with Louis, and hoped her fears had exaggerated the danger he had undergone from the passion of Lawrence;

and she prayed that those who had been sent to seek them in the lair they had so rashly abandoned, would seek and find him. It was evident that Abel Richards, having secured his principal prey, cared for little else; or that he only knew the *number* of those concealed within the cave, and was unaware of Louis being one of them; it was certain, that they had only expected to capture three—and this they had accomplished.

Lawrence continued to maintain a sullen and determined silence; no one would have supposed that he "suffered," in the usual acceptation of the word. Murtogh muttered occasionally in Irish, until commanded to be still by a voice he had never disobeyed. The captors were as silent as the captives—with the exception of Abel Richards, whose exultation knew no bounds; it seemed inclined to assume many shapes—now bursting forth in chosen texts of scripture, then finding voice in song, or rather psalm.

Notwithstanding that she took no notice whatsoever of the observations he addressed to her, he would utter expressions of interest, esteem, and good-will for Ellen Macdonnel, which forced her brother's hands to tingle, and his heart to swell almost to bursting; then he would revert to the past, and with admirable skill in torture, speak to the spy—who crouched like an animal at his feet—of the various matters that were sure to rankle in the bosom of Lawrence Macarthy;—such as the apportioning of particular land; the removal of stones from one of the Macarthy castles to rebuild his pig-sties; the doom which had been executed on two "rebels," convicted of participation in some late affair on the borders

of Waterford county. It was really surprising how he could continue in the tone of voice which had so completely disgusted Edward Spencer on board the steamer; to whine forth oily sentences of cruelty, freighted with torture to the feelings of the unhappy prisoners, managing—so nicely were they timed—that not even the dip of the oar should cause a syllable to be lost;—at one moment, chuckling over a successful ruse; at another, blasphemously chanting forth his "gratitude" to the Almighty: "Truly, the sun is permitted to shine alike on the just and on the unjust—until the end cometh, when all will be made clear."

It was evidently intended to run in the boat, where there could be no chance of rescue—close under a coast-guard station; and where, if any tumult arose, a siege could be maintained; it was evident, also, from the peculiar light seen far out at sea, that the boat was looked for.

Lawrence, to whom every foot of the coast from Cork harbour to Cape Clear was perfectly known, remembered how deep the water was at either side of the narrow peninsula they must pass to reach the shore, and which jutted from the base of the proud headland, a natural and most picturesque pier; the coast-guard had rendered the almost perpendicular ascent from this "pier," to the cliff-head, more secure, by cutting steps, fixing posts at convenient distances, and connecting them by a rope; the pier itself was tolerably broad—broad enough, at least, for two persons to walk abreast—and though washed over at high water, it was by no means as "slippy" as might have been expected. No

boat could have approached beneath the promontory, but for this freak of nature—casting her rocks into the heaving ocean, which, in the calmest times, rolled with a mighty swell beneath. As they drew near, the boat was lifted silently upon the crest of the intermediate wave, called emphatically "the death wave," and then descended so rapidly into the trough of the sea, that Ellen raised her eyes to the solid-looking mass of leaden-coloured water with an hitherto unknown feeling of terror; the sensation was quite new to her—as it must be to all, who, for the first time, mount and sink upon this awful swell.

The lurch of the boat threw Abel Richards closer to his prisoner.

"Young man," he said, "I would not see you delivered up to the avenger without an entreaty that you would humble yourself by penitence and prayer, and it might be that a door would open by means of divine grace, so that even at the eleventh hour you might be saved; I do not mean saved for the nothingness of this life, but for eternity."

If Abel Richards could have seen the look of indignant scorn which replied to this counsel he might have been silenced; he noted but the impatient gesture of the proud head, and the brutality of his nature prompted him to continue:

"You must surely see the hand of a directing Providence in this, delivered as you are into the power of the merciful laws against which you not only rebelled but incited others to rebel. You cannot be so blind as not to observe how, at the moment when escape

was within your grasp, when the very boat that was to convey you to liberty was on the waters, you were delivered over to justice—yea, even in company with her, your own sister, by whose testimony you will be convicted, unless she is intimidated to perjure her soul for your sake; though," he continued in a tone of mock commiseration, "there would be no use in it, for there is abundant evidence against you, yea, truly abundant to hang a score of Macarthys."

Still Lawrence replied not. No Indian warrior ever endured insult with greater dignity; nor did Ellen to whom he had the coarseness to appeal more than once, take more notice of his words than if they had been murmurs of the sea. Richards was too intense a tyrant not to feel exasperated that any living creature, his own peculiar victim more especially, could possess a power beyond that which he enjoyed; and he persevered in his endeavours, but still in vain, to provoke retort.

Frequently the boat neared the shore, and as frequently it was considered necessary to urge it back from the fulness of the swell, and because of its being more deep in the water than they desired, in consequence of the augmented number it contained.

With the malice of a demon, Richards spurned Murtogh, where he still crouched, utterly crushed in heart by the cruelly unjust words his foster-brother had heedlessly uttered; and while doing so he asked the sergeant if *he* would sanction the casting such a "carcase" over board a little before its time, adding that, "God forbid he should mean it otherwise than in jest, as the tender care of the law, provided that no

such popish sinner even as Murtogh should perish without benefit of trial, time, and prayer."

But despite all these little "playful" observations on the part of Richards, the night waned slowly, and the rowers declared it would be half-an-hour or maybe more before "the turn of night towards morning" enabled them to land.

Abel Richards had frequently partaken of and distributed what was deemed in those days necessary to "keep up the spirits" or to "stimulate exertion." Its effects became gradually more and more visible; it had for some time swelled his exultation into insolence, and while it thickened his articulation rendered him more lavish of his words; disgusting at all times, the drink rendered him even more so than usual, as with breath heated with liquid poison, he uttered prayers and imprecations at the same moment. Ellen raised her eyes to heaven and then fixed them upon the beacon light and the irregularities of the cliffs; she fancied that her wearied body and over-wrought mind conjured a vapour into a vision, but as the boat heaved, she saw gliding from the pier—gliding smoothly and without effort over the pointed crags—the same figure with hooded head and outstretched arms, the very figure which years long past she had seen crossing the river on the memorable night when her aunt and Madam Macarthy breathed their last. She watched the apparition gliding through mid air, its cloak floating behind it, the arms raised; up—up—and then—that was no freak of her imagination, for it roused the attention of her companions on the water—a shrill piercing scream;

another—that made Lawrence start; his eyes glared and his cheek flushed; and Murtogh shuddered, uttered a suppressed groan, and hid his face; while Abel Richards, instinctively crossed himself upon breast and brow—the habit of his early days reviving with all its ancient force during the brief moment of terror.

Again the shriek was heard; but fainter—and from a distance.

"Lawrence!—my brother—Lawrence!" exclaimed Ellen in a tone of anguish. And she cast herself on her knees by his side.

"It will be soon over with me after *that*, Ellen," he murmured in reply; "but it makes me sure of one thing; the Banshee never cried for a base-born Macarthy."

Murtogh roused himself—sat up—and said, "Thank God for it."

"There's the first gray of morning," observed the sergeant, after a pause, "and the lull came over the waters with the scream of them sea-birds. Row, boys, row, three minutes will do it now—steady."

"The sae-birds!" stammered Abel Richards, with a thickened utterance and a triumphant chuckle, determined to do away with the impression his involuntary action might have created. "It's not s—s—sae-birds." He lifted his hat with half-drunken gravity, swinging from one side to the other. "Gentlemen—as I was going to observe—it's a case of de—ci—ded blasphemy to call it the voice of sae-birds!—cock sae-birds up, with such (as the poor benighted sinners call it) an *ullagawn* as that!—not it, indeed! Brethren!—I am

of a meek and merciful disposition; and though it may be a sin, it's the wakeness of my nature to be merciful —*that* sae-birds!" He clasped his hands together. "No—it's the screeches of Papists, howling in h—!"

But before he completed a sentence so fearfully in accordance with the brutalising theory of his latter days, the boat reeled violently; it could hardly be said there was a struggle, but two men rolled rapidly and heavily into the dark, deep waters, that swelled and fretted, and splashed; and the waves closed above them as the boat shivered and then regained its position. A low cry of mingled horror and astonishment burst from some of the men, while others seemed as though struck by lightning. Lawrence, with natural bravery, made an attempt to spring in after them, but he was unable to accomplish his purpose, his guards at either side preventing it.

"It is Murtogh!" sobbed Ellen, "I saw Murtogh seize him;—there, there they are—merciful Heaven!"

"Back the boat—give me that oar!" exclaimed the sergeant, who, having barely tasted the spirits, was by far the most collected of the party.

By the gray light of morning, Richards saw the effort as he wrestled for life, and his arm, still full of strength, was extended to clutch the oar flung to him. But again Murtogh dragged him down, and the bubbles floated heedlessly away. And now the whole party was effectually aroused: all suddenly sobered—and all anxious to save. "Here they went down," said one; "Look there!" exclaimed another; "Farther to the left!" said a third; "They'll be dashed to pieces on the

Mermaid's bed!" exclaimed a fourth; and deep and earnest fragments of prayer, mingled with such words, and the flinging forth of a net and an oar, during those dreadful moments.

"Look!—in the froth of the little wave," whispered Ellen, as she clung round her brother.

"Masther Lawrence!" shouted Murtogh, and though only *one* head was seen, it was evident the struggle was not ended. "Masther Lawrence—am I a *traitor* now?"

Again and again the boat tacked, and once an arm waved as if in triumph, and then there was neither sound nor shadow on the sea, save of the creeping morning.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LATEST STRANGER.

It was not until Lawrence had fainted in his efforts to mount the cliff, that his sister became aware of the extent of the injury he had received. He was tenderly borne to the top by the sergeant and one of the boat's crew, and laid upon the soft mossy grass which crowned the rock, just as the rising sun sent a flood of glorious light over the ocean.

"He is not dead," said Ellen, in reply to the inquiring looks of those who bent over him, while her hand was pressed upon his heart to note its beatings. "He is not dead—not yet; I know he will not, cannot die yet."

No tear moistened her cheek, or dimmed her eyes. As usual, the greater the anxiety and the difficulty, the more collected she became.

"Is there no one among you?" she inquired, "who can bear him in and see to his wound. And is there no one to do me a message to Mr. Spencer of Spencer Court?"

One of the coast-guard expressed himself well skilled

in gun-shot wounds, and those who rode for commands to head-quarters, and to convey the intelligence of what had occurred, offered to bring a surgeon, and, if permitted, to take any letter so far on its way.

Ellen wrote—but the ready wit of a son of one of the boatmen, suggested that he should tap at the window of the room were she sat by her brother's side, while the outside guard had gone away for a moment.

"Leave any line you really want to go to Spencer Court, Miss Ellen, and I will run with it in no time over the mountains. God knows when what he took will get there if ever it does. I know you well, Miss, though you don't remember me. I had a quarter with Master Mat once, and have been a poor scholar since, working my way to be a priest, maybe, if I don't loose my vocation; but drop it just into this fine bed of nettles under the window, and I'm off like a wild hawk. You do not mistrust me, do you?" inquired the boy, while she hesitated to reply.

"Indeed, I do not."

"Then, trust me, whether you want or not, that I may do something for you, and gain another step to Heaven."

Ellen's great cause of anxiety, next to her fears for Lawrence, was for Louis, and she desired most earnestly to communicate with Lady Mary O'Brien about him; she hoped he had been taken off by the boat, but it was possible this might not have been the case—and then what would be his fate! For this purpose, she anxiously desired to see Edward Spencer; but the delay was an

evil she greatly dreaded; in the letter formally transmitted, she had written guardedly, but now, in a few earnest words, she communicated her desire, and the watchful, grateful boy was soon on his way over the mountains. The sergeant stated his belief, that the ball was lodged under the skin; but as the hemorrhage had abated, he thought it best to await the arrival of the surgeon.

Lawrence rather slumbered than slept, upon the low iron bedstead whereon they had placed him. Ellen thought she had never seen him look so beautiful; the rising fever had sent its hectic before it, and though the features had a painful expression, they were in repose; the full round celtic forehead was shadowed by his clustering hair, and his strong hands lay motionless and manacled on his breast, which occasionally heaved—as with intense, yet suppressed pain. Helpless as he was, they deemed it necessary to guard him well and watchfully. It struck Ellen as rather singular, that, after her messenger's departure, the watch without passed and repassed the window at stated intervals, while another seated himself in a corner of the room—so as to see, rather than be seen. Once or twice, Lawrence moaned so heavily, that Ellen sank on her knees by his side in involuntary prayer. One of the most natural and holy impulses of our regenerate nature, is to appeal to the Almighty in all cases of difficulty and distress; those who think rightly, know that the omnipotent, all-guiding, and all-seeing power, is ever ready to hear supplication; and were it only in the hope that such supplication gives to the trusting spirit by whom it is framed in all the hum-

bleness of faith, its reward is great. While she prayed, Lawrence opened and fixed his eyes upon her.

"The last time," he said, "that I slept, and you watched, it was not thus;" and he held forth his chained hands towards her. "I wonder," he said, again, after a long pause, "I wonder what they mean to do with me;" then, again, while Ellen filled and refilled the cup with the cold water he so eagerly drank, there was a long silence; at last he murmured, "Have you heard—"

Ellen recalled him to himself, by pointing to their guard, and while one of his bitter smiles cast its shadow over his face, he inquired, "If they had yet found poor Murtogh?" Never once did he complain of the anguish that sent alternate drops of heat and cold to his brow, until his hair became heavy and moist; he only asked for air and water, and once expressed a hope, that if he did not get better after the ball was extracted, he might have the consolation of a priest.

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the sensation which agitated the county to its very centre, when the events of that memorable night became generally known. The frightful end of Abel Richards' life by means so unlooked for, was at first believed to be one of the romances which have existence only in the imagination of a people ever ready to turn the unreal into the real; and the facts, terrible as they certainly were, received additions in their progress from lip to lip, each story being more wonderful than the last, some representing Ellen Macdonnel as drowned, others declaring that Lawrence had jumped out of the boat with Richards, others whispering that the old ser-

pent whom St. Patrick had "laid" centuries ago beneath the brimming ocean, had arisen, and seizing the middleman, despite the efforts of the boat's crew, bore him at once to depths which he was doomed to inhabit for ever, with those whose sins were unrepented of. The facts, when really ascertained, sent a shudder through the country, and created a degree of interest for Lawrence Macarthy, which, under other circumstances, could not have been excited. Every peasant-heart throbbed with sympathy for Murtogh; the people perfectly *felt* and understood the wild heroism which devoted him to death to revenge his foster brother's injuries, and rid himself of an unjust suspicion; while the improbability of the whole incident served but to increase the sensation which spread rapidly throughout the country. As the day passed on, the strongest excitement prevailed in the immediate neighbourhood, and the usually solitary cliffs were crowded with people of all classes and degrees. Soldiers, conceived necessary for the preservation of the peace, mingling with the coast-guard officers and the peasantry,—it was deemed more prudent to place a strong guard of military round the station on the cliff to which Lawrence had been removed from the boat, than to attempt conveying him through the country while in its present state of ferment. The peasantry, who had been skulking in the mountain fastnesses ever since the failure of their project at Kaim-an-eigh, suddenly and numerously reappeared. The more respectable class of farmers also bestrode their stout horses, and rode towards the coast. The people of Cork, excited by the singularity and multiplicity of the ru-

mours that reached them, never too much occupied not to attend to the smallest matters of news, became, as it were, the creatures of a new existence, and assembled along the high roads, expecting every moment to see the cloud of dust that was to herald the prisoner's arrival, if, indeed, he was permitted to be borne so far towards a gaol. Popular excitement, quivering on the very verge of tumult, was at its height, and the strongest sympathy for Lawrence Macarthy sprang up among those who had never before regarded a Whiteboy in any other light than that of a midnight ruffian. Individuals of the less "liberal" party recalled some of the darkest pages of their country's history, and remembered that the Macarthys were once a great people; that the "poor young man" had been left all his life "to run wild," and that certainly Abel Richards "was not what he ought to be; that such men stir up all evil passions, and excite—if they do not create—tumult, by the very means they take to suppress it; that a long continuance of injustice and cruelty practised by one member of a body, is unfortunately considered to be sanctioned by all; and that though Abel had long been scorned and avoided by the gentry, still no open and decided demonstration had been made against him—nothing to prevent his being identified as one of their party—for they acted with him, and his being of "their party," was the only reason why much he had done was passed over; while people whispered to each other: "Well, what can we do; if we degrade him, if we expose him, if we hold him at bay, after his conversion what will be said, but that we have betrayed

one of ourselves; we abhor him, but we do not think, *for the sake of our party*, it is wise to say so." Thus the generous re-action which, despite all party and prejudice, will sooner or later agitate every heart, when once the chains of bigotry are even a little loosened, caused an under current of sympathy, unknown and unacknowledged, to move throughout the land; and this was not a little increased by the affection borne to Ellen Macdonnel, not only by those who knew her, but by those who had heard, or even imagined they had heard, of her many virtues. Conjectures as to what she would do and say, hereafter, found vent from every lip; and while some declared that her brother was mortally wounded, and would never live to take his trial on the strength of the depositions Abel Richards had sworn to, others expressed their conviction that her truth would be put to the severest of all tests, in the course of a few days; if, indeed, "the people," that undefined but always mighty power, did not effect a rescue, or if some fleet or ship, coming they knew not whence, did not bear him off the coast.

In an inconceivably short time, after the manner of Abel Richards' death had become known, boats of all sizes and shapes were seen hurrying over the still unbroken calm of the waters; from every fishing village and little port they came, freighted with human beings anxious to seek the bodies committed to the deep in so singular but so awful a manner. These boats, so well suited to brave the swells of the fitful waters, and the sudden gusts of wind that rush down the ravines of the rocky shore, moved with a rapidity hardly in accordance with their ungainly and heavy forms; and long before

the sun had set, there was a regular line of communication between the people on land and those at sea; deeps were fathomed and creeks swept with nets, to which at intervals stones were attached to make them sink the deeper; for many hours every effort was useless; they gathered nothing from their toil but fragments of stones, clusters of sea riband, and once or twice some small fish became entangled amongst the meshes of the nets.

The evening was as calm and beautiful as the one preceding: it was so close and fervid, that after sun-set, at intervals, the clouds opened and emitted what the peasantry call "silent lightning." There is something very mysterious and grand, particularly at sea, in this noiseless illumination of the heavens; in an instant the mighty dome is rendered refulgent, you catch the immense expanse all in bright light, and as instantly all again is calm and gray, with only the pale, sickly-looking, crescent moon, or a star twinkling here and there, or "winking" behind the passing vapours, while the waters beneath, that at the same instant reflect the brightness, are again spotless as before. But though the evening was closing in, the people rather condensed than dispersed, and many talked over the injuries they had received from Abel Richards. They clustered together, and inquired why, if the body was found, it should be permitted Christian burial? why it should not be cast forth like the carcase of a dog—heaved from the pure waters to blacken in the sun, or remain until the wind and hail battered it to atoms? They built a funeral pile, high up, of his evil deeds, and,

placing him thereon, danced in imagination round it, as many there had done, about the smouldering ruins of his once home. Not one but had some deed of wrong to tell, some memory of cunning, or injustice, or harshness practised towards the widow or the fatherless to repeat—some addition to make to the catalogue of crimes that mounted to the blue arch of the star-lit heavens.

The soldiers bivouacked more closely round the coast-guard station, and the peasantry seemed determined to watch and wait; prepared for some event, they knew not what; after a time they became unusually silent, so silent that even Ellen could hear the boats hailing each other, or exchanging sentences with those on shore, whose patience seemed inexhaustible; there was none of the usual hum and murmur that rises and floats above a multitude; they felt that a great sacrifice had been offered by the hand of one of their own class; that the most cruel, persevering, and insidious of all their "hard-fisted middlemen" had been destroyed in the very fulness of his triumph; but the triumph they would have felt, and, perhaps, expressed, at such an event, was checked almost to its dismissal, by the fear that Lawrence Macarthy had received his death wound from his hand, and that after all, Abel Richards had died a conqueror! The clan-feeling prevailed to such a degree amongst them, that the self-sacrifice of Murtogh was for the time overlooked; his dark, sullen, and unsocial nature had prevented his being popular amongst his fellows; but he would not have murmured at this if he could have known it; he

was certainly an Irishman in his foster-love and silent devotion to a cause, but in his other qualities it would have been difficult to trace in him much of his country. And so it generally is with the multitude; those who make the greatest sacrifices are frequently forgotten or overlooked amid the tumult of evil, but popular, agitators; so much of that same popularity depending upon accident, while he who follows up that accident is so frequently hailed as the creator of an event—made rather for him than by him. Before the night closed, a surgeon had extracted the ball, and told Ellen that all depended upon the brother's being kept quiet: and what a fearful "ALL" it was for that poor girl to think of. Lawrence's fever had increased, and, much to her astonishment, his delirium did not partake of the nature of the more recent and dark events of his life, but wandered back to the scenes of his childhood. To remove him, the surgeon had said, would be certain death; alas! she too well knew that his life would be prolonged only to meet death. More than once the idea suggested itself to her—if she could escape, was there sufficient evidence for his conviction? and yet, could she leave him now? The only relief she experienced was in prayer; again and again she prayed; when her brain burned and her eyes refused to shed tears, she prayed; and as time passed, full of the beautiful trust which the high in mind and pure in spirit possess in each other, she watched and listened, knowing that, in this extremity, neither Dean Graves nor Edward Spencer would desert her. One of the most elevating and enduring of all our merely human feelings, is the trust which in affliction the human heart

has in the sympathy and affection of those it esteems or loves: it approaches nearest to the HOLY, of all we experience during our lives; it is a realisation of heaven on earth; but it can be experienced only by the pure in spirit!

Still the people did not disperse. The boats seemed determined to renew their search in the morning; for they anchored by twos and threes in the sheltered bays, while the peasants continued watching on the shore; and Mr. O'Driscoll, who lived near the spot, was as much on the alert as the youngest magistrate in the county. The force was sufficient for every purpose, if any outbreak had been intended, and he could only *hope*, with the officer in command, that if the bodies were found the people would separate: they hoped this, though they scarcely expected it.

According to the moon's rising it was past ten, when a tall, gaunt woman, completely shrouded in a long blue cloak, her face muffled in a handkerchief, and the hood of the cloak drawn closely around it, asked to speak with Mr. O'Driscoll. When she was admitted into the sort of kitchen where he was seated, conversing with the young officer, she said, "I must see you alone." The officer, casting a look upon her closely enveloped form as he was about to leave the room, jestingly said "she was a beauty in disguise." The woman turned abruptly round, and, though her fleshless arm quivered with age or infirmity, she threw back the hood. He never forgot that face; it was, in its extreme old age, both fierce and firm; every wrinkle was as a record of passion or suffering; and the perfectly white hair looked

still more blanched when contrasted with the deep-toned brown of the withered countenance. The young man muttered, "God bless us!" and hastily closed the door.

"Who are you?" inquired Mr. O'Driscoll.

"One you have not heard of for many years, if ever you heard of her," was the reply. "I am the mother of Abel Richards."

"God help you!" exclaimed the magistrate in a kindly voice. "Indeed I have not heard of you for many years, and then it was said, I fear, that your son treated you very badly."

To this the woman made no reply; saying only—"I have found him."

"Found what—the body?"

"Yes—the body—his body—my child's body—there are two—you can see them as they lie in the clear water. I have watched over him all day. No one thought of looking down between them two rocks—they must have struggled in there—and the easy tides, though they lifted them up, did not lift them out. Murtogh of the Strong Hand lies upon his breast—but Abel's face is upwards:—Sir, I want my son's body to lay it in the grave; but the people will not let me have it; they would tear him limb from limb."

"Do they know where it is?"

"No, I tell you," she replied hastily, "light-footed men spring over the place, but they never think of looking down. I knew he was coming to the coast-guard; I heard it; I waited two whole days—just to get a sight of him as he passed; and then they said

he was dead!—I strayed down alone (for I have lived unknown and alone, hard-by, for more than twenty years), and I sat down watching the slow moan of the waves—just on a point of the rock at the back of where the boats land; and no one minded the lone old withered woman rocking to and fro—to and fro—nor knew that she was thinking of *his* wealth, and his hardness, and his scorn, and his power, and how the salt sea was washing over it all!—and praying hard to the Almighty to keep the curses off him at the last. And when I thought how cruel he had been to me, his own mother—I knew I was doing wrong at such a time; and then I called to mind the days he was a baby at my breast—and then the tears rained down my face, dropping into the water by my side. Oh, blessed Virgin!—they were falling over what they fell for!—for down in the depth of water staring up at me—was my own child!"

"But, my good woman, we must have these bodies removed," said Mr. O'Driscoll.

"I want my child's corpse," she replied. "I want to lay it in holy ground—that's all I want. I know what he was—*but he was my child!*—if they will let me take him away—it's all I ask in this world! but they wont—I know they're waiting to tear him in pieces."

"You do them injustice; at least I think so," said Mr. O'Driscoll—"they are very wrathful against his memory—more particularly, as I fear, Lawrence Macarthy's wound is worse than we expected, but still, they could not refuse a mother the body of her child—besides we have men enough to prevent any violence."

"That's what you gentlemen always say, when violence is going to be committed," she replied, in better terms than he thought she could have used. "Whenever you are going to use violence, you talk about preventing it. I would not have a shot fired, or a bayonet drawn. I would rather sit and watch him day and night—if Murtogh's grip was off his throat—than have a single stone thrown."

Mr. O'Driscoll was greatly moved by this mother's appeal. Abel Richards, it was well known, had most cruelly deserted her: and this caring for, and watching him, when his remains would have been outraged by the people—this love, the last beating impulse in her withered heart—struck upon his own.

"My poor woman!" he said, "I do feel for you very deeply, but I hardly know how to manage; it is impossible," he continued, "to do any thing secretly; and though I might read the riot act—"

"The riot act!" she interrupted, and threw up the window which overlooked the spot she had described, and from whence, in the bright moonlight, could be seen the people in crowds upon the strand; "there is no riot—I have thought, since I came into this room—I am an aged woman now—almost four-score years old; now, Sir, if you would tell them who I am—if they would only think what I have suffered, maybe the Lord would move their hearts—many there would remember me, and they'd let me have my dead quietly."

"In the morning it shall be done," said the magistrate.

"It's a long time till morning," answered the old

woman, "and Murtogh's grip on him all the while! and I to sit alone on the rock all night, watching, and looking down into his awful face; and, maybe, a high tide to rise and wash him away in spite of me!"

Mr. O'Driscoll took his hat, and, after saying a few brief words to the officer, desired the woman to follow him to the beach. The descent was difficult for one of his enormous size, but he accomplished it. He was well known, and much beloved; for though violent in his politics, he had never ejected a tenant, or, despite his hard and noisy words, ever done a "hard thing" to a poor family. Rapidly a crowd gathered round him, all making inquiries about Lawrence Macarthy; he hesitated in his replies more than usual, and then quietly questioned, in his turn, as to the chance they had of finding what they sought; and, strangely enough, they told him that Murtogh's mother—the half-insane wandering woman—had been on the strand, but they had got her away, by inventing some tale about the tides setting in for the Bay of Kinsale, which sent her off in that direction. Mr. O'Driscoll followed up the tone of sympathy thus created, and inquired, if they had ever heard of Abel Richards' mother. Many had—and all seemed inclined to feel for her—and then, after a few more words, he said, "She is here."

It was an experiment upon Irish feeling: the poor woman trembled violently, but, after a few moments, she recovered sufficiently to address a few words to them in her native language. She told them what she had told Mr. O'Driscoll, and asked them, if they would give her her son's body without insulting it. Every

voice answered, "yes;" there was at once a forgetfulness of every thing but the mother's prayer. They raised him tenderly from the waters, and laid his head upon his mother's lap—not without wondering, why she so wept! and words of kindness were lavished upon her with all the overflowing abundance of Irish sympathy with affliction.

"God bless them!" grumbled Mr. O'Driscoll, as he puffed his way up the cliff; "they'd have torn him in pieces a while ago, and just see how their hearts are melted by the words of an old woman. I love them all—every one—I do—the Rapparee Scoundrels! their warm, and generous, and natural impulses—*when they're let alone*—make one proud of THE SOD."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CLOSE.

THE letter which Master Mat had given to Mr. Spencer was from Lady Mary O'Brien, expressing her belief that Louis had escaped to the coast, and inquiring if it was known where Doyle was, as he would be certain to know "*his*" movements. Edward pondered over the letter, and was somewhat astonished, upon self-examination, to find how little the clear reading of a simple riddle had added to his happiness. He was certainly highly gratified by the confidence she reposed in him; by her frank and even cordial expressions; by a more than half-hinted reproach concerning the knowledge she had acquired that he believed her capable of encouraging one lover, while her hand was "in some degree" pledged to another: but he saw that with her, every feeling was absorbed by anxiety for her brother's destiny, now, more than ever, clouded; every interest possessed by her or her father was at work to get him out of the country, and into another quarter of the globe, and she hoped that his final escape

was provided for. She knew that if he could make his way from his then concealment to Shell Bay, there was every prospect of his being taken off the coast, and means were not wanting to hoodwink many as to his movements.

Edward found himself engaged in internally protesting, even more strongly than Dean Graves had ever done, that Ellen had not beguiled Louis into the strait in which he stood. He could (for there was a similarity of pursuit in his case) understand the love he felt for a lovely woman interesting him in her country's destiny. He knew that this might have led him to any effort; but he felt so much pain in believing what Lady Mary still asserted, that Ellen had actually encouraged Louis as a lover, and was secretly working to rouse the country to rebellion, that, in the reply he addressed to Lady Mary, he became absolutely chivalric in her defence. When Edward and Lady Mary met, it was evident she still believed that Ellen had been the fatal light that had betrayed Louis to desertion from his regiment to follow an *ignus fatuus*. She said that her brother had over and over again confessed that Ellen's love was promised as the rich reward he should obtain, if their cause in the West became triumphant, and she assumed that he had known this from Ellen herself; it was in vain that Edward vowed it to be impossible! Lady Mary maintained her opinion with the obstinacy which women sometimes substitute for strength, and Edward in his own mind, for the first time, thought her hard and unamiable; but this was a too bitter judgment. Her anxiety for Louis; the knowledge that her aged

and noble father was on the verge of insanity, and that her youngest brother had caught the enthusiastic feeling from the expiring torch; rendered her severe and unjust towards one more than worthy of her friendship, but whom she did not know sufficiently well to understand. Nay, she cast forth one insinuation which Edward was instantly able to repel. She said she had no doubt that Ellen, and Lawrence, and Louis, had shared the same shelter, both before and after the gathering at Gougane Barra — a want of generosity and womanly faith that moved him much.

While Edward Spencer was returning from his interview with Lady Mary at the Dean's, it must be confessed he fell into a sort of reverie, as to whether a man would be happier with a woman of spirit, who had seen the world, or a woman of sentiment, whose sympathies had been called forth at an early period of life, by acquaintance with the sorrows, rather than the sins, of her fellow-creatures.

Mrs. Myler had declared that "Mr. Edward was a charming young gentleman, rather silent, but very good." He continued, despite events that would have disturbed the equanimity of any less earnest than himself, not only to make plans, but to carry them into effect; already he had given employment to many who ventured to be seen, and at an increased rate of wages—which drew upon him the displeasure of some of his neighbours, and the blessings of others. He had not yet had experience of the effects of industry, but he found the people ready to work, and grateful for employment. Mrs. Myler exceedingly rejoiced at the

prospect of good drainage, for when the river rose, sundry of her offices were under water. She spoke of "Scotch farming," and "the North," whenever she had an opportunity; and if she could have discovered what had become of her "darling Miss Ellen," she would have been in a state of greater satisfaction than she had experienced for a length of time. She quite rejoiced in the quietness and good order of "her young master," and became ten times more precise and particular than she had ever been before. After the lapse of some days, the account of the death of Abel Richards and Ellen's captivity, threw the poor woman into a state of agitation impossible to describe; and though Mr. Spencer was booted and away within a few moments after he received the letter Ellen had despatched from the coast-guard station, yet he hardly rode fast enough for the old housekeeper's contentment. "He was a good young gentleman," she said, "but he was not as quick as the gentlemen used to be."

Certainly there was one more swift than he—for whom Ellen was summoned in the earliest morning watch from the ravings of her brother's fever.

Lady Mary O'Brien and Ellen Macdonnel had met as girls, both proud according to their feelings and stations. Lady Mary bright, eloquent, sparkling, witty, and conventional, with a deep, noble heart, but a heart neither so devoutly true nor so essentially tender as that of Ellen Macdonnel,—Lady Mary loved her country, and what was still better, the people thereof; but she laughed *at* them as frequently as *with* them;—while Ellen, at all events of late, felt her heart beat and her

cheek flush if any one turned them into ridicule; their sorrows had in her estimation sanctified even their follies. They had met as girls, repelled by each other's pride, for there is nothing the proud can so ill endure as a demonstration from another of the quality with which they themselves overflow. Lady Mary had done Ellen injustice, and she had of late began to fear that such was the case; she had clung to the belief that Ellen had been grievously to blame, until she almost hoped (unknown to herself) that such might be the fact; it was possible, nay, it was natural; she would have been glad to have her self-reproach removed by any thing that confirmed a prejudice—few in the world will acknowledge this, but it is not the less a truth.

Lady Mary O'Brien and Ellen Macdonnel had, we have stated, met as girls, and parted, neither feeling any inclination to know any thing more of each other, and yet unwilling to believe that such was the case. When liking depends on the "trying to like," on reasoning affection into activity, it rarely succeeds, and if an opportunity of meeting did occur, both seemed, as if by mutual consent to avoid it. So, when Ellen was summoned from her brother's side, and entered the outer room, of what for the time being was her prison; she was for a few moments unconscious that they had met again, as women, experienced, in the very flower of their young lives, in sorrow and disappointment; strangely enough united in purpose, that of preserving each a brother; and yet suspicious of each other, as women not unfrequently are until some action or word, or

even look, changes the always rapid current of their thoughts and feelings.

"You remember me, Miss Macdonnel?" said Lady Mary, taking her hand. "Surely you remember me?"

"Now, perfectly," was Ellen's reply, "but I did not at first; my brain is so bewildered, my eyes so full of horrors, that for a moment I did not know you."

Lady Mary paused; she was struggling for composure and achieved it at last by an effort as violent as it was painful. "My brother!" she said. "I am in a state of agony about my brother. Can you tell me any thing of him? He has not been taken, *that* I fully understand; but has he escaped? Is there a chance of that? Oh, misery! I should endure less if he were dead before me!"

"You may think so," answered Ellen solemnly, "but so it is not; you do not know what it is to watch the coming of death as I have been doing during the last hours."

"I *have* known it! God help me, there are few sorrows I have not known," answered the young widow; "few indeed that have not pressed upon me."

"Sorrow makes us selfish," replied Ellen, "sorrow makes us very selfish; but there is much difference in watching the departure of a beloved object when no shadow but that of death rests upon his brow; you look as though that were the darkest as well as the last of all earthly sorrows; but you are wrong, there are deeper and darker shadows than those which are cast by death."

"My brother!" said Lady Mary.

"I hope, and think, he is safe," replied Ellen; and then she described how they had descended to the boat leaving him behind, how they had been at once seized by Abel Richards and his party, and how she had seen the boat, doubtless intended for their preservation, rowing towards Shell Bay after they had left it.

Lady Mary was so excited by hope that she made no inquiry as to the reason *why* Louis was left behind; but Ellen felt that much as the disclosure of the whole truth *must* cost her, that disclosure must be made. This unhappy business, she said, had created various, and most miserably contending feelings in the minds of their brothers, and at the moment when the boat hove in sight, which they believed was to convey them to liberty they quarrelled, most bitterly, and Louis was rendered insensible by her brother's violence.

Ellen was violently agitated while she spoke; her limbs trembled, her lips frequently clung together, and her voice was faint and tremulous; but Lady Mary might, perhaps, be forgiven under the circumstances, for not observing this—her brows gathered, and her upper lip, always either imperious or witty in its expression, became fixed, while her bosom heaved, and she drew her breath painfully.

"And this, then, is the end of his sacrifice for you and yours," she said firmly but at intervals; "this was the termination—this the end—enslaved by you, inveigled by you——"

"Lady Mary, you forget yourself," interrupted Ellen, her spirit roused by the untruth even more than by the insult, "you quite forget yourself, this is unjust; there

was, as I have written you no inveigling. I wonder you could use the word *to me;* I cannot, for a moment, defend my brother's conduct; it cannot be defended, it was utterly and unpardonably violent, and grew unfortunately out of this very subject. Alas! alas! Lawrence was wofully to blame from the first; for he knew how cold my feelings were towards your brother, and yet, in his zeal for success, in his eagerness to retain his influence for his cause, he led him to believe I favoured an affection which I thought my own communications must have quenched long ago. I little thought my letters never reached him—poor Lawrence! he was misled by his own blind zeal, by his impetuosity; but he is punished."

Perhaps Lady Mary hardly heard her words, certainly her expression was in no degree softened towards Ellen. "I shall go mad!" she said at last. "It is night, and detention would follow discovery, yet I am strongly tempted to go at once to Shell Bay. Oh, Father of Mercy! to think of his being left to perish like a dog, by him whom he so laboured to save!"

"There is every chance for his being saved—for his escaping now;" said Ellen, "if he had descended the beach with us, he must have been imprisoned with us."

"Repeat those words," said Lady Mary, catching her arm, "repeat them."

Ellen did so. "It is true!" she said, breathing deeply, as if a great weight had been removed from her mind. "It is quite true. Providence works mysteriously; I see it now clearly. If I have done you injustice— "

"IF!" interrupted Ellen Macdonnel, turning away as proudly as Lady Mary could have turned. "*If!*"

"I *have* done so; and yet, I feel as indignant at your scorning my brother's love, as I should have done at your urging him to his destruction. Is not this strange?"

"Not if I had scorned it, which, God knows, I never did. There is no scorn in my heart, but for the vile and worthless, and well you know he is none of these."

"I have heard," said Lady Mary, "I have heard much of your high honour, and your love of truth. Will you, can you forgive me? I cast from me, and utterly disclaim the evil surmises which my own evil judgment suggested—I am ashamed of myself. I confess this now humbly and sincerely;—if we had met—all would have been cleared long since; but you avoided me always, you always shrank from me."

"The pride and coldness of Lady Mary O'Brien," replied Ellen—and then astonished at the tone of severity in which she spoke, she paused, and to amend her words, endeavoured to recall them. "The pride and coldness—attributed to you, by those who think rank, and beauty, and pride inseparable, prevented me. I was always a fortuneless, and of late have been almost a friendless, girl—dependent upon a self, which has been rendered miserably weak by circumstances—and now—a prisoner—watching a prisoner's death bed!"

"No—no,"—said Lady Mary, affectionately—"all things will yet be well—each word you utter, convinces me of my own unworthiness; I cannot look at you and hear you, without being weighed down by a sense of my own unworthiness—I cannot breathe the

air you breathe, without feeling that all Edward Spencer said of you was true."

Ellen was standing close to the candles that were burning on the table, in the room which had been vacated to enable Lady Mary to meet her, as she entreated, alone. Lady Mary had, even while speaking, observed the death-like paleness of Ellen's features; but the instant she named Edward Spencer, a bright glowing blush overspread her face, and arose even to her brow. The deep, keen, inquiring look with which Lady Mary regarded her increased this confusion, and she turned away murmuring, that, if her ladyship would excuse her, she would go to her brother.

"But say that you forgive me, first. Do not leave me, distracted as I am by the uncertainty of the fate of one I so dearly love, and reproached by my own conscience for injustice to her who deserves my thanks, not my reproaches."

Before Ellen could reply, Mr. O'Driscoll craved permission to enter. He told Lady Mary he had done what he ought not to do, in permitting her to have so long an interview with a prisoner, and he must remind her, that the time she had requested had expired. He added, that the schoolmaster, the half-witted schoolmaster of Spencer Court, had been waiting some time outside to see Miss Ellen; that really he did not wish to be harsh, but it was difficult to deal with ladies and idiots. At any other time the ladies would have smiled at the classification; but their hearts were heavy.

Ellen urged what harm could happen from her seeing Matthew for a moment, and that if Mr. O'Driscoll thought

it right, she would do so, either in his presence, or in the presence of whoever he wished to appoint.

The old magistrate looked earnestly into her face, smoothed down her hair with his huge hand, and twisted, as in reverie, one of the glossy ringlets round his finger, then again laying his hand upon her head, he bade God bless her, and quitted the room, leaving the door open.

The next minute Matthew rushed in, and almost cast himself at her feet. "My blessed child, my darling Miss Ellen, I have found you once more, though they say you are a prisoner, but there's no chains on you, dear; and the poor Macarthy! Oh, jewel! but my heart is heavy; and you, Lady Mary, I gave the letter you intrusted me with, long ago, into Mr. Spencer's own hand, I did indeed; and the country says when you're mistress of Spencer Court they hope you'll be as good there for poor, as the one they hoped would be lady there for many a year to come."

"Matthew!" interrupted Ellen, in a tone not to be misunderstood.

"Oh, dear; well, I should not say it, sure enough; she's a noble lady, and wanted to pay me for taking a letter to Spencer Court the other night; but I don't like new money, it's a great temptation."

"Have you any thing to say to me, Matthew?" said Ellen.

"Nothing, dear, only to look at you; and to know if they'd let me sit in the room with Lawrence; and, darling, sure I'm just come from the Shell caves."

Both the ladies started, and Lady Mary shut the door; but it was instantly re-opened from without.

"And what did you see?" inquired Ellen, with forced composure; for Lady Mary could hardly breathe—much less speak—but clung, pale and panting, to Ellen, for support.

"I tracked you there, dear, and kept on, and got down to the inner cave, by the pass the sea king made when he imprisoned the poor Kathleen in the cliff."

"And saw nothing, I dare say," said Ellen, looking at Matthew, significantly.

"Oh, not so!" he replied, forgetting his sorrow, and seeming as gleeful as a child; "not so, there's signs of hid treasure in both caves, and in the windings; I examined well, for it was broad day."

"And that was all you saw?" said Ellen, in an almost faltering voice.

"'Deed was it; what else was there to see? I thought you were in it still, and would not believe but you were; and I searched every corner, and called, and the echo gave the fool's answer, repeating my words—'deed did it. I thought there were a few spots of blood on the floor, but that must have been my fancy—for it was on the shore below the lamb was seized by the wolf; there's a fable about it in a book!—many a time, dear, you read it on my knee; can you remember the name of the book, Miss Ellen? you ever and always had a wonderful memory."

"And so, Matthew," persisted Ellen, with marked emphasis, "we were *all* gone, before you arrived."

"Though I tramped the country after you night and day, the Lord, he knows! But they can't harm you, jewel, can they? You had no conspiracy! they can't

hurt nor harm you, the Lord above would not suffer it! But my mind is often dark in things; there were ever so many people creeping about the bay like hunted animals—poor, half naked creatures—and they would have it there were two boats; yes 'deed would they. The first, the false; the second, the true. Oh, dear! if you had but waited for the second—but the false took the heaviest freight, for the true carried away only one gentleman. And how was *that*, Miss Ellen; I can't understand it; but *that* was what they said."

"Ay, and true enough," growled one of the men without the door to another, "for Pether the Peeler never waited to see if his friend and pathron's body would be found, but swore that their fine drill captain was still in the caves, and off he went with some of us; but that bird was off before he got near the place."

Ellen felt Lady Mary leaning more and more heavily upon her; she had fainted. When she recovered, Ellen was again beside her brother. Nothing could exceed the respect which was shown Miss Macdonnel. From the surgeon's report in the morning it was evident that Lawrence Macarthy's hours were numbered, and excepting that every effort was used to induce him to confess the names of his accomplices, he was left almost alone with his sister; he became more collected and suffered less, but continued to evince the same reckless disposition to the very last. When pressed as to the papers known to have been in his possession, he looked towards Ellen and said, "She has them."

"*Had*" was his sister's calm reply; "I destroyed every one of them with my own hands."

"Did you read them?"

"Certainly not. How can you insult me by such a question?"

"You may believe her," said her brother, "you may well believe her; not to save my life, though I am sure she dearly loved me, would she tell a falsehood? Poor Nelly! She is unfit to deal with a treacherous and lying world."

He gloried far more than was seemly even in speech, in the end of Abel Richards; he almost seemed to forget that to him he owed his death, in the satisfaction he felt at the knowledge that he fell in his hour of triumph by the means of his low born foster-brother; and yet he shed tears, tears soft and gentle as a woman's, at the loss of Murtogh. He rose in his bed and uttered a few words of grateful prayer when Ellen whispered to him the escape of Louis, and told her if ever she met him again to say that he asked his pardon, and believed that some of his after thoughts were right; and then he grew fierce and impatient and strove to arise from his bed, and when the movement caused him such pain that he became insensible, Ellen persuaded them to remove the cruel handcuffs; yet when he recovered, as if in disdain of the indulgence, or displeased that she stooped to ask a favour, he lay still and silent—awaiting death in the very prime of his youth; while Ellen, the heroine conquered by the woman, failed to restrain her tears, and was thankful when the priest's arrival caused her to withdraw.

The confession of a Macarthy was never quickly

made; and yet when Ellen returned, although much exhausted, her brother still endeavoured to restrain his words. He asked her if she could sing one of his favourite melodies, naming "The Minstrel Boy!" She tried, but her voice faltered, and at last failed altogether. He then impatiently desired her to repeat the words. Matthew had been permitted to come into the room, and was seated on the bench of the open window, through which the sea-breeze poured refreshingly. A book rested on his knees, but he could not decipher a single letter it contained.

"Shall I sing it?" said the schoolmaster, and with his wonted absence he began a Latin hymn.

Suddenly Lawrence exclaimed, "That's it! Raise your voice, Domine, that's it.

> "'And plumes in the gay wind dancing
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . . . dancing
>
> To the flames—
>
> And the wail of the fatherless,
>
> All dancing over the Whiteboy's grave.'"

They were his last words; the next Ellen heard were from the lips of Edward Spencer.

"Do not weep, Ellen—*dear* Ellen—I will be to you a brother!"

The people without soon learned that Lawrence was no more, and Matthew was permitted to inform them of the precise manner of his death; they had faith in all he said, for they knew him incapable of deception.

For a time they clamoured loudly for privilege to "wake him," after the custom of his house, but it was

not considered right to grant this request, though they were told he should be buried in the grave with his ancestors: *that* had been granted to his sister.

This gave them some satisfaction, and their feelings found vent in the wild "*Ullagawn*" which passed rapidly from lip to lip, some chaunting as they departed, others lingering on the cliffs and on the beech, until the boats' crews took it up, so that the sea echoed the sorrow of the land; they hardly knew how to contain their grief, for it was deep and sincere, and mingled with their mourning there was also some consolation:—

"The wild flower is withered—the young eagle fallen!—the last of his race taken from us! there is no longer a branch of the tree that once cast its shadow over tens of thousands of acres; and the young deer, the lambs, and the herds, have no shelter, nor the native birds a leaf whereon to hang their nests!

"The wild flower is withered—the young eagle is fallen! but vengeance rapid as lightning followed the traitor's ball, and the foster brother did his duty at the last. The ocean closed above the destroyer, and his soul had no time for prayer!

"But thy soul waited in its beautiful temple till the pardon was given and the blessing was said; the Macarthy escaped from his enemies—his hand was free on his death bed—and the ocean sent its breezes through the open windows to cool his brow.

"The wild flower is withered. The young eagle is fallen; bright were thine eyes, son of an ancient race! Whiter thy skin than the blossoms of the sloe—sweeter

thy breath than the breeze over the hay-fields in a valley of sunshine.

"Thy large heart beat strongly in a noble bosom, and thy step was firm and stately, thou last of a long line of princes!

"The wild flower is withered—the young eagle is fallen—the last of thy castles is a blackened ruin. There is none left of thy name, for the gentle dove that folded her wings over thy head, is not the child of thy father, though she called thee brother. She deserves our love, for she loved us in our sorrow. She is a pulse of our bleeding hearts, and still more for thy sake do we love her!

"The wild flower is withered—the young eagle is fallen!—but he fell on the wild shore, his breath passed from him on the cliff's high point. The eyes of love resting upon him.

"And his people were without to cry his cry, heedless of his enemies.

"Ullagawn! ullagawn!!

"The great soul rises on the great cry of his people."

The cry only grew fainter as the people dispersed, resolved to honour his funeral. Hundreds past the house where the mother of Abel Richards sat alone with her dead, and they frequently paused, uttering curses deep but low—low from respect to the feelings of the bad man's mother.

THE RETROSPECT AND THE PROSPECT,

WHICH THE WRITER HOPES MAY BE READ.

More than ten years had elapsed since the grass had been green over the grave of Lawrence Macarthy; and though brief the period may be, in a nation's history, many and great changes had taken place—in the neighbourhood of Spencer Court more particularly: strangers who visited the locality, and desired to compliment it, said it was "exactly like England"—"quite English;" only there the meadows were of a purer emerald, and Nature was more profusely bountiful; while the peasantry, instead of looking heavy in their excess of comfort, had a cheerful, intelligent aspect; and the children!—certainly never were such rosy, roguish, laughing, courteous, happy urchins, to be met with anywhere, but there. Every small holding in the vicinity partook of the landlord's prosperity; there were no strong and painful contrasts—no rags and riches, hovels and castles; all around was in keeping; the walls even of the old churchyard were repaired, the graves freed from nettles; the chapel white-

washed; the parish church furnished with a new bell and a small organ; the fences in good order; the roads in excellent repair, whether "presentments" had been obtained or not; every thing seemed done to promote industry: the residence itself was enlarged, and really beautified by encompassing parterres and skirting plantations; if an objection could be made to the disposition of the grounds, it would be that they were not sufficiently extensive; and yet there was a good-sized park stretching at both sides the river, connected by a bridge over the old ford; nor did the proprietor shut it in against his poorer neighbours, but had given them a right of footway, which saved the mountain children a "long round" when they came to school. Ah! the renovated and well-filled school! flourishing in more than its pristine vigour at the avenue gate, a very beehive of work and noise; not the noise of school riot, but the quiet, humming buz, of young voices, like those of industrious bees. An intelligent man presided in one room; and a good-tempered, yet firm-looking, woman in the other; but it would seem that in the boys' school, at all events, there was a head-master; not, however, present then; for in the corner next the window, stood a dignified sort of chair, stuffed and cushioned, and on the desk before it rested some learned books —at least they looked learned, from their worm-eaten covers—and behind the chair, standing quite erect in the corner, was a peculiarly long rake, and a pick-axe, both exceedingly rusty. But perhaps there was no spot in the whole place which afforded so clear an insight into what was "going on," as the summer-house in the

garden—the "Mount," as it was called. There it became evident that Mr. Spencer meant what he said, when, in answer to a question put by one of the gentry, as to why he did not throw his meadows into the park, he replied, "that he did not like the idea of gentlemen keeping WASTE LANDS in their possession, while their fellow-creatures were starving for want of half an acre;" this and sundry other opinions, caused him to be considered very "odd" and "eccentric;" but as he kept a good table—was a keen sportsman, and a "man of undoubted honour," they confessed he had a right to his own "queer ways" with the people, although he knew nothing of the true value of his estate. Let us pause at the Mount, and look around us. Mr. Spencer had purchased the land once held by the wretched Abel Richards, and levelled the remains of his dwelling with the ground; several clean slated cottages, each placed conveniently in its own allotment of land, had grown as it were out of the ruins—just as beautiful and fragrant flowers spring from the impurities of a manure heap; from those dwellings which the "former Mrs. Spencer" had raised with better taste than judgment, expecting the inhabitants to value what was *ornate*, before they understood the necessity for order or cleanliness, her nephew had caused to be removed all trellice work, leaving only a porch, which in many instances was garlanded by roses. The fullness of abundance was over the land; although the new potatoe crop had not come in, the old one was not exhausted, and the earth was permitted to give forth its fruit in due season; in many instances

the people had got into a new habit—of expecting something better than a mere basket of potatoes as their midday meal; though an Irishman attaches little idea of comfort to his mere "feeding," still there was something very encouraging to his wife's industry, in being able to partake of its fruits; something nigh akin to "wonderful" in not being obliged to sell the pig to pay the rent. The very river appeared to flow more gracefully than of old. How the cottages had increased in number! Some to be sure, were not as neat, nor as well kept as others—but it is not all at once that people can fall into good ways—it takes time and patience, great patience! Mr. Spencer had been told so much by one whose memory was

"Still green in his soul,"

and who had lived long enough to see the happy results of his good counsel.

Instead of the wail of lamentation, which, on her recovery from the fever, Ellen had heard from the valley—instead of the death-cry caused by the pestilence—arose "the woman's" song, as she sat at her wheel in the calm sweet sunshine, or the cottier's whistle: for he tilled his own field one day in each week, and received a day's honest wages for a day's hard work, on each of the other five. To have said that the spirit of insubordination was altogether overcome, that the people were as calm and thoughtful and peaceable as their English fellow-tenants on Mr. Spencer's estate in Berkshire, would be absurd—the two nations are so different, that it is doubtful if such ever will be the case; but they, in Ireland, had learned that their landlord really cared for them—

that he wished their worldly, as well as their moral and mental, advancement, and they were not dissatisfied: —they had a stake in good order, and they were not as heretofore, ready to run into every wild conspiracy, the "invitations" to which were invariably issued by misery and want. They were unceasingly occupied. Give employment and remuneration for it, and you effectually strangle rebellion.

And Ellen, where was she? She whose heart had been humbled, and spirit softened in her childhood by the painful circumstances which overcast her young days; who had lived with the people so as to be almost of them; whose clear mind had so quickly seen the difference between faction and patriotism; whose intellect had time to strengthen amid the grandeur and solitude of her native mountains, and whose heart judged while it trembled; who, as the sister of Lawrence Macarthy, had a hold upon the people which no other woman could have possessed; and who, understanding them, would have more certainly known how to overcome whatever was evil in them—and so establish whatever was good;—"where was she?"

She was there!—*there*, on the Mount—beneath the shade of that spacious arbour, seated opposite to Master Mat, who, but little more feeble in mind than he had been during long past years, looked in better health, and only that his chesnut hair had grown gray, seemed younger than when he sung the Latin hymn by the death-bed of Lawrence Macarthy.

She, too, looked more like the Ellen of childhood, than the high-souled and broken-hearted girl whom we

have known amid her trials—in her time of sore strait and heavy distress.

Her face was more full—her eyes were more bright and clear—the clearness of health and intellect. She was evidently amused by the perplexity of a thoughtful-looking boy of about seven, whom Master Mat was coaxing into the mazes of grammar.

"He'll make a great scholar," said Master Mat, pressing his hand on his head, "he'll make a great scholar, and do honour to *alma mater;* he'll enter, before he's fourteen."

"He'll do *you* credit, I hope," said Ellen, "for I am sure you deserve it; you have taken such pains with him—never been a ramble since he began his A B C—nor suffered him once to miss a lesson. I hope he will do you honour."

The boy looked affectionately into his master's face, and smiled.

"That's just the way poor Lawrence used to smile when he called me *Domine!*" said the schoolmaster. "Ah, it was a bad sign; never could learn more Latin than to call me *Domine!* but I beg your forgiveness, lady; dear! dear! I do forget so sadly, and yet I have often an enlightenment on that matter, which I should like to tell you, I should indeed, for it would ease my mind." The schoolmaster seemed distressed.

"I shall be glad to hear any thing that will ease your mind, Matthew," said Ellen, "but I think your pupil may as well go and meet his papa; I thought he would have been here before, but I suppose he waited for the post."

"They shot the post once," replied Matthew, wandering as usual, "and to be sure that Mrs. Myler was always an unjust woman, and a great tyrant. She was as angry with me about not telling her, as if I had shot the post myself."

"Don't say you have lost your memory, Matthew; see how well you remember that," observed the lady.

"I heard Mrs. Myler's keen tongue exercised on Biddy Doyle only this morning," continued Matthew, "and, indeed, Biddy's tongue is sharp enough, the poor thing has been so often crossed in love, that it makes her savage, and you and the master do so much for her!"

"She was very kind to me in my time of trouble."

"'Deed was she! and that's so like yourself not to forget it, Miss Ellen, dear!—Mrs. Spencer I mean, ma'am; but Biddy's not as well liked by many of the neighbours as she was then; she does not care much about what's going on, or what the people debate about; ever since she and her relations have been so comfortable, she's laid down her politics, only now and again, just to get a rise out of Mrs. Myler. And as to poor Master Lawrence, ma'am, sure if he *had* escaped that time he would only have been a wanderer, dear, over the world, for he had *that* in him from a boy that never would have got settled or satisfied! never! come what would or what might! he never would have been satisfied; and, dear, my mind never could compass it rightly, it seemed so terrible; if he had been taken, and you to witness against him, and no one hardly but myself in the country knowing how dearly you loved him. Sure I mind the time when you used to leave all your pocket

money with me to give him, the poor fellow! and your silk handkerchiefs, and books, and music; and when you got into large hand in your copy-books—words of two syllables—the copy you ever and always wrote best was 'BROTHER;' there never was any trouble to make you write *that*, all the letters well cut, it was like copper plate! but every thing was for the best—'deed was it; the country quieted after it, not quite in the old way either, for some of the gentlemen got ashamed (seeing the fine quiet way Mr. Spencer took every thing) to go rattling on as they used to do, and though they won't own it, his fine management is a wonderful example."

"Very true, Matthew," interrupted Ellen, "and now I must go."

"But, lady, stay awhile; I hope you don't fret, dear, I hope nothing frets you!—I saw the stone you put over his grave, dear, yonder, nothing on it but

'LAWRENCE MACARTHY,
AGED 23.'

But 'deed it was enough. Ah! no one knew how you loved him but me; and yet you were so firm, so best; those whom the Lord loves he strengthens for all things. I have it down on the slate; with one or two things to read before you go to the North; and 'deed it is a pity to take Master Edward off his Latin; though it's right for a landlord to be ever and always moving about among his own people—only while you're away I'll have a little ramble through the old places. Ah! that's it!" and taking up his slate, he read: "'Betty Lanagan is very sorry the master was angry about her bringing the pig into the house, in-

stead of keeping it in the sty; but it was a young pig, and wilful, and fell off its flesh, because it wouldn't eat anywhere only just beside the childre; but she's got a new door to the sty, in place of the one she burnt; and as she'll do every thing to plase the master for the future, she hopes he'll forgive her.'"

"She always was a thriftless, untidy woman, Matthew."

"She was; but her children come regularly to school, and wear sound brogues."

"Good! If we can get them to school, the rising, *must* be better than the passing, generation. Besides, we must have PATIENCE, Matthew; so, for the sake of the young Lanagans, and the old motto of our dear friend Dean Graves, we'll forgive Betty. I wonder how long it will be before she burns the new door?"

"The weather's warm just now, dear."

Ellen smiled. "Well, Matthew, any thing else on the slate?"

"Yes, ma'am, plenty. Terrence Connolly and James Duffy can't agree about the turf bog, but they came to me to say if his honour would settle it once more for them."

"Mr. Spencer has done that three times already," interrupted Ellen, "but we must again have recourse to the old motto—PATIENCE—better that than a faction fight between the Duffys and the Connollys; and as Mr. Spencer will no doubt adhere to his first decision, perhaps they may be satisfied at last."

"Martin Murphy hopes the master will let him have half an acre more land."

"I fear," said Ellen, "that will be impossible; if Martin gets half an acre more, the tenants will all want additional half acres; and there is no particular reason why he should have it; he has no claim, I think."

"He has nine children."

"Oh, as to that, Nelly Maginnis has ten, and Mary Dacey nine, and Norah Delaney eleven; if we begin to show favouritism because of the number of children, there will be an end to good order; and, moreover, Martin Murphy was very obstinate about the green crops last year, and thwarted us sadly; but patience, Matthew, patience, the poor people suffer more in having their bad habits removed than we do in removing them."

"God bless you!" said Matthew.

"Any thing else on your slate, my good master?"

"No, only I had a word to say. My deputy as you call him, is a trifle too strict with the little boys; children are but children, and this new system of national education, though a great blessing, seems to me forcing; but it may do well, only I wish he would not be so hard on the *little* boys; say a word for them, dear, do! for he doesn't mind me; he thinks I'm foolish, 'deed does he. There's little Johnny Hay and his brother Jimmy, their father spoke to me yesterday about it before he went off to the funeral."

"What funeral?" inquired Ellen.

"'Deed, just then *her* funeral; the ould ancient sister Anne, where you were once, and where I remember your entreating the master to have patience with the people."

"And has that worn-out, awful woman lived till now?" inquired Ellen. "I thought she had died long since!"

"Her life was a long penance; and she's to have no tombstone, and not to be buried with her people; only alone; not so much as a raised grave. She must have been a great sinner, or they would let their bones rest together. Old Hay won't be back till to-morrow; it's a long, long journey."

"Here's the master himself, God bless him! and the two young ladies," continued Matthew; "it's enough to set any one mad to see how the people waylay him as he comes out of his own gate, and to see how he manages to hear just what is needful, and understands them as well as if he was born among them; and how they bless him, and have known him from first to last as the poor man's friend. That's a notorious Whiteboy that's talking to him now."

"*Was*, you mean," said Ellen. "I suspect that, in his case, as well as in others, employment has superseded politics. He knows I know him well; and I am more pleased to see him well-dressed and cheerful, and to visit his farm, than almost any I know. 'There is more joy'—you remember the text, Matthew."

"Ay," added the old man, lifting his hat; "'more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just men, that need no repentance.' I know it—and your religion, dear, is in hourly activity—bearing and forbearing,—doing deeds of love and charity towards your fellow-creatures, because they *are* your fellow-creatures, and God's creatures as well—*that's*

it. Oh! that the dean had but lived!—he wasn't old when he died—just lived to christen little Master Edward—that was all! You'll speak to the *man* within about his system—'deed the children improve wonderful, and all the people like it; but still I don't—'deed I don't think they give the seed time to fructify;—it's quite miraculous how every thing goes on—steamers and Catholic emancipation (oh! if poor Lawrence had lived to see that)—and books so cheap—and new roads—and steel pens! but they are unnatural things—making pens out of pokers and pike-heads, as if there were no geese left in the country. Well—well! no wonder my head's gray!"

How long Master Mat would have "gone on," it is hard to say, for towards no one did Ellen practise more gentle patience that towards the old schoolmaster. She said his voice was pleasant to her, and there was seldom a day she did not visit him, to hear of, or witness, her child's improvement. His rambling conversation was broken off by Mr. Spencer's springing over the sunk fence.

"I have dull news for you, Matthew," he said; "poor Father Jasper has been called away—it will be long before Blarney finds so zealous an historian or the world a more kindly and generous spirit."

"That's true, Sir; but he did not like my touching any of the great stones in the Rock Close—he thought more of round towers and oghams, than seeking for treasure;—it's very odd how men will neglect the substance for the shadow."

Ellen and Edward exchanged glances. Mr. Spencer

sat down at the table in the arbour—he laid a number of letters before him.

"Shall we return to the house, or look over them here," he said, addressing his wife.

"Oh, read them here, Sir," entreated Matthew. "I am going in. I am not easy out of the school when my assistant calls the juniors; he's a worthy man in his way, a good arithmetician, and a fine hand at the pen—but he has no taste or turn for the classics—not a bit! God bless you, Sir. I think you must be very happy when you look about you and see what you have done."

"And what remains to be done, Master Mat?"

"That's the pleasure of it, Sir, to those like you and the mistress. No heed what good you do—there's still more to be done; it's a holy exercise;—oh 'deed, but it's the lady that would feel lonesome, if there was no one looking up to her for more help—'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver;' but to give alms is the least part of it. The dean used to say, that the thought and the care, the patience and the sympathy did more for the country than the giving of money. Well, God bless ye both! How I do bless and pray for you! I don't know why I should be so happy—it was only to-day I said to some of the lads of Glen Flesk, who are so grateful—but what matter what I say; my heart fills when I look at you. Now it's as true as I'm standing here! I never had any thing but luck since I found the four-leaved shamrock. Yes, 'deed! the Almighty has been more than good to the old schoolmaster." He departed,

turning round more than once to hold up his hands in blessing and in prayer.

"Poor old fellow!" said Mr. Spencer; "how he idolises you;—but now for our letters. I have one from Lady Mary O'Brien. Ellen, I declare you blush. What! can't you bear the thought of your old rival yet? you Irishwomen are desperately jealous!"

"My old *friend*, you mean," retorted Mrs. Spencer. "I never can forget the noble generosity of her sacrifice."

"It was no sacrifice, Ellen," said her husband, seriously. "She never loved me. I certainly loved her—and might, perhaps, have succeeded in making her believe that love begets love, according to the adage; but she never loved me. She saw we were not suited to each other; she soon discerned my wavering; and she saw, she told me she saw at once, how truly you loved me—now, do not turn away your head, you cannot deny it."

"I do not," she replied, and, though she had been a wife eight years, her still lovely face was suffused with crimson; "I do not deny it. But this I must say, that Lady Mary found it out before I confessed it to myself. She said she was glad to get rid of you, Edward."

"And I believe her; nothing is more wearying to women than the first love of boys, and she never considered me in any other light—but read, or shall I? She is at Nice: After the usual preliminaries, she says:

"'I thank your dear Ellen for calling her youngest

daughter after me, but I hope my little namesake will have a happier destiny than mine has been. Ever since my dear father's death, I seem to have neither a home, nor a *first* object. Louis cannot claim either the title or the ruined property, and my youngest brother, I fear, will take advantage of his position, and assume both—this is breaking my heart. Only think of Louis venturing to London some time ago; but he felt he was recognised, and returned to America, ill-suited as he finds it to his tastes, and the conservatism which in his vacillating mind has taken the place of *tout pour la gloire;* the only thing of the past he does not seem to wish to forget is Ellen.' "

There was a pause; Ellen felt her eyes overflow, but she did not turn from her husband to conceal her emotion. Ellen had nothing to conceal, the most perfect love and harmony existed between them:

"The mutual love, and mutual trust,"

of high and noble minds.

"Dear Lady Mary!" she exclaimed at last, "I will write and ask her to come to us; she could not fail to be delighted with all you have done for the people, Edward, and with the admirable temper you have shown—the judgment—the endurance—the wisdom in not expecting too much, and understanding that there were quagmires as well as mountains in the way—but the people are improving, they want PATIENT RESIDENT LANDLORDS."

"I consider," said Edward, "Catholic Emancipation as only the first of a series of boons, or rather, the earliest demonstration of justice—wisely given; yet, if they

had not agitated for it, it would never have been obtained. As long as poor Paddy crouched in his hovel, and ate his potato, he was suffered to do so, and die there unnoticed, as his fathers had died before him: at last, agitation brought him relief: and my only fear is, that the malecontents of a party will continue this agitation for what may be unattainable, not for what all wise, as well as all just, Englishmen, earnestly desire to give the Irish—*perfect equality*."

"I should like you to be able to say that in the House of Commons," said Ellen.

"There are plenty ready and willing to do it, and truly there is no better school to prepare for debating than some of our county meetings. I do not apprehend an outbreak anywhere at present; as long as there is a disposition to talk and hold meetings, and petition, and disseminate pamphlets, and all that kind of thing, I am quite easy. Noise is a sort of safety valve to insurrection. There are men who unfortunately consider that now emancipation is obtained, they must spend the other half of their lives on a project which they themselves cannot, with all their enthusiasm, consider feasible. This, according to my views, is deeply to be regretted, because the same energy and perseverance directed to the real improvements of the country would create and multiply practical blessings."

"True, dearest Edward," said Ellen, "but you have not forgotten, that while one party agitates in one way, the other agitates in another."

"Unfortunately this is but too true—they are both on the alert—and Ireland has now far more to dread

from internal disease than from external oppression. England dare oppress Ireland no longer—not from dread of Ireland, but from fear of England."

"The Irish would not thank you for that opinion," said Ellen, laughing.

"Most probably not," replied her husband. "But I have long given up all idea of being thanked for any thing I do—what I say of Ireland, I say without calculation as to what any one will *think*, dear Ellen. I do not wish to give offence to any, not even to the most irate of an irritable people—I love them too truly and too well for that—but I also love them too well to give up to party.

'What was made for mankind.'

"I took my position long since, as a man of no party—I have kept it—as you know, through evil report and good report—and will do so still, if it should please Providence again, despite all the movement for good that has taken place, to permit fresh outbreaks It will not drive me either from my principles or from the country—on the contrary, I will stand by both to the last, hoping to do my duty as a Christian and a gentleman: convinced as I am, that in the end *the right must arise and govern:* the people are now politically as well as morally exalted—their onward strides are becoming rapid as firm, and firm as rapid; and though for a time they may be disturbed and distressed, though blood even may be spilt—yet, in the end, Ireland will become prosperous."

"And contented?" inquired Ellen.

"Yes; though we may not live to see it; such is the bearing of all things, prosperity will bring peace, and peace content. But," he continued, changing the subject, "here is a curious epistle from Mrs. Counsellor Hacket, who wrote me on our marriage; and congratulated me when Edward was born, wishing he might be the very *moral* of his father."

"What is the matter with her?" inquired Ellen.

"She appeals to the liberality of my sentiments; reminds me of the 'grass greens,' at which you and I have so often laughed; and hints that, as 'the counsellor is getting into years,' and has no chance of making much—the country is so much more peaceable than in the old Whiteboy times—she would be glad if I could procure him any little appointment, where there would not be a great deal to do; and that, indeed, he'd obleege me by taking it in England, if I pleased. She concludes, by saying, that as I am so instrumental in keeping this part of the world quiet, she thinks I ought to strain a point to provide either for the counsellor or her son Con, who got many a job in Abel Richards' time, but nothing since I came into the property, not so much as an ejectment."

Ellen looked pained; she was vexed that such a person as "Mrs. Counsellor" should have addressed Mr. Spencer at all. She was half angry with him for laughing at the ill-written specimen of impudence and bombast which, if he had not been present, she might have laughed at herself; for only under such circumstances

did she remember that her husband was not an Irishman.

"There is something good, though, about poor Mrs. Hackett," she said, in an apologetic tone; "something very kind. At the time of poor Lawrence's death she wrote me a letter, which it was ungrateful of me to forget, even for a moment. She offered me much attention, and told me, if ever I should be in trouble, the Counsellor "would see me righted without fee or reward." She has been a good wife to a very bad husband; and the love of display that assisted to ruin them, is not by any means confined to her class in Ireland. We find it frequently in England; nay, I think I could show you a specimen in your own favourite county."

"Granted, and at once," said Edward. "Granted; Mrs. Hackett is quaint and amusing, and, when some violent prejudice does not stand in her way, good-natured—"

"And even when it does," interrupted Ellen.

"No, I cannot yield that point to you," said her husband. "Prejudice is more difficult to conquer than crime; but it is really a high compliment to my management, that she attributes her son's want of business to my peace-loving influence. And yet, Ellen, there have been times when, but for you, I would have abandoned the country in despair."

"You do yourself injustice," said his wife; "you do yourself a shameful injustice. I cannot believe it; I am certain it is not so. Doubtless, there are times when the strength and spirits sink; when opposition, delay,

misconception, and misrepresentation, have made your hand tremble on the plough, but never tempted you to take it off. You have suffered at times from the bitterness and falsehood of PARTY SPIRIT; suffered from the one-eyed blindness of party; that is, you have suffered annoyance; but it soon passed—you outlived it. And suppose it frayed your temper and provoked you, still I knew that the high and holy protection of PURE and GOOD INTENT was within and around you. It is your duty to protect and direct those from whom you derive your means; the exchange is mutual; the prerogative of protection, great."

"I have said so a hundred times; but still you remember the trouble I have had in so many ways."

"I do, Edward," replied Mrs. Spencer, "I remember it all; but see how by patience you have conquered; look at those smiling cottages—"

"All I can do that incorrigible woman of yours, Mrs. Bracey—Miss Betty Doyle, that was—will keep the smoke in; she says, she has never been able to see out of her eyes since the chimney was built," interrupted Mr. Spencer; "and here is a note from your friend, the good dean's eldest daughter, saying, she fears her husband will give up the green crops in despair, unless I can go over or send my steward to make the men understand them."

"But how pleasant to have the power of making them understand; even Mrs. Bracey, though she adheres to the smoke, has had her broken pane mended; the other improvement will come ere long; do you remember the last time you returned *home*, after a visit to

Berkshire, how all the cottiers flocked to see the new plough and the various field implements you brought over, and how—after some delay to be sure—they constantly now use them."

"You are always so earnest on this subject, Ellen," said Mr. Spencer, "that it is cruel to teaze you—and I will not do it again—*to-day*. God knows I feel abundantly rewarded; however many may differ from me, I believe all respect me, and I feel assured the peasantry regard me with genuine affection. My dreams, Utopian as they were, cannot all be realised; like many others, I wanted the magician's wand, and coveted the power of creating, as well as changing, all things. I thought all the Dean's distinctions of Celtic and Saxon Ireland, a prejudice, and considered my dearly beloved Lady Mary, as little better than a rebel—for which I loved her all the better."

"Yes," said the generous Ellen, "she did you good—she *combated your prejudices*—and *won your sympathy for an injured country*."

"The Dean's warnings did me good service. I have not suffered the Orange party of the North to persuade me that the people of the South are *all* violent and bigoted, nor have the Southerns so entangled me as to make me consider the Orangemen as *all* bitter and destroying enemies. I do not look forward to the time when

'The emerald gem of the western world,'

will sit on the billows like a halcyon on her nest, careless of storms; for I hear the quick beatings of their hearts—and make allowance for the richness and

variety of their imaginings—while I strive to see their reason strengthened. But I am telling you all you already know, dearest, far better than I do myself. We shall do our duty if, by exhibiting the wilful or inconsiderate mistakes, the deliberate misguidance or ruinous mismanagement, of which Ireland has been for centuries the victim—we *account for, if we cannot excuse*, the terrible state of disruption in which at times we find this lovely and loving country. Let us endeavour to persuade England to try—or rather to continue—another course; by showing the POLICY OF GENEROSITY, and THE WISDOM OF JUSTICE; and so RECONCILE THE DOUBTFUL, OR THE SUSPICIOUS, TO THE MORE LIBERAL SYSTEM WHICH MUST BE ADOPTED IN GOVERNING IRELAND HEREAFTER.

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THE END.

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